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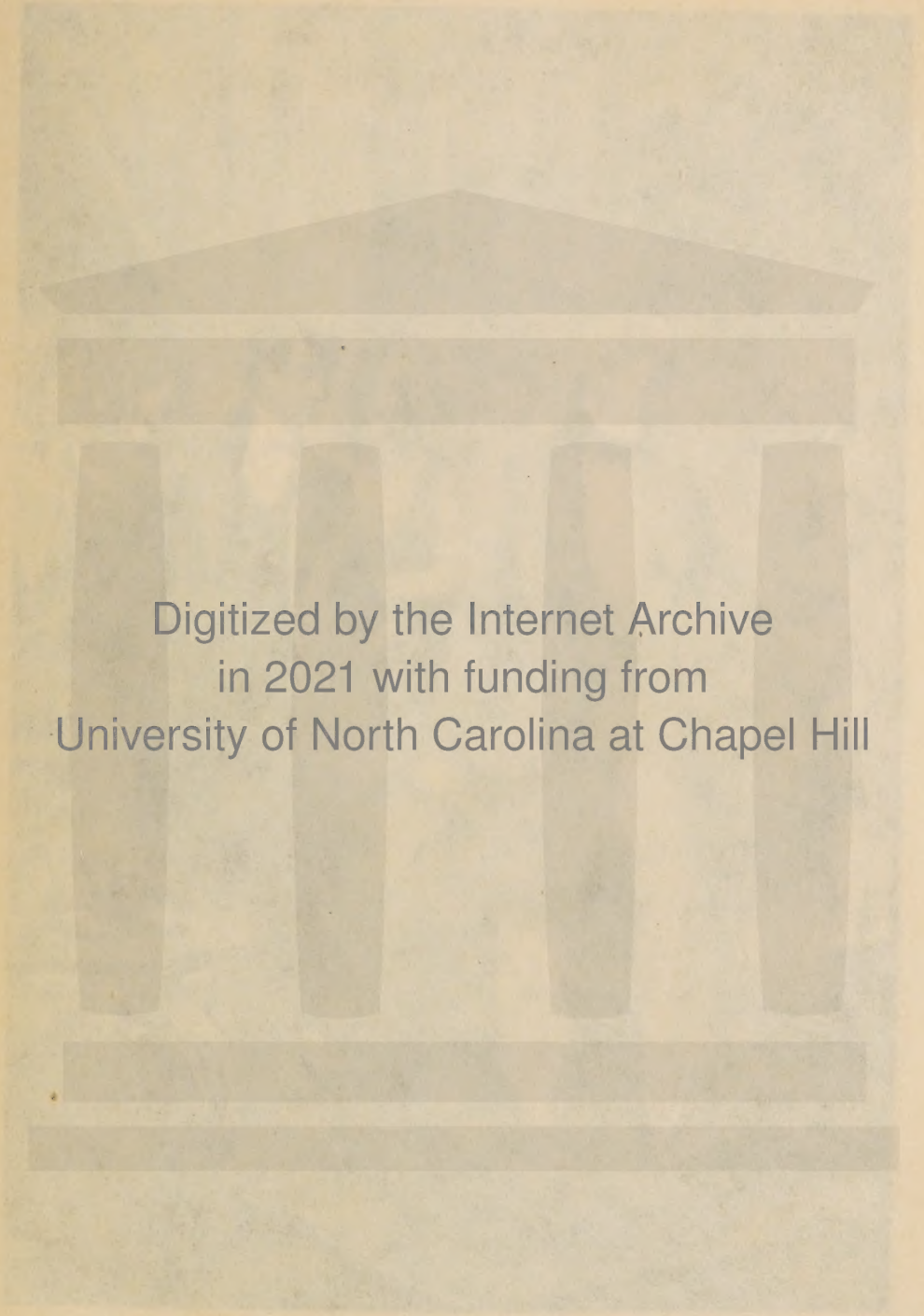
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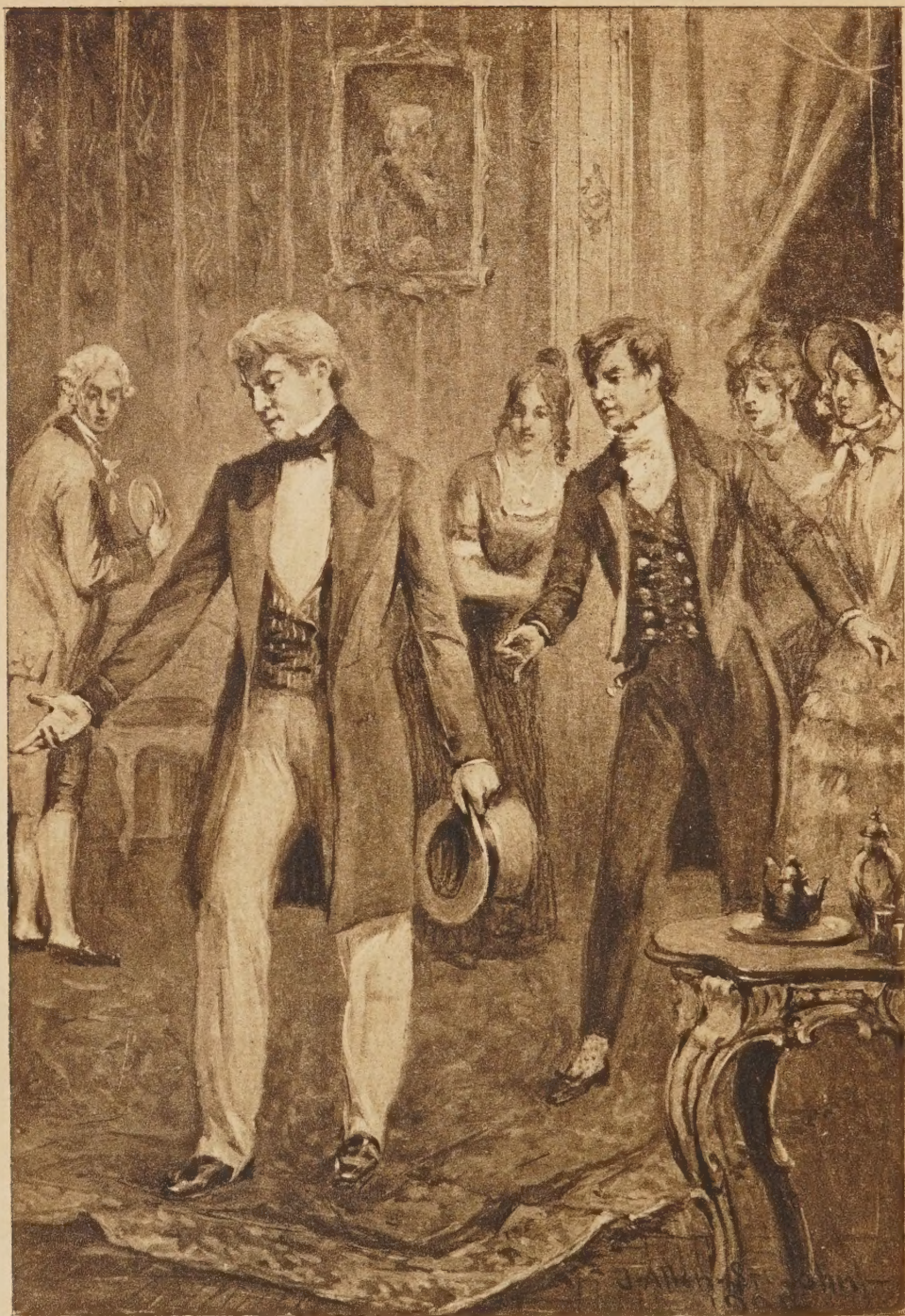




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# The Complete Works of Honoré de Balzac



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## The Dramas

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**Colonial Press Company**  
Boston and New York



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## BALZAC AS A DRAMATIST

Honoré de Balzac is known to the world in general as a novel-writer, a producer of romances, in which begin the reign of realism in French fiction. His *Comédie Humaine* is a description of French society, as it existed from the time of the Revolution to that of the Restoration. In this series of stories we find the author engaged in analyzing the manners, motives and external life of the French man and woman in all grades of society. When we open these volumes, we enter a gallery of striking and varied pictures, which glow with all the color, chiaroscuro and life-like detail of a Dutch panel. The power of Balzac is unique as a descriptive writer; his knowledge of the female heart is more profound, and covers a far wider range than anything exhibited by a provincial author, such as Richardson. But he has also the marvelous faculty of suggesting spiritual facts in the life and consciousness of his characters, by the picturesque touches with which he brings before us their external surroundings—the towns, streets and houses in which they dwell; the furniture, ornaments and arrangement of their rooms, and the clothes they wear. He depends upon these details for throwing into relief such a portrait as that of Pons or Madame Hulot. He himself was individualized by his knobbed cane abroad, and his Benedictine habit and statuette of Napoleon at home; but every single one of his creations seems to have in some shape or other a cane, a robe or a decorative attribute, which distinguishes each individual, as if by a badge, from every other member of the company in this Comedy of Life.



The art of characterization exhibited by the author fascinates us; we gaze and examine as if we were face to face with real personages, whose passions are laid bare, whose life is traced, whose countenance is portrayed with miraculousness, distinctness and verisimilitude. All the phenomena of life in the camp, the court, the boudoir, the low faubourg, or the country château are ranged in order, and catalogued. This is done with relentless audacity, often with a touch of grotesque exaggeration, but always with almost wearying minuteness. Sometimes this great writer finds that a description of actuality fails to give the true spiritual key to a situation, and he overflows into allegory, or Swedenborgian mysticism, just as Bastien-Lepage resorts to a coating of actual gilt, in depicting that radiant light in his *Jeanne d'Arc* which flat pigment could not adequately represent.

But this very effort of Balzac to attain realistic characterization has resulted in producing what the ordinary reader will look upon as a defect in his stories. When we compared above the stories of this writer to a painting, we had been as near the truth, if we had likened them to a reflection or photograph of a scene. For in a painting, the artist at his own will arranges the light and shade and groups, and combines according to his own fancy the figures and objects which he finds in nature. He represents not what is, but what might be, an actual scene. He aims at a specific effect. To this effect everything is sacrificed, for his work is a synthesis, not a mere analysis. Balzac does not aim at an effect, above and independent of his analysis. His sole effort is to emphasize the facts which his analysis brings to light, and when he has succeeded in this, the sole end he aims at is attained. Thus action is less important in his estimation than impression. His stories are therefore often quite unsymmetrical, even

anecdotic, in construction; some of them are mere episodes, in which the action is irrelevant, and sometimes he boldly ends an elaborate romance without any dramatic dénouement at all. We believe that Honoré de Balzac was the first of European writers to inaugurate the novel without dénouement, and to give to the world examples of the literary torso whose beauty and charm consist not in its completeness, but in the vigor and life-like animation of the lines, features, and contours of a detached trunk.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when we come to study the dramas of Balzac we find that the very qualities that give effectiveness to a stage representation are wanting in them. For the qualities which make a realistic tale impressive render a play intolerable. Thus Balzac's stage pieces are interesting, exciting and vivid in many passages, but they cannot stand the searching glare of the footlights. Balzac, in the first place, looked upon the drama as a department of literature inferior to that of romance, and somewhat cavalierly condescended to the stage without reckoning on either its possibilities or its limitations. He did not take to play-writing because he had exhausted his vein of fiction, but because he was in need of money. This was during the last years of his life. In this period he wrote the five plays which are included in the authorized edition of his works.

Balzac's first play was *Vautrin*, and Vautrin appears as the name of the most astonishing and most original character which Balzac has created and introduced in the five or six greatest novels of the Comedy. So transcendent, super-human and satanic is Vautrin, Herrera, or Jacques Collin, as he is indifferently called, that a French critic has interpreted this personage as a mere allegorical embodiment of the seductions of Parisian life, as they exist side by side with



the potency and resourcefulness of crime in the French metropolis.

Vautrin is described in the *Comédie Humaine* as the tempter and benefactor of Lucien de Rubempré, whom he loves with an intense devotion, and would exploit as a power and influence in the social, literary and political world. The deep-dyed criminal seems to live a life of pleasure, fashion and social rank in the person of this protégé. The abnormal, and in some degree quixotic, nature of this attachment is a purely Balzacian conception, and the contradictions involved in this character, with all the intellectual and physical endowments which pertain to it, are sometimes such as to bring the sublime in perilous proximity to the ridiculous. How such a fantastic creation can be so treated as to do less violence to the laws of artistic harmony and reserve may be seen in Hugo's Valjean, which was undoubtedly suggested by Balzac's Vautrin. In the play of *Vautrin*, the main character, instead of appearing sublime, becomes absurd, and the action is utterly destitute of that plausibility and coherence which should make the most improbable incidents of a play hang together with logical sequence.

Balzac in the *Resources of Quinola* merely reproduces David Séchard, though he places him in the reign of Philip the Second of Spain. He went far out of his way to make Fontanares the first inventor of the steamboat; the improbability of such a supposition quite forfeits the interest of the spectators and, in attempting to effect a love dénouement, he disgusts us by uniting the noble discoverer with the vile Faustine. Even the element of humor is wanting in his portrayal of Quinola—who is a combination of the slave in a Latin comedy and the fool, or Touchstone of Shakespeare.

The play is, however, ingenious, powerful and interesting in many passages.

*Pamela Giraud* is fantastic and painful in its plot. Balzac's ideal woman, the Pauline of the *Peau de Chagrin*, is here placed in a situation revolting even to a Parisian audience; but the selfish worldliness of the rich and noble is contrasted with the pure disinterestedness of a poor working girl in all of Balzac's strongest, most searching style. The dénouement is well brought about and satisfactory, but scarcely atones for the outrageous nature of the principal situation.

Balzac was especially a novelist of his own period, and the life of his romances is the life he saw going on around him. The principal character in *The Stepmother* is a Napoleonist general typical of many who must have lived in the first half of the nineteenth century. The ruling passion of General de Grandchamp is hatred for those who deserted the cause or forsook the standard of the First Consul. This antipathy is exaggerated by Balzac into murderous hatred, and is the indirect cause of death to the General's daughter, Pauline, and her lover, the son of a soldier of the First Empire, who, by deserting Napoleon, had fallen under the Comte de Grandchamp's ban. The situation is, however, complicated by the guilty passion which Gertrude, the stepmother of Pauline and wife of the General's old age, feels for the lover of Pauline. The main interest of the drama lies in the struggle between these two women, every detail of which is elaborated with true Balzacian gusto and insight. We expect to see virtue triumphant, and Pauline united to the excellent Ferdinand. When they both die of poison, and Gertrude becomes repentant, we feel that the dénouement is not satisfactory.



The jealousy of the woman and the hatred of the man have not blended properly.

But there can be no doubt at all that if Balzac had lived, he might have turned out a successful playwright. When he began his career as a dramatic writer he was like a musician taking up an unfamiliar instrument, an organist who was trying the violin, or a painter working in an unknown medium. His last written play was his best. Fortunately, the plot did not deal with any of those desperate love passions which Balzac in his novels has analyzed and described with such relentless and even brutal frankness. It is filled throughout with a genial humanity, as bright and as expressive as that which fills the atmosphere of *She Stoops to Conquer* or *A School for Scandal*. The characters are neither demons, like Cousin Betty, nor reckless debauchees, like Gertrude in *The Stepmother*. The whole motif is comic. Molière himself might have lent a touch of his refined and fragrant wit to the composition; and the situation is one which the author could realize from experience, but had only learned to regard from a humorous standpoint in the ripeness of his premature old age. Balzac makes money rule in his stories, as the most potent factor of social life. He describes poverty as the supreme evil, and wealth as the object of universal aspiration. In line with this attitude comes *Mercadet* with his trials and schemes. Scenes of ridiculous surprises succeed each other till by the return of the absconder with a large fortune, the greedy, usurious creditors are at last paid in full, and poetic justice is satisfied by the marriage of Julie to the poor man of her choice.

EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

## INTRODUCTION

The greatest fame of Balzac will rest in the future, as in the past, upon his novels and short stories. These comprise the bulk of his work and his most noteworthy effort—an effort so pronounced as to hide all side-excursions. For this reason his chief side-excursion—into the realms of the drama—has been almost entirely overlooked. Indeed, many of his readers are unaware that he ever wrote plays, while others have passed them by with the idea that they were slight, devoid of interest, and to be classified with the *Works of Youth*. Complete editions—so-called—of Balzac's works have fostered this belief by omitting the dramas; and it has remained for the present edition to include, for the first time, this valuable material, not alone for its own sake, but also in order to show the many-sided author as he was, in all his efficiencies and occasional deficiencies.

For those readers who now make the acquaintance of the dramas, we would say briefly that the Balzac *Théâtre* comprises five plays—*Vautrin*, *Les Ressources de Quinola*, *Pamela Giraud*, *La Marâtre*, and *Mercadet*. These plays are in prose. They do not belong to the apprenticeship period of the *Works of Youth*, but were produced in the heyday of his powers, revealing the mature man and the subtle analyst of character, not at his best, but at a point far above his worst. True, their production aroused condemnation on the part of many contemporary dramatic critics, and were the source of much annoyance and little financial gain to their creator. But



this is certainly no criterion for their workmanship. Balzac defied many tenets. He even had the hardihood to dispense with the *claqueurs* at the first night of *Les Ressources de Quinola*. Naturally the play proceeded coldly without the presence of professional applauders. But Balzac declared himself satisfied with the warm praise of such men as Hugo and Lamartine, who recognized the strength of the lines.

The five plays were presented at various times, at the best theatres of Paris, and by the most capable companies. One of them, *Mercadet*, is still revived perennially; and we are of opinion that this play would prove attractive to-day upon an American stage. The action and plots of all these dramas are quite apart from the structure of the *Comédie Humaine*. Vautrin and his "pals" are the only characters borrowed from that series, but his part in the titular play is new beyond the initial situation.

The *Première Édition* of the *Théâtre Complet* was published in a single duodecimo volume from the press of Giraud & Dagneau in 1853. It contained: *Vautrin*, *Les Ressources de Quinola*, *Pamela Giraud*, and *La Marâtre*. All prefaces were omitted. *Mercadet* was not given with them in this printing, but appeared in a separate duodecimo, under the title of *Le Faiseur*, from the press of Cadot, in 1853. The next edition of the *Théâtre Complet*, in 1855, reinstated the prefaces. It was not until 1865 that *Mercadet* joined the other four in a single volume published by Mme. Houssiaux.

*Vautrin*, a drama in five acts, was presented for the first time in the Porte-Saint-Martin theatre, March 14, 1840. The preface, dated May 1, 1840, was not ready in time for the printing of the first edition, which was a small octavo volume published by Delloye & Tresse. It appeared in the second

edition, two months later. The dedication was to Laurent-Jan.<sup>1</sup> The play was a distinct popular failure, but its construction and temper combine to explain this. At the same time it makes interesting reading; and it will prove especially entertaining to readers of the *Comédie Humaine* who have dreaded and half-admired the redoubtable law-breaker, who makes his initial entrance in *Le Père Goriot* and plays so important a part in *Illusions Perdues*, and *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*. Here we find Vautrin in a favorite situation. He becomes the powerful protector of an unknown young man—much as he picked up Lucien de Rubempré in *Illusions Perdues*, and attempted to aid Rastignac in *Le Père Goriot*—and devotes all his sinister craft to his protégé's material interests. The playwright is careful to preserve some degree of the young man's self-respect. Chance favors the two by providing the unknown hero with worthy parents; and Vautrin's schemes unexpectedly work out for good. As in the story of *Père Goriot* again, Vautrin, after furthering matrimonial deals and other quasi-benevolent projects, ends in the clutches of the law. Of Raoul little need be said. He is the foil for his dread protector and he is saved from dishonor by a narrow margin. The scene is laid at Paris, just after the second accession of the House of Bourbon, in 1816. Titles and families are in some confusion on account of the change of dynasties. It is therefore an opportune time for Vautrin to manufacture scutcheons as occasion may demand. Since this story of Vautrin is not included in the *Comédie*, it will not be found among the biographical facts recorded in the *Repertory*.

*Les Ressources de Quinola*, a comedy in a prologue and

<sup>1</sup> See "Jan" in *Repertory*.



five acts, was presented at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, Paris, March 19, 1842. Souverain published it in an octavo volume. Balzac was disposed to complain bitterly of the treatment this play received (note his preface), but of it may be said, as in the case of its predecessor, that it makes better reading than it must have made acting, for the scenes are loosely constructed and often illogical. Our playwright yet betrays the amateur touch. It is regrettable, too, for he chose an excellent theme and setting. The time is near the close of the sixteenth century, under the rule of Philip II. of Spain and the much-dreaded Inquisition. An inventor, a pupil of Galileo, barely escapes the Holy Office because of having discovered the secret of the steamboat. Referring to the preface again, we find Balzac maintaining, in apparent candor, that he had historic authority for the statement that a boat propelled by steam-machinery had been in existence for a short time in those days. Be that as it may, one can accept the statement for dramatic purposes; and the story of the early inventor's struggles and his servant's "resources" is promising enough to leave but one regret—that the master-romancer did not make a novel instead of a play out of the material. Though this is called a comedy, it contains more than one element of tragedy in it, and the tone is moody and satirical. The climax, with its abortive love episode, is anything but satisfactory.

*Pamela Giraud*, a drama in five acts, was first presented in the Gaîté Théâtre, Paris, September 26, 1843. It was published by Marchand in a single octavo volume, in the same year. The action takes place at Paris in 1815-24, during the Napoleonic conspiracies, under Louis XVIII. The Restoration has brought its strong undertow of subdued loyalty for

the Corsican—an undertow of plots, among the old soldiers particularly, which for several years were of concern to more than one throne outside of France. The hero of this play becomes involved in one of the conspiracies, and it is only by the public sacrifice of the young girl Pamela's honor, that he is rescued. Then ensues a clash between policy and duty—a theme so congenial to Balzac, and here handled with characteristic deftness. We notice, also, a distinct improvement in workmanship. Scenes move more easily; dramatic values become coherent; characters stand out from the “chorus” on the stage. Pamela is a flesh-and-blood girl; Jules is real; Joseph is comically individual; Dupré is almost a strong creation, and nearly every one of the other principals is individual.

The discussion of the other two plays is reserved for the succeeding volume, in which they appear. We shall there notice still greater evidences of the evolution of the playwright.

J. WALKER McSPADDEN.





# VAUTRIN

## A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

Presented for the First Time at the Porte-Saint-Martin Théâtre,  
Paris, March 14, 1840





## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It is difficult for the playwright to put himself, five days after the first presentation of his piece, in the situation in which he felt himself on the morning after the event; but it is still more difficult to write a preface to *Vautrin*, to which every one has written his own. The single utterance of the author will infallibly prove inferior to so vast a number of divergent expressions. The report of a cannon is never so effective as a display of fireworks.

Must the author explain his work? Its only possible commentator is M. Frédérick Lemaître.

Must he complain of the injunction which delayed the presentation of his play? That would be to betray ignorance of his time and country. Petty tyranny is the besetting sin of constitutional governments; it is thus they are disloyal to themselves, and on the other hand, who are so cruel as the weak? The present government is a spoilt child, and does what it likes, excepting that it fails to secure the public weal or the public vote.

Must he proceed to prove that *Vautrin* is as innocent a work as a drama of Berquin's? To inquire into the morality or immorality of the stage would imply servile submission to the stupid Prudhommes who bring the matter in question.

Shall he attack the newspapers? He could do no more than declare that they have verified by their conduct all he ever said about them.

Yet in the midst of the disaster which the energy of gov-



ernment has caused, but which the slightest sagacity in the world might have prevented, the author has found some compensation in the testimony of public sympathy which has been given him. M. Victor Hugo, among others, has shown himself as steadfast in friendship as he is pre-eminent in poetry; and the present writer has the greater happiness in publishing the good will of M. Hugo, inasmuch as the enemies of that distinguished man have no hesitation in blackening his character.

Let me conclude by saying that *Vautrin* is two months old, and in the rush of Parisian life a novelty of two months has survived a couple of centuries. The real preface to *Vautrin* will be found in the play, *Richard-Cœur-d'Eponge*,<sup>1</sup> which the administration permits to be acted in order to save the prolific stage of Porte-Saint-Martin from being overrun by children.

PARIS, May 1, 1840.

<sup>1</sup> A play never enacted or printed.

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JACQUES COLLIN, known as Vautrin.

THE DUC DE MONTSOREL.

THE MARQUIS ALBERT DE MONTSOREL, son to Montsorel.

RAOUL DE FRESCAS.

CHARLES BLONDET, known as the Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

FRANÇOIS CADET, known as the Philosopher.

FIL-DE-SOIE.

BUTEUX.

PHILIPPE BOULARD, known as Lafouraille.

A POLICE OFFICER.

JOSEPH BONNET, footman to the Duchess de Montsorel.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (LOUISE DE VAUDREY).

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY, aunt to the Duchess de Montsorel.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL.

INEZ DE CHRISTOVAL, PRINCESSE D'ARJOS.

FÉLICITÉ, maid to the Duchess de Montsorel.

SERVANTS, GENDARMES, DETECTIVES, AND OTHERS.

SCENE: *Paris.* TIME: 1816, *after the second return of the Bourbons.*

**Vautrin.**





# VAUTRIN

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## ACT I.

### *SCENE FIRST.*

*(A room in the house of the Duc de Montsorel.)*

THE DUCHESS DE MONTSOREL AND MADEMOISELLE DE  
VAUDREY.

THE DUCHESS

Ah! So you have been waiting for me! How very good of you!

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

What is the matter, Louise? This is the first time in the twelve years of our mutual mourning, that I have seen you cheerful. Knowing you as I do, it makes me alarmed.

THE DUCHESS

I cannot help showing my happiness, and you, who have shared all my sorrows, alone can understand my rapture at the faintest gleam of hope.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Have you come upon any traces of your lost son?

THE DUCHESS

He is found!



MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Impossible! When you find out your error it will add to your anguish.

THE DUCHESS

A child who is dead has but a tomb in the heart of his mother; but the child who has been stolen, is still living in that heart, dear aunt.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Suppose you were overheard!

THE DUCHESS

I should not care. I am setting out on a new life, and I feel strong enough to resist even the tyranny of De Montsorel.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

After twenty-two years of mourning, what possible occurrence can give you ground for hope?

THE DUCHESS

I have much more than hope! After the king's reception I went to the Spanish ambassador's, where I was introduced to Madame de Christoval. There I saw a young man who resembled me, and had my voice. Do you see what I mean? If I came home late it was because I remained spellbound in the room, and could not leave until he had gone.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Yet what slight warrant you had for your elation!

THE DUCHESS

Is not a revelation such as that more than sufficient warrant for the rapture of a mother's heart? At the sight of that young stranger a flame seemed to dart before my eyes;

his glance gave me new life; I felt happy once more. If he were not my son, my feelings would be quite unaccountable.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

You must have betrayed yourself!

THE DUCHESS

Yes, perhaps I did! People doubtless noticed us; but I was carried away by an uncontrollable impulse; I saw no one but him, I wished to hear him talk, and he talked with me, and told me his age. He is twenty-three, the same age as Fernand!

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

And was the duke present?

THE DUCHESS

Could I give a thought to my husband? I listened only to this young man, who was talking with Inez. I believe they are in love with each other.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Inez, who is engaged to your son, the marquis? And do you think the warm reception given by her to his son's rival could escape the duke's notice?

THE DUCHESS

Of course not, and I quite see the dangers to which Fernand is exposed. But I must not detain you longer; I could talk to you about him till morning. You shall see him. I have told him to come at the hour the duke goes to the king's, and then we will question him about his childhood.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

For goodness' sake, calm yourself; you will never be able to sleep this night. And send Félicité to bed, she is not accustomed to these late hours. (*She rings the bell.*)

FÉLICITÉ (*entering the room*)

His grace the duke has come in with his lordship the marquis.

THE DUCHESS

I have already told you, Félicité, never to inform me of his grace's movements. (*Exit Félicité.*)

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

I should hate to rob you of an illusion which causes you such happiness; but when I see the height of expectation to which you have soared, I fear a terrible fall for you. The soul, like the body, is bruised by a fall from an excessive height, and you must excuse my saying that I tremble for you.

THE DUCHESS

While you fear the effect of despair for me, I fear that of overwhelming joy.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY (*watching the duchess go out*)

If she should be deceived, she might lose her senses.

THE DUCHESS (*re-entering the room*)

Fernand, dear aunt, calls himself Raoul de Frescas. (*Exit.*)

---

SCENE SECOND.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY (*alone*)

She does not see that the recovery of her son would be a miracle. All mothers believe in miracles. We must keep watch over her. A look, a word might ruin her, for if she is right, if God restores her son to her, she is on the brink of a catastrophe more frightful even than the deception she has



been practicing. Does she think she can dissemble under the eyes of women?

---

*SCENE THIRD.*

MLLE. DE VAUDREY AND FÉLICITÉ.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Already here?

FÉLICITÉ

Her grace the duchess dismissed me early.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Has my niece given you no orders for the morning?

FÉLICITÉ

None, madame.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

A young man, named M. Raoul de Frescas, is coming to call upon me towards noon; he may possibly ask for the duchess, but you must instruct Joseph to bring him to my apartment. (*Exit.*)

---

*SCENE FOURTH.*

FÉLICITÉ (*alone*)

A young man for her? Not a bit of it. I always said that there was some motive in my lady's retired way of living; she is rich, she is handsome, yet the duke does not love her; and now the first time she goes out, a young man comes next day to see her, and her aunt wishes to receive him. They keep me in the dark; I am neither trusted nor tipped. If this is the

way chambermaids are to be treated under the new government, I don't know what will become of us. (*A sidedoor opens, two men are seen, and the door is immediately closed again.*) At any rate we shall have a look at the young man. (*Exit.*)

---

### SCENE FIFTH.

JOSEPH AND VAUTRIN.

(*Vautrin wears a tan-colored overcoat, trimmed with fur, over the black evening dress of a foreign diplomatic minister.*)

JOSEPH

That blasted girl! We would have been down in our luck if she had seen us.

VAUTRIN

You mean *you* would have been down in your luck; you take pretty good care not to be caught again, don't you? I suppose then that you enjoy peace of mind in this house?

JOSEPH

That I do, for honesty I find to be the best policy.

VAUTRIN

And do you quite approve of honesty?

JOSEPH

Oh, yes, so long as the place and the wages suit me.

VAUTRIN

I see you are doing well, my boy. You take little and often, you save, you even have the honesty to lend a trifle at interest. That's all right, but you cannot imagine what pleasure it gives me to see one of my old acquaintances filling an honorable

position. You have succeeded in doing so; your faults are but negative and therefore half virtues. I myself once had vices; I regret them as things of the past; I have nothing but dangers and struggles to interest me. Mine is the life of an Indian hemmed in by enemies, and I am fighting in defence of my own scalp.

JOSEPH

And what of mine?

VAUTRIN

Yours? Ah! you are right to ask that. Well, whatever happens to me, you have the word of Jacques Collin that he will never compromise you. But you must obey me in everything!

JOSEPH

In everything? But—

VAUTRIN

There are no buts with me. If there is any dark business to be done I have my “trusties” and old allies. Have you been long in this place?

JOSEPH

The duchess took me for her footman when she went with the court to Ghent, last year, and I am trusted by both the ladies of the house.

VAUTRIN

That’s the ticket! I need a few points with regard to these Montsorels. What do you know about them?

JOSEPH

Nothing.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

He is getting a little too honest. Does he think he knows nothing about them? Well, you cannot talk for five minutes with a man without drawing something out of him. (*Aloud*) Whose room is this?



JOSEPH

The salon of her grace the duchess, and these are her apartments; those of the duke are on the floor above. The suite of the marquis, their only son, is below, and looks on the court.

VAUTRIN

I asked you for impressions of all the keys of the duke's study. Where are they?

JOSEPH (*hesitatingly*)

Here they are.

VAUTRIN

Every time I purpose coming here you will find a cross in chalk on the garden gate; every night you must examine the place. Virtue reigns here, and the hinges of that gate are very rusty; but a Louis XVIII. can never be a Louis XV! Good-bye—I'll come back to-morrow night. (*Aside*) I must rejoin my people at the Christoval house.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

Since this devil of a fellow has found me out, I have been on tenter-hooks—

VAUTRIN (*coming back from the door*)

The duke then does not live with his wife?

JOSEPH

They quarreled twenty years ago.

VAUTRIN

What about?

JOSEPH

Not even their own son can say.

VAUTRIN

And why was your predecessor dismissed?

JOSEPH

I cannot say. I was not acquainted with him. They did not set up an establishment here until after the king's second return.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

Such are the advantages of the new social order; masters and servants are bound together by no ties; they feel no mutual attachment, exchange no secrets, and so give no ground for betrayal. (*To Joseph*) Any spicy stories at meal-times?

JOSEPH

Never before the servants.

VAUTRIN

What is thought of them in the servants' hall?

JOSEPH

The duchess is considered a saint.

VAUTRIN

Poor woman! And the duke?

JOSEPH

He is an egotist.

VAUTRIN

Yes, a statesman. (*Aside*) The duke must have secrets, and we must look into that. Every great aristocrat has some paltry passion by which he can be led; and if I once get control of him, his son, necessarily—(*To Joseph*) What is said about the marriage of the Marquis de Montsorel and Inez de Christoval?

JOSEPH

I haven't heard a word. The duchess seems to take very little interest in it.

VAUTRIN

And she has only one son! That seems hardly natural.

JOSEPH

Between ourselves, I believe she doesn't love her son.

VAUTRIN

I am obliged to draw this word from your throat, as if it were the cork in a bottle of Bordeaux. There is, I perceive, some mystery in this house. Here is a mother, a Duchesse de Montsorel, who does not love her son, her only son! Who is her confessor?

JOSEPH

She keeps her religious observances a profound secret.

VAUTRIN

Good—I shall soon know everything. Secrets are like young girls, the more you conceal them, the sooner they are discovered. I will send two of my rascals to the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas. They won't work out their salvation in that way, but they'll work out something else.—Good-bye.

---

SCENE SIXTH.

JOSEPH (*alone*)

He is an old friend—and that is the worst nuisance in the world. He will make me lose my place. Ah, if I were not afraid of being poisoned like a dog by Jacques Collin, who is quite capable of the act, I would tell all to the duke; but in this vile world, every man for himself, and I am not going to pay another man's debt. Let the duke settle with Jacques; I am going to bed. What noise is that? The duchess is getting up. What does she want? I must listen. (*He goes out, leaving the door slightly ajar.*)



*SCENE SEVENTH.*THE DUCHESS DE MONTSOREL (*alone*)

Where can I hide the certificate of my son's birth? (*She reads*) "Valencia.... July, 1793." An unlucky town for me! Fernand was actually born seven months after my marriage, by one of those fatalities that give ground for shameful accusations! I shall ask my aunt to carry this certificate in her pocket, until I can deposit it in some place of safety. The duke would ransack my rooms for it, and the whole police are at his service. Government refuses nothing to a man high in favor. If Joseph saw me going to Mlle. de Vaudrey's apartments at this hour, the whole house would hear of it. Ah—I am alone in the world, alone with all against me, a prisoner in my own house!

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*SCENE EIGHTH.*

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL AND MLLE. DE VAUDREY.

THE DUCHESS

I see that you find it as impossible to sleep as I do.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Louise, my child, I only rose to rid you of a dream, the awakening from which will be deplorable. I consider it my duty to distract you from your insane fancies. The more I think of what you told me the more is my sympathy aroused. But I am compelled to tell you the truth, cruel as it is; beyond doubt the duke has placed Fernand in some compromising situation, so as to make it impossible for him to retrieve his position in the world to which you belong. The young man you saw cannot be your son.

## THE DUCHESS

Ah, you never knew Fernand ! but I knew him, and in whatever place he is, his life has an influence on mine. I have seen him a thousand times—

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

In your dreams !

THE DUCHESS

Fernand has the blood of the Montsorels and the Vaudreys in his veins. The place to which he was born he is able to take ; everything gives way before him wherever he appears. If he became a soldier, he is to-day a colonel. My son is proud, he is handsome, people like him ! I am sure he is beloved. Do not contradict me, dear aunt ; Fernand still lives ; if not, then the duke has broken faith, and I know he values too highly the virtues of his race to disgrace them.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

But are not honor and a husband's vengeance dearer to him than his faith as a gentleman ?

THE DUCHESS

Ah ! You make me shudder.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

You know very well, Louise, that pride of race is hereditary with the Montsorels, as it is with the Mortemarts.

THE DUCHESS

I know it too well ! The doubt cast upon his child's legitimacy has almost crazed him.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

You are wrong there. The duke has a warm heart, and a cool head ; in all matters that concern the sentiments on which

they live, men of that temper act promptly in carrying out their ideas.

#### THE DUCHESS

But, dear aunt, do you know at what price he has granted me the life of Fernand? Haven't I paid dearly for the assurance that his days were not to be shortened? If I had persisted in maintaining my innocence I should have brought certain death upon him; I have sacrificed my good name to save my son. Any mother would have done as much. You were taking care of my property here; I was alone in a foreign land, and was the prey of ill-health, fever, and with none to counsel me, and I lost my head; for, since that time it has constantly occurred to me that the duke would never have carried out his threats. In making the sacrifice I did, I knew that Fernand would be poor and destitute, without a name, and dwelling in an unknown land; but I knew also that his life would be safe, and that some day I should recover him, even if I had to search the whole world over! I felt so cheerful as I came in that I forgot to give you the certificate of Fernand's birth, which the Spanish ambassador's wife has at last obtained for me; carry it about with you until you can place it in the hands of your confessor.

#### MILLE. DE VAUDREY

The duke must certainly have learnt the measures you have taken in this matter, and woe be to your son! Since his return he has been very busy, and is still busy about something.

#### THE DUCHESS

If I shake off the disgrace with which he has tried to cover me, if I give up shedding tears in silence, be assured that nothing can bend me from my purpose. I am no longer in Spain or England, at the mercy of a diplomat crafty as a tiger, who during the whole time of our emigration was reading the thoughts of the heart's inmost recesses, and with invisible spies surrounding my life as by a network of steel; turning



my servants into jailers, and keeping me prisoner in the most horrible of prisons, an open house! I am in France, I have found you once more, I hold my place at court, I can speak my mind there; I shall learn what has become of the Vicomte de Langeac, I shall prove that since the Tenth of August<sup>1</sup> we have never met, I shall inform the king of the crime committed by a father against a son who is the heir of two noble houses. I am a woman, I am Duchesse de Montsorel, I am a mother! We are rich, we have a virtuous priest for an adviser; right is on our side, and if I have demanded the certificate of my son's birth—

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### SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, AND THE DUC DE MONTSOREL (*who enters as the duchess pronounces the last sentence*).

THE DUKE

It is only for the purpose of handing it to me.

THE DUCHESS

Since when have you ventured to enter my apartment without previously sending me word and asking my leave?

THE DUKE

Since you broke the agreement we made. You swore to take no steps to find this—your son. This was the sole condition on which I promised to let him live.

THE DUCHESS

And is it not much more honorable to violate such an oath, than to remain faithful to all others?

<sup>1</sup> A noteworthy date in French history, August 10, 1792; the day of the storming of the Tuileries.—J. W. M.

## THE DUKE

We are henceforth both of us released from our engagements.

## THE DUCHESS

Have you, up to the present day, respected yours?

## THE DUKE

I have, madame.

## THE DUCHESS

Listen to him, aunt, and bear witness to this declaration.

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

But has it never occurred to you, my dear sir, that Louise is innocent?

## THE DUKE

Of course you think so, Mlle. de Vaudrey. And what would not I give to share your opinion! The duchess has had twenty years in which to prove to me her innocence.

## THE DUCHESS

For twenty years you have wrung my heart without pity and without intermission.

## THE DUKE

Madame, unless you hand me this certificate, your Fernand will have serious cause for alarm. As soon as you returned to France you secured the document, and are trying to employ it as a weapon against me. You desire to obtain for your son a fortune and a name which do not belong to him; to secure his admission into a family, whose race has up to my time been kept pure by wives of stainless reputation, a family which has never formed a single mesalliance—

## THE DUCHESS

And which will be worthily represented by your son Albert.

## THE DUKE

Be careful what you say, for you waken in me terrible memories. And your last word shows me that you will not shrink from causing a scandal that will overwhelm all of us with shame. Shall we air in the public courts past occurrences which will show that I am not free from reproach, while you are infamous? (*He turns to Mlle. de Vaudrey*) She cannot have told you everything, dear aunt? She was in love with Viscount Langeac; I knew it, and respected her love; I was so young! The viscount came to me; being without hope of inheriting a fortune, and the last representative of his house, he unselfishly offered to give up Louise de Vaudrey. I trusted in their mutual generosity, and accepted her as a pure woman from his hands. Ah! I would have given my life for her, and I have proved it! The wretched man performed prodigies of valor on the Tenth of August, and called down upon himself the rage of the mob; I put him under the protection of some of my people; he was, however, discovered and taken to the Abbaye. As soon as I learned his predicament, I gave into the hands of a certain Boulard all the money I had collected for our flight! I induced Boulard to join the Septembrists in order to save the viscount from death; I procured his escape! (*To the duchess*) He paid me back well, did he not? I was young, madly in love, impetuous, yet I never crushed the boy! You have to-day made me the same requital for my pity, as your lover made for my trust in him. Well—things remain just as they were twenty years ago excepting that the time for pity is past. And I will repeat what I said to you then: Forget your son, and he shall live.

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

And shall her sufferings during those twenty years count for nothing?

## THE DUKE

A great crime calls for a great atonement.



## THE DUCHESS

Ah—if you take my grief for a sign of remorse, I will again protest to you, I am innocent! No! Langeac never betrayed your confidence; it was not for his king alone he went to his death, and from the fatal day on which he bade me farewell and surrendered me to you, I have never seen him again.

## THE DUKE

You purchased the life of your son by making an exactly contrary declaration.

## THE DUCHESS

Can a compact dictated by terror be looked upon as an avowal of guilt?

## THE DUKE

Do you intend to give that certificate of birth?

## THE DUCHESS

It is no longer in my possession.

## THE DUKE

I will no longer answer then for your son's safety.

## THE DUCHESS

Have you weighed well the consequences of this threat?

## THE DUKE

You ought to know me by this time.

## THE DUCHESS

The trouble is that you do not know me. You will no longer answer for my son's safety? Indeed—but you had better look after that of your own son. Albert is a guarantee for the life of Fernand. If you keep watch on my proceedings, I shall set a watch on yours; if you rely upon the police

of the realm, I have resources of my own, and the assistance of God. If you deal a blow at Fernand, beware of what may happen to Albert. A blow for a blow!—That is final.

THE DUKE

You are in your own house, madame. I forgot myself. Pray pardon me. I was wrong.

THE DUCHESS

You are more a gentleman than your son; when he flies into a rage he begs no one's pardon, not he!

THE DUKE (*aside*)

Has her resignation up to this time been nothing but a pretence? Has she been waiting for the present opportunity to speak? Women who are guided by the advice of bigots travel underground, like volcanic fires, and only reveal themselves when they break out. She knows my secret, I have lost sight of her son, and my defeat is imminent. (*Exit.*)

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SCENE TENTH.

Mlle. DE VAUDREY AND THE DUCHESS

Mlle. DE VAUDREY

Louise, you love the child you have never seen, and hate him who is before your eyes. Ah! you must tell the reason of your hatred for Albert, if you would retain my esteem and my affection.

THE DUCHESS

Not a word on that subject.

Mlle. DE VAUDREY

The calm way in which your husband remarks your aversion for your son is astonishing.

## THE DUCHESS

He is accustomed to it.

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Yet you could never show yourself a bad mother, could you?

## THE DUCHESS

A bad mother? No. (*She reflects.*) I cannot make up my mind to forfeit your affection. (*She draws her aunt to her side.*) Albert is not my son.

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Can a stranger have usurped the place, the name, the title, the property of the real child?

## THE DUCHESS

No, not a stranger, but his son. After the fatal night on which Fernand was carried off from me, an eternal separation between the duke and myself took place. The wife in me was as cruelly outraged as the mother. But still I purchased from him peace of mind.

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

I do not understand your meaning.

## THE DUCHESS

I allowed the duke to present this Albert, child of a Spanish courtesan, as if he were mine. The duke desired an heir. Amid the confusion wrought in Spain by the French Revolution the trick escaped notice. Are you surprised that my blood boils at the sight of this strange woman's child occupying the place of the lawful heir?

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

Now I can deeply sympathize with your hopes; ah! how



glad I should be if you were right in your suspicions and this young man were indeed your son. But what is the matter with you?

THE DUCHESS

He is, I fear, ruined; for I have brought him under the notice of his father, who will— But stay, something must be done! I must find out where he lives, and warn him not to come here to-morrow morning.

MILLE. DE VAUDREY

Leave the house at this hour! Louise, you are mad!

THE DUCHESS

Come, we must save him at any price.

MILLE. DE VAUDREY

What do you propose doing?

THE DUCHESS

Neither of us can leave the house to-morrow without being noticed. We must forestall the duke by bribing my chamber-maid.

MILLE. DE VAUDREY

Louise, would you resort to such means as this?

THE DUCHESS

If Raoul is the son disclaimed by his father, the child over whom I have mourned for the last twenty years, I must show them what a wife, a mother, who has been wrongly accused, can do!

*Curtain to the First Act.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(Scene the same as in preceding act.)*

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THE DUC DE MONTSOREL AND JOSEPH.

JOSEPH (*who is just finishing tidying the room, aside*)

So late to bed, so early to rise, and already in madame's apartment. Something is up. Can that devil of a Jacques have been right?

THE DUKE

Joseph, I am not at home excepting to one person. If he comes, you will show him up. I refer to Monsieur de Saint-Charles. Find out whether your mistress will see me. (*Exit Joseph.*) The awakening of a maternal instinct, which I thought had been utterly extinguished in her heart, amazes me beyond measure. The secret struggle in which she is engaged must at once be put a stop to. So long as Louise was resigned our life was not intolerable; but disputes like this would render it extremely disagreeable. I was able to control my wife so long as we were abroad, but in this country my only power over her lies in skillful handling, and a display of authority. I shall tell everything to the king. I shall submit myself to his dictation, and Madame de Montsorel must be compelled to submit. I must however bide my time. The detective, whom I am to employ, if he is clever, will soon find out the cause of this revolt; I shall see whether the duchess is merely deceived by a resemblance, or whether she has seen her son. For myself I must confess to having lost sight of him since my agents reported his disappearance twelve years ago. I was

very much excited last night. I must be more discreet. If I keep quiet she will be put off her guard and reveal her secrets.

JOSEPH (*re-entering the room*)

Her grace the duchess has not yet rung for her maid.

THE DUKE

Very well.

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SCENE SECOND.

THE PRECEDING AND FÉLICITÉ.

(*To explain his presence in his wife's room, the duke looks over articles lying on the table, and discovers a letter in a book.*)

THE DUKE (*reading*)

"To Mlle. Inez de Christoval." (*Aside*) Why should my wife have concealed a letter of such slight importance? She no doubt wrote it after our quarrel. Is it concerning Raoul? This letter must not go to the Christoval house.

FÉLICITÉ (*looking for the letter in the book*)

Now, where is that letter of madame's? Can she have forgotten it?

THE DUKE

Aren't you looking for a letter?

FÉLICITÉ

Yes, your grace.

THE DUKE

Isn't this it?

FÉLICITÉ

The very one, your grace.



## THE DUKE

It is astonishing that you should leave the very hour your mistress must need your services ; she is getting up.

## FÉLICITÉ

Her grace the duchess has Thérèse ; and besides I am going out by her orders.

## THE DUKE

Very good. I did not wish to interfere with you.

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## SCENE THIRD.

THE PRECEDING, AND BLONDET, ALIAS THE CHEVALIER DE SAINT-CHARLES.

*(Joseph and Saint-Charles walk together from the centre door, and eye each other attentively.)*

JOSEPH (*aside*)

The look of that man is very distasteful to me. (*To the duke*) The Chevalier de Saint-Charles. (*The duke signs to Saint-Charles to approach, and examines his appearance.*)

SAINT-CHARLES (*giving him a letter, aside*)

Does he know my antecedents, or will he simply recognize me as Saint-Charles?

## THE DUKE

My dear sir—

## SAINT-CHARLES

I am to be merely Saint-Charles.

## THE DUKE

You are recommended to me as a man whose ability, if it had fair scope, would be called genius.

## SAINT-CHARLES

If his grace the duke will give me an opportunity, I will prove myself worthy of that flattering opinion.

## THE DUKE

You shall have one at once.

## SAINT-CHARLES

What are your commands?

## THE DUKE

You see that maid. She is going to leave the house. I do not wish to hinder her doing so; yet she must not cross the threshold, until she receives a fresh order. (*Calls her*) Félicité!

## FÉLICITÉ

What is it, your grace? (*The duke gives her the letter. Exit Félicité.*)

SAINT-CHARLES (*to Joseph*)

I recognize you, I know all about you: See that this maid remains in the house with the letter, and I will not recognize you, and will know nothing of you, and will let you stay here so long as you behave yourself.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

This fellow on one side, and Jacques Collin on the other! Well, I must try to serve them both honestly. (*Exit Joseph, in pursuit of Félicité.*)

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SCENE FOURTH.

## THE DUKE AND SAINT-CHARLES.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Your grace's commands are obeyed. Do you wish to know the contents of the letter?

## THE DUKE

Why, my dear sir, the power you seem to exercise is something terrible and wonderful.

## SAINT-CHARLES

You gave me absolute authority in the matter, and I used it well.

## THE DUKE

And what if you had abused it?

## SAINT-CHARLES

That would have been impossible, for such a course would ruin me.

## THE DUKE

How is it that men endowed with such faculties are found employing them in so lowly a sphere?

## SAINT-CHARLES

Everything is against our rising above it; we protect our protectors, we learn too many honorable secrets, and are kept in ignorance of too many shameful ones to be liked by people, and render such important services to others that they can only shake off the obligation by speaking ill of us. People think that things are only words with us; refinement is thus mere silliness, honor a sham, and acts of treachery mere diplomacy. We are the confidants of many who yet leave us much to guess at. Our programme consists in thinking and acting, finding out the past from the present, ordering and arranging the future in the pettiest details, as I am about to do—and, in short, in doing a hundred things that might strike dismay to a man of no mean ability. When once our end is gained, words become things once more, and people begin to suspect that possibly we are infamous scoundrels.



## THE DUKE

There may be some justice in all this, but I do not suppose you expect to change the opinion of the world, or even mine?

## SAINT-CHARLES

I should be a great fool if I did. I don't care about changing another man's opinion; what I do want to change is my own position.

## THE DUKE

According to you that would be very easy, wouldn't it?

## SAINT-CHARLES

Why not, your grace? Let some one set me to play the spy over cabinets, instead of raking up the secrets of private families. Instead of dogging the footsteps of shady characters, let them put me in charge of the craftiest diplomats. Instead of pandering to the vilest passions, let me serve the government. I should be delighted to play a modest part in a great movement. And what a devoted servant your grace would have in me!

## THE DUKE

I am really sorry to employ such great talents as yours in so petty an affair, my friend, but it will give me an opportunity of testing, and then we'll see.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

Ah—We shall see? That means, all has already been seen.

## THE DUKE

I wish to see my son married—

## SAINT-CHARLES

To Mlle. Inez de Christoval, Princesse d'Arjos—a good match! Her father made the mistake of entering Joseph Bonaparte's service, and was banished by King Ferdinand. He probably took part in the Mexican revolution.

## THE DUKE

Madame de Christoval and her daughter have made the acquaintance of a certain adventurer, named—

## SAINT-CHARLES

Raoul de Frescas.

## THE DUKE

Is there nothing I can tell you that you do not know?

## SAINT-CHARLES

If your grace desires it, I will know nothing.

## THE DUKE

On the contrary, I should like you to speak out, so that I may know what secrets you will permit us to keep.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Let us make one stipulation; whenever my frankness displeases your grace, call me chevalier, and I will sink once more into my humble rôle of paid detective.

## THE DUKE

Go on, my friend. (*Aside*) These people are very amusing.

## SAINT-CHARLES

M. de Frescas will not be an adventurer so long as he lives in the style of a man who has an income of a hundred thousand francs.

## THE DUKE

Whoever he is you must pierce through the mystery which surrounds him.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Your grace requires a very difficult thing. We are obliged to use circumspection in dealing with foreigners. They are our masters; they have turned Paris upside down.

## THE DUKE

That's the trouble!

## SAINT-CHARLES

Does your grace belong to the opposition?

## THE DUKE

I should like to have brought back the king without his following—that is my position.

## SAINT-CHARLES

The departure of the king resulted from the disorganization of the magnificent Asiatic police created by Bonaparte. An effort is being made nowadays to form a police of respectable people, a procedure which disbands the old police. Hemmed in by the military police of the invasion, we dare not arrest any one, for fear we might lay hands on some prince on his way to keep an assignation, or some margrave who had dined too well. But for your grace a man will attempt the impossible. Has this young man any vices? Does he play?

## THE DUKE

Yes, in a social way.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Does he cheat?

## THE DUKE

Chevalier!

## SAINT-CHARLES

This young man must be very rich.

## THE DUKE

Inquire for yourself.

## SAINT-CHARLES

I ask pardon of your grace; but people without passions

cannot know much. Would you have the goodness to tell me whether this young man is sincerely attached to Mlle. de Christoval?

## THE DUKE

What! that princess! that heiress! You alarm me, my friend.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Has not your grace told me that he is a young man? Now, pretended love is more perfect than genuine love; that is the reason why so many women are deceived! Undoubtedly he has thrown over many mistresses, and heart-free, tongue-free, you know—

## THE DUKE

Take care! Your mission is peculiar, and you had best not meddle with the women; an indiscretion on your part may forfeit my good will, for all that relates to M. Frescas must go no further than you and myself. I demand absolute secrecy, both from those you employ, and those who employ you. In fact, you will be a ruined man, if Madame de Montsorel has any suspicion of your designs.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Is Madame de Montsorel then interested in this young man? I must keep an eye on her, for this girl is her chambermaid.

## THE DUKE

Chevalier de Saint-Charles, to order you to do this would be unworthy of me, and to ask for such an order is quite unworthy of you.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Your grace and I perfectly understand each other. But what is to be the main object of my investigations?

## THE DUKE

You must find out whether Raoul de Frescas is the real



name of this young man; find out where he was born, ransack his whole life, and consider all you learn about him a secret of state.

SAINT-CHARLES

You must wait until to-morrow for this information, my lord.

THE DUKE

That is a short time.

SAINT-CHARLES

But it involves a good deal of money.

THE DUKE

Do not suppose that I wish to hear of evil things; it is the method of you people to pander to depraved passions. Instead of showing them up, you prefer to invent rather than to reveal occurrences. I should be delighted to learn that this young man has a family—(*The marquis enters, sees his father engaged, and turns to go out; the duke asks him to remain.*)

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### SCENE FIFTH.

THE PRECEDING AND THE MARQUIS DE MONTSOREL.

THE DUKE (*continuing*)

If M. de Frescas is a gentleman, and the Princesse d'Arjos decidedly prefers him to my son, the marquis must withdraw his suit.

THE MARQUIS

But, father, I am in love with Inez.

THE DUKE (*to Saint-Charles*)

You may go, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

He takes no interest in the proposed marriage of his son. He is incapable of feeling jealous of his wife. There is something very serious in these circumstances; I am either a ruined man or my fortune is made. (*Exit.*)

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## SCENE SIXTH.

## THE DUKE AND THE MARQUIS.

## THE DUKE

To marry a woman who does not love you is a mistake which I shall never allow you to commit, Albert.

## THE MARQUIS

But there is nothing that indicates that Inez will reject me; and, in any case, once she is my wife, it will be my object to win her love, and I believe, without vanity, that I shall succeed.

## THE DUKE

Allow me to tell you, my son, that your barrack-room ideas are quite out of place here.

## THE MARQUIS

On any other subject your words would be law to me; but every era has a different art of love—I beg of you to hasten my marriage. Inez has all the pliability of an only daughter, and the readiness with which she accepts the advances of a mere adventurer ought to rouse your anxiety. Really, the coldness with which you receive me this morning amazes me. Putting aside my love for Inez, could I do better? I shall be, like you, a Spanish grandee, and, more than that, a prince. Would that annoy you, father?

THE DUKE (*aside*)

The blood of his mother shows itself all the time! Oh! Louise has known well my tender spot! (*Aloud*) Recollect, sir, that there is no rank higher than the glorious title, Duc de Montsorel.

## THE MARQUIS

How have I offended you?

## THE DUKE

Enough! You forget that I arranged this marriage after my residence in Spain. You are moreover aware that Inez cannot be married without her father's consent. Mexico has recently declared its independence, and the occurrence of this revolution explains the delay of his answer.

## THE MARQUIS

But, my dear father, your plans are in danger of being defeated. You surely did not see what happened yesterday at the Spanish ambassador's? My mother took particular notice there of this Raoul de Frescas, and Inez was immensely pleased with him. Do you know that I have long felt, and now at last admit to myself, that my mother hates me? And that I myself feel, what I would only say to you father, whom I love, that I have little love for her?

THE DUKE (*aside*)

I am reaping all that I have sown; hate as well as love is instinctively divined. (*To the marquis*) My son, you should not judge, for you can never understand your mother. She has seen my blind affection for you, and she wishes to correct it by severity. Do not let me hear any more such remarks from you, and let us drop the subject! You are on duty at the palace to-day; repair thither at once: I will obtain leave for you this evening, when you can go to the ball and rejoin the Princesse d'Arjos.

## THE MARQUIS

Before leaving, I should like to see my mother, and beg for her kind offices in my favor, with Inez, who calls upon her this morning.

## THE DUKE

Ask whether she is to be seen, for I am waiting for her myself. (*Exit the marquis.*) Everything overwhelms me at the same time; yesterday the ambassador inquired of me the place of my son's death; last night, my son's mother thought she had found him again; this morning the son of Juana Mendes harrows my feelings! The princess recognizes him instinctively. No law can be broken without a nemesis; nature is as pitiless as the world of men. Shall I be strong enough, even with the backing of the king, to overcome this complication of circumstances?

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## SCENE SEVENTH.

THE DUKE, THE DUCHESS AND THE MARQUIS.

## THE DUCHESS

Excuses? Nonsense! Albert, I am only too happy to see you here; it is a pleasant surprise; you are come to kiss your mother before going to the palace—that is all. Ah! if ever a mother found it in her heart to doubt her son, this eager affection, which I have not been accustomed to, would dispel all such fear, and I thank you for it, Albert. At last we understand each other.

## THE MARQUIS

I am glad to hear you say that, mother; if I have seemed lacking in my duty to you, it is not that I forget, but that I feared to annoy you.



THE DUCHESS (*seeing the duke*)

What! your grace here also!—you really seem to share your son's cordiality,—my rising this morning is actually a fête.

THE DUKE

And you will find it so every day.

THE DUCHESS (*to the duke*)

Ah! I understand— (*To the marquis*) Good-bye! the king is strict about the punctuality of his red-coated guards, and I should be sorry to cause you to be reprimanded.

THE DUKE

Why do you send him off? Inez will soon be here.

THE DUCHESS

I do not think so, I have just written to her. .

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SCENE EIGHTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND JOSEPH.

JOSEPH (*announcing a visitor*)

Their graces the Duchesse de Christoval and the Princesse d'Arjos.

THE DUCHESS (*aside*)

How excessively awkward!

THE DUKE (*to his son*)

Do not go; leave all to me. They are trifling with us.

## SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL AND  
THE PRINCESSE D'ARJOS.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Ah! madame, it is extremely kind of you thus to anticipate my visit to you.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

I come in this way that there may be no formality between us.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to Inez*)

Have you read my letter?

INEZ

One of your maids has just handed it to me.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*aside*)

It is evident that Raoul is also coming.

THE DUKE (*to the Duchesse de Christoval, whom he leads to a seat*)

I hope we see in this informal visit the beginning of a family intimacy?

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

Pray do not exaggerate the importance of a civility, which I look upon as a pleasure.

THE MARQUIS

You are seriously afraid, madame, I perceive, of encouraging my hopes? Did I not suffer sufficiently yesterday? The princess did not notice me, even by a look.

## INEZ

I didn't expect the pleasure of meeting you again so soon, sir. I thought you were on duty; I am glad to have an opportunity of explaining that I never saw you till the moment I left the ball-room, and this lady (*pointing to the Duchesse de Montsorel*) must be the excuse of my inattention.

## THE MARQUIS

You have two excuses, mademoiselle, and I thank you for mentioning only one—my mother.

## THE DUKE

His reproaches spring only from his modesty, mademoiselle. Albert is under the impression that M. de Frescas can give him ground for anxiety! At his age passion is a fairy that makes trifles appear vast. But neither yourself nor your mother, mademoiselle, can attach any serious importance to the claims of a young man, whose title is problematical and who is so studiously silent about his family.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to the Duchesse de Christoval*)

And are you also ignorant of the place where he was born?

## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

I am not intimate enough with him to ask for such information.

## THE DUKE

There are three of us here who would be well pleased to have it. You alone, ladies, would be discreet, for discretion is a virtue the possession of which profits only those who require it in others.

## THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

As for me, I do not believe that curiosity is always blameless.

## THE MARQUIS

Is mine then ill-timed? And may I not inquire of madame whether the Frescas of Aragon are extinct or not?

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL (*to the duke*)

Both of us have known at Madrid the old commander, who was last of his line.

## THE DUKE

He died, of course, without issue.

## INEZ

But there exists a branch of the family at Naples.

## THE MARQUIS

Surely you are aware, mademoiselle, that your cousins, the house of Medina-Coeli, have succeeded to it?

## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

You are right; there are no De Frescas in existence.

## THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Well! well! If this young man has neither title nor family, he can be no dangerous rival to Albert. I do not know why you should be interested in him.

## THE DUKE

But there are a great many ladies interested in him.

## INEZ

I begin to see your meaning—

## THE MARQUIS

Indeed!



## INEZ

Yes, this young man is not, perhaps, all he wishes to appear; but he is intelligent, well educated, his sentiments are noble, he shows us the most chivalric respect, he speaks ill of no one; evidently, he is acting the gentleman, and exaggerates his rôle.

## THE DUKE

I believe he also exaggerates the amount of his fortune; but it is difficult at Paris to maintain that prétension for any length of time.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to the Duchesse de Christoval*)

I am told that you mean to give a series of brilliant entertainments?

## THE MARQUIS

Does M. de Frescas speak Spanish?

## INEZ

Just as well as we do.

## THE DUKE

Say no more, Albert; did you not hear that M. de Frescas is a highly accomplished young man?

## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

He is really a very agreeable man, but if your doubts were well founded, I confess, my dear duke, I should be very sorry to receive any further visits from him.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to the Duchesse de Christoval*)

You look as fresh to-day as you did yesterday; I really admire the way you stand the dissipations of society.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL (*aside to Inez*)

My child, do not mention M. de Frescas again. The subject annoys Madame de Montsorel.

INEZ (*also aside*)

It did not annoy her yesterday.

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SCENE TENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, JOSEPH AND RAOUL DE FRESCAS.

JOSEPH (*to the Duchesse de Montsorel*)

As Mlle. de Vaudrey is not in, and M. de Frescas is here, will your grace see him?

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

Is Raoul here?

THE DUKE

So he has already found her out!

THE MARQUIS (*to his father*)

My mother is deceiving us.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to Joseph*)

I am not at home.

THE DUKE

If you have asked M. de Frescas to come why do you begin by treating so great a personage with discourtesy? (*To Joseph, despite a gesture of protest from the Duchesse de Montsorel*) Show him in! (*To the marquis*) Try to be calm and sensible.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*aside*)

In trying to help, I have hurt him, I fear.

JOSEPH

M. Raoul de Frescas.

RAOUL (*entering*)

My eagerness to obey your commands will prove to you, Madame la Duchesse, how proud I am of your notice, and how anxious to deserve it.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

I thank you, sir, for your promptitude. (*Aside*) But it may prove fatal to you.

RAOUL (*bowing to the Duchesse de Christoval and her daughter, aside*)

How is this? Inez here? (*Raoul exchanges bows with the duke; but the marquis takes up a newspaper from the table, and pretends not to see Raoul.*)

THE DUKE

I must confess, M. de Frescas, I did not expect to meet you in the apartment of Madame de Montsorel; but I am pleased at the interest she takes in you, for it has procured me the pleasure of meeting a young man whose entrance into Parisian society has been attended with such success and brilliancy. You are one of the rivals whom one is proud to conquer, but to whom one submits without displeasure.

RAOUL

This exaggerated eulogy, with which I cannot agree, would be ironical unless it had been pronounced by you; but I am compelled to acknowledge the courtesy with which you desire to set me at my ease (*looking at the marquis, who turns his back on him*), in a house where I might well think myself unwelcome.

THE DUKE

On the contrary, you have come just at the right moment;

we were just speaking of your family and of the aged Commander de Frescas whom madame and myself were once well acquainted with.

RAOUL

I am highly honored by the interest you take in me; but such an honor is generally enjoyed at the cost of some slight gossip.

THE DUKE

People can only gossip about those whom they know well.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

And we would like to have the right of gossiping about you.

RAOUL

It is my interest to keep myself in your good graces.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

I know one way of doing so.

RAOUL

What is that?

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Remain the same mysterious personage you are at present.

THE MARQUIS (*rejoining them, newspaper in hand*)

Here is a strange thing, ladies; one of those foreigners who claim to be noblemen has been caught cheating at play at the field marshal's house.

INEZ

Is that the great piece of news in which you have been absorbed?

RAOUL

In these times, everyone seems to be a foreigner.



## THE MARQUIS

It was not altogether this piece of news that set me thinking, but I was struck by the incredible readiness with which people receive at their houses those about whose antecedents they know positively nothing.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*aside*)

Is he to be insulted in my house?

## RAOUL

If people distrust those whom they do not know, aren't they sometimes likely, at very short notice, to know rather too much about them?

## THE DUKE

Albert, how can this news of yours interest us? Do we ever receive any one without first learning what his family is?

## RAOUL

His grace the duke knows my family.

## THE DUKE

It is sufficient for me that you are found at Madame de Montsorel's house. We know what we owe to you too well to forget what you owe to us. The name De Frescas commands respect, and you represent it worthily.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL (*to Raoul*)

Will you immediately announce who you are, if not for your own sake, at least out of consideration for your friends?

## RAOUL

I shall be extremely distressed if my presence here should occasion the slightest discussion; but as certain hints are as galling as the most direct charges, I suggest that we end this

conversation, which is as unworthy of you, as it is of me. Her grace the duchess did not, I am sure, invite me here to be cross-examined. I recognize in no one the right to ask a reason for the silence which I have decided to maintain.

## THE MARQUIS

And you leave us the right to interpret it?

## RAOUL

If I claim liberty of action, it is not for the purpose of refusing the same to you.

THE DUKE (*to Raoul*)

You are a noble young man, you show the natural distinction which marks the gentleman; do not be offended at the curiosity of the world; it is our only safeguard. Your sword cannot impose silence upon all idle talkers, and the world, while it treats becoming modesty with generosity, has no pity for ungrounded pretensions—

## RAOUL

Sir!

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTMOREL (*whispering anxiously to Raoul*)

Not a word about your childhood; leave Paris, and let me alone know where you are—hidden! Your whole future depends on this.

## THE DUKE

I really wish to be your friend, in spite of the fact that you are the rival of my son. Give your confidence to a man who has that of his king. How can you be descended from the house of De Frescas, which is extinct?

RAOUL (*to the duke*)

Your grace is too powerful to fail of protégés, and I am not so weak as to need a protector.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

Sir, I am sure you will understand a mother's feeling that it would be unwise for her to receive many visits from you at the Christoval house.

INEZ (*to Raoul*)

A word would save us, and you keep silence; I perceive that there is something dearer to you than I am.

RAOUL

Inez, I could bear anything excepting these reproaches. (*Aside*) O Vautrin! why did you impose absolute silence upon me? (*He bows farewell to the ladies. To the Duchesse de Montsorel*) I leave my happiness in your charge.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Do what I order; I will answer for the rest.

RAOUL (*to the marquis*)

I am at your service, sir.

THE MARQUIS

Good-bye, M. Raoul.

RAOUL

De Frescas, if you please.

THE MARQUIS

De Frescas, then! (*Exit Raoul.*)

## SCENE ELEVENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, EXCEPT RAOUL.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTMOREL (*to the Duchesse de Christoval*)

You were very severe.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

You may not be aware, madame, that for the last three months this young man has danced attendance on my daughter wherever she went, and that his admission into society was brought about a little incautiously.

THE DUKE (*to the Duchesse de Christoval*)

He might easily be taken for a prince in disguise.

THE MARQUIS

Is he not rather a nobody disguised as a prince?

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTMOREL

Your father will tell you that such disguises are difficult to assume.

INEZ (*to the marquis*)

A nobody sir? We women can be attracted by one who is above us, never by him who is our inferior.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

What are you talking about, Inez?

INEZ

It is of no consequence, mother! Either this young man is crazed or these people are ungenerous.

MADAME DE CHRISTOVAL (*to the Duchesse de Montmorel*)

I can plainly see, madame, that any explanation is impos-



sible, especially in the presence of the duke; but my honor is at stake, and I shall expect you to explain.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

To-morrow, then. (*Exit the duke with the Duchesse de Christoval and her daughter, followed by the Duchesse de Montsorel.*)

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SCENE TWELFTH.

THE MARQUIS AND THE DUKE.

THE MARQUIS

The appearance of this adventurer, father, seems to throw both you and my mother into a state of the most violent excitement; it would almost seem as if not only was the marriage of your son jeopardized, but your very existence menaced. The duchess and her daughter went off in high dudgeon—

THE DUKE

What could have brought them here in the very midst of our discussion?

THE MARQUIS

And you also are interested in this fellow Raoul?

THE DUKE

Are not you? Your fortune, your name, your future and your marriage, all that is more to you than life, is now at stake!

THE MARQUIS

If all these things are dependent upon this young man, I will immediately demand satisfaction from him.

THE DUKE

What! a duel? If you had the wretched luck to kill him, the success of your suit would be hopeless.

THE MARQUIS

What then is to be done?

THE DUKE

Do like the politicians; wait!

THE MARQUIS

If you are in danger, father, do you think I can remain quiet?

THE DUKE

Leave this burden to me; it would crush you.

THE MARQUIS

Ah! but you will speak, father, you will tell me—

THE DUKE

Nothing! for we should both of us have too much to blush for.

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SCENE THIRTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND VAUTRIN.

*(Vautrin is dressed all in black; at the beginning of the scene he puts on an air of compunction and humility.)*

VAUTRIN

Excuse me, your grace, for having forced my way in, but *(whispering so as not to be overheard)* we have both of us been

victimized by an abuse of confidence—allow me to say a word or two to you alone.

THE DUKE (*with a sign to his son to leave them*)  
Say on, sir.

VAUTRIN

In these days success is in the power of those alone who exert themselves to obtain office, and this form of ambition pervades all classes. Every man in France desires to be a colonel, and it is difficult to see where the privates are to come from. As a matter of fact society is threatened by disintegration, which will simply result from this universal desire for high positions, accompanied with a general disgust for the low places. Such is the fruit of revolutionary equality. Religion is the sole remedy for this corruption.

THE DUKE

What are you driving at?

VAUTRIN

I beg pardon, but it is impossible to refrain from explaining to a statesman, with whom I am going to work, the cause of a mistake which annoys me. Has your grace confided any secrets to one of my people who came to you this morning, with the foolish idea of supplanting me, and in the hope of making himself known to you as one who could serve your interests?

THE DUKE

What do you mean? that you are the Chevalier de Saint-Charles?

VAUTRIN

Let me tell your grace, that we are just what we desire to be. Neither he nor I is simple enough to be his real self—it would cost us too much.

## THE DUKE

Remember, that you must furnish proofs.

## VAUTRIN

If your grace has confided any important secret to him, I shall have immediately to put him under surveillance.

THE DUKE (*aside*)

This man seems more honest and reliable than the other.

## VAUTRIN

We put the secret police on such cases.

## THE DUKE

You ought not to have come here, sir, unless you were able to justify your assertions.

## VAUTRIN

I have done my duty. I hope that the ambition of this man, who is capable of selling himself to the highest bidder, may be of service to you.

THE DUKE (*aside*)

How can he have learned so promptly the secret of my morning interview?

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

He hesitates; Joseph is right, some important secret is at stake.

## THE DUKE

Sir!

## VAUTRIN

Your grace!

## THE DUKE

It is the interest of both of us to defeat this man.



VAUTRIN

VAUTRIN

That would be dangerous, if he has your secret; for he is tricky.

THE DUKE

Yes, the fellow has wit.

VAUTRIN

Did you give him a commission?

THE DUKE

Nothing of importance; I wish to find out all about a certain M. de Frescas.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

Merely that! (*Aloud*) I can tell your grace all about him. Raoul de Frescas is a young nobleman whose family is mixed up in an affair of high treason, and he does not like to assume his father's name.

THE DUKE

He has a father, then?

VAUTRIN

He has a father.

THE DUKE

And where does he come from? What is his fortune?

VAUTRIN

We are changing our rôles, and your grace must excuse my not answering until you tell me what special interest your grace has in M. de Frescas.

THE DUKE

You are forgetting yourself, sir!

VAUTRIN (*with assumed humility*)

Yes, I am forgetting the fact that there is an enormous difference between spies and those who set them.

THE DUKE

Joseph!

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

This duke has set his spies upon us; I must hurry. (*Vautrin disappears through the side door, by which he entered in the first act.*)

THE DUKE (*turning back*)

You shall not leave the house. Heavens! where is he? (*He rings and Joseph answers.*) Let all the doors of the house be locked, a man has got into the house. Quick! let all look for him, and let him be apprehended. (*He goes to the room of the duchess.*)

JOSEPH (*looking through the postern*)

He is far away by this time.

*Curtain to the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE FIRST.

(*A room in the house of Raoul de Frescas.*)

LAFOURAILLE (*alone*)

Would my late excellent father, who advised me to frequent none but the best society, have been satisfied with me yesterday? I spent all night with ministers' valets, attendants of the embassy, princes', dukes', peers' coachmen—none but these, all reliable men, in good luck; they steal only from their masters. My master danced with a fine chit of a girl whose hair was powdered with a million's worth of diamonds, and he had no eyes for anything but the bouquet she carried in her hand; simple young man, we sympathize with you. Old Jacques Collin—Botheration! there I trip again, I cannot reconcile myself to this common name—I mean M. Vautrin, will arrange all that. In a little time diamonds and dowry will take an airing, and they have need of it; to think of them as always in the same strong boxes! 'Tis against the laws of circulation. What a joker he is!—He sets you up as a young man of means. He is so kind, he talks so finely, the heiress comes in, the trick is done, and we all cry shares! The money will have been well earned. You see we have been here six months. Haven't we put on the look of idiots! Everybody in the neighborhood takes us for good simple folk. And who would refuse to do anything for Vautrin? He said to us: "Be virtuous," and virtuous we became. I fear him as I fear the police, and yet I love him even more than money.

VAUTRIN (*calling from the outside*)

Lafouraille!

## LAFOURAILLE

There he is! I haven't seen his face this morning—that means a storm; I prefer it should fall upon some one else, and will get out. (*He starts to the door but encounters Vautrin.*)

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## SCENE SECOND.

VAUTRIN AND LAFOURAILLE.

(*Vautrin is dressed in long white duck trousers and a waist-coat of the same material, slippers of red morocco, —the morning dress of a business man.*)

VAUTRIN

Lafouraille.

LAFOURAILLE

Sir?

VAUTRIN

Where are you going?

LAFOURAILLE

To get your letters.

VAUTRIN

I have them. Have you anything else to do?

LAFOURAILLE

Yes, your chamber—

VAUTRIN

In so many words you want to avoid me. I have always found that restless legs never go with a quiet conscience. Stay where you are. I want to talk with you.



VAUTRIN

LAFOURAILLE

I am at your service.

VAUTRIN

I hope you are. Come here. You told us, under the fair sky of Provence, a certain story which was little to your credit. A steward beat you at play; do you recollect?

LAFOURAILLE

A steward? yes, that fellow Charles Blondet, the only man who ever robbed me! Can a fellow forget that?

VAUTRIN

Had you not on one occasion sold your master to him? That's common enough.

LAFOURAILLE

On one occasion? I sold him three times over.

VAUTRIN

That was better. And what business was the steward then engaged in?

LAFOURAILLE

I was going to tell you. I was footman at eighteen with the De Langeacs—

VAUTRIN

I thought it was in the Duc de Montsorel's house.

LAFOURAILLE

No; the duke, fortunately, has only twice set eyes on me, and has, I hope, forgotten me.

VAUTRIN

Did you rob him?

LAFOURAILLE

Well, to some small extent.

VAUTRIN

Why do you want him to forget you?

LAFOURAILLE

Because, after seeing him again, yesterday, at the embassy, I should then feel safe.

VAUTRIN

And it is the same man?

LAFOURAILLE

We are both older by twenty-five years, and that is the only difference.

VAUTRIN

Tell me all about him. I knew I had heard you mention his name. Go on.

LAFOURAILLE

The Vicomte de Langeac, one of my masters, and this Duc de Montsorel were like peas in the same pod. When I was forced to choose between the nobles and the people, I did not hesitate; from a mere footman, I became a citizen, and citizen Philip Boulard was an earnest worker. I had enthusiasm, and acquired influence in the faubourg.

VAUTRIN

And so you have been a politician, have you?

LAFOURAILLE

Not for long. I did a pretty thing, and that ruined me.

VAUTRIN

Aha! my boy, pretty things are like pretty women—better fight shy of them; they often bring trouble. What was this pretty thing?

## LAFOURAILLE

I'll tell you. In the scrimmage of the Tenth of August, the duke confided to my care the Vicomte de Langeac ; I disguised and hid him, I gave him food at the risk of my popularity and my life. The duke had greatly encouraged me by such trifles as a thousand gold pieces, and that Blondet had the infamy to offer me a bigger pile to give up our young master.

## VAUTRIN

Did you give him up?

## LAFOURAILLE

Immediately. He was jugged in the Abbaye, and I became the happy possessor of sixty good thousands of francs in gold, in real gold.

## VAUTRIN

And what has this to do with the Duc de Montsorel?

## LAFOURAILLE

Wait a little. When the days of September came, my conduct seemed to me slightly reprehensible ; and to quiet my conscience, I determined to propose to the duke, who was leaving the country, that I should rescue his friend.

## VAUTRIN

Did your remorse prove a good investment?

## LAFOURAILLE

That it did ; for it was rare in those days ! The duke promised me twenty thousand francs if I delivered the viscount from the hands of my comrades, and I succeeded in doing so.

## VAUTRIN

Twenty thousand francs for a viscount !

LAFOURAILLE

And he was all the more worth it, because he was the last. I found that out too late. The steward had disposed of all the other Langeacs, even to a poor old grandmother whom he had sent to the Carmelites.

VAUTRIN

That was good !

LAFOURAILLE

But then something else happened. That Blondet heard of my devotion, he traced me out and found me in the neighborhood of Mortagne, where my master was at the house of one of my uncles waiting for a chance to reach the sea. The noodle offered me as much money as he had already given me. I saw before me an honest life for the rest of my days ; and I was weak. My friend Blondet caused the viscount to be shot as a spy, and my uncle and myself were imprisoned as his accomplices. We were not released until I had disgorged all my gold.

VAUTRIN

That is the way a knowledge of the human heart is acquired. You were dealing with a stronger man than yourself.

LAFOURAILLE

That remains to be seen ; for I am still alive.

VAUTRIN

Enough of that ! There is nothing of use to me in your tale.

LAFOURAILLE

Can I go now ?

VAUTRIN

Come, come. You seem to experience a keen longing to be where I am not. But you went into society yesterday ; did you do anything ?



LAFOURAILLE.

The servants said such funny things about their masters, that I could not leave the antechamber.

VAUTRIN

Yet I saw you nibbling at the sideboard; what did you take?

LAFOURAILLE

Nothing—but stay—I took a wineglass of Madeira.

VAUTRIN

What did you do with the dozen of gold spoons that went with the glass of Madeira?

LAFOURAILLE

Gold spoons! I've searched diligently, but find nothing of that kind in my memory.

VAUTRIN

Possibly; but you will find them in your mattress. And was Philosopher also absent-minded?

LAFOURAILLE

Poor Philosopher! Since morning he has been a laughing-stock below stairs. He induced a coachman who was very young to strip off his gold lace for him. It was all false on the underside. In these days masters are thieves. You cannot be sure of anything, more's the pity.

VAUTRIN (*whistles*)

This is no joking matter. You will make me lose the house: this must be put a stop to—Here, father Buteux, ahoy! Philosopher! Come here. Fil-de-Soie! My dear friends, let us have a clearing up. You are a pack of scoundrels.

## SCENE THIRD.

THE SAME PERSONS, BUTEUX, PHILOSOPHER AND FIL-DE-SOIE.

BUTEUX

Present! Is the house on fire?

FIL-DE-SOIE

Is it some one burning with curiosity?

BUTEUX

A fire would be better, for it can be put out.

PHILOSOPHER

But the other can be choked.

LAFOURAILLE

Bah! he has had enough of this trifling.

BUTEUX

So we are to have more moralizing—thank you for that.

FIL-DE-SOIE

He cannot want me for I have not been out.

VAUTRIN (*to Fil-de-Soie*)

You? The evening when I bade you exchange your scul-lion's cap for a footman's hat—poisoner—

FIL-DE-SOIE

We will drop the extra names.

VAUTRIN

And you accompanied me as my footman to the field mar-

shal's; while helping me on with my cloak, you stole the watch of the Cossack prince.

FIL-DE-SOIE

One of the enemies of France.

VAUTRIN

You, Buteux, you old malefactor, carried off the opera-glass of the Princesse d'Arjos, the evening she set down your young master at our gate.

BUTEUX

It dropped on the carriage step.

VAUTRIN

You should have respectfully handed it back to her; but the gold and the pearls appealed to your tigerish talons.

LAFOURAILLE

Now, now, surely people can have a little fun? Devil take it! Did not you, Jacques—

VAUTRIN

What do you mean?

LAFOURAILLE

Did not you, M. Vautrin, require thirty thousand francs, that this young man might live in princely style? We succeeded in satisfying you in the fashion of foreign governments, by borrowing, and getting credit. All those who come to ask for me leave some with us. And you are not satisfied.

FIL-DE-SOIE

And if, when I am sent to buy provisions without a sou, I may not be allowed to bring back some cash with me,—I might as well send in my resignation.

## PHILOSOPHER

And didn't I sell our custom to four different coach-builders—5,000 francs each clip—and the man who got the order lost all? One evening M. de Frescas starts off from home with wretched screws, and we bring him back, Lafouraille and I, with a span worth ten thousand francs, which have cost him only twenty glasses of brandy.

## LAFOURAILLE

No, it was Kirchenwasser.

## PHILOSOPHER

Yes, and yet you fly into a rage—

## FIL-DE-SOIE

How are you going to keep house now?

## VAUTRIN

Do you expect to do things of this kind for long? What I have permitted in order to set up our establishment, from this day forth I forbid. You wish, I suppose, to descend from robbery to swindling? If you do not understand what I say I will look out for better servants.

## BUTEUX

And where will you find them?

## LAFOURAILLE

Let him hunt for them!

## VAUTRIN

You forget, I see, that I have pledged myself to save your necks! Dear, dear, do you think I have sifted you, like seeds in a colander, through three different places of residence, to let you hover round a gibbet, like flies round a candle? I wish you to know that any imprudence that brings you to such a position, is, to men of my stamp, a crime. You ought



to appear as supremely innocent as you, Philosopher, appeared to him who let you rip off his lace. Never forget the part you are playing; you are honest fellows, faithful domestics, and adore Raoul de Frescas, your master.

BUTEUX

Do you take this young man for a god? You have harnessed us to his car; but we know him no better than he knows us.

PHILOSOPHER

Tell me, is he one of our kind?

FIL-DE-SOIE

What is he going to bring us to?

LAFOURAILLE

We obey on condition that the Society of the Ten Thousand be reconstituted, so that never less than ten thousand francs at a time be assigned to us; at present we have not any funds in common.

FIL-DE-SOIE

When are we all to be capitalists?

BUTEUX

If the gang knew that for the last six months I have been disguising myself as an old porter, without any object, I should be disgraced. If I am willing to risk my neck, it is that I may give bread to my Adèle, whom you have forbidden me to see, and who for six months must have been as dry as a match.

LAFOURAILLE (*to the other two*)

She is in prison. Poor man! let us spare his feelings.

VAUTRIN

Have you finished? Come now, you have made merry here

for six months, eaten like diplomats, drunk like Poles, and have wanted nothing.

BUTEUX

Yes, we are rusting out!

VAUTRIN

Thanks to me, the police have forgotten you! You owe your good luck to me alone! I have erased the brand from your foreheads. I am the head, whose ideas you, the arms, carry out.

PHILOSOPHER

We are satisfied.

VAUTRIN

You must all obey me blindly.

LAFOURAILLE

Blindly.

VAUTRIN

Without a murmur.

FIL-DE-SOIE

Without a murmur.

VAUTRIN

Or else let us break our compact, and be off with you! If I meet with ingratitude from you, to whom can I venture hereafter to do a service?

PHILOSOPHER

To no one, my emperor.

LAFOURAILLE

I should rather say, our great teacher!

BUTEUX

I love you more than I love Adèle.

VAUTRIN

FIL-DE-SOIE

We worship you.

VAUTRIN

If necessary, I shall even have to beat you.

PHILOSOPHER

We'll take it without a murmur.

VAUTRIN

To spit in your face; to bowl over your lives like a row of skittles.

BUTEUX

But I bowl over with a knife.

VAUTRIN

Very well—Kill me this instant.

BUTEUX

It is no use being vexed with this man. Do you wish me to restore the opera-glass? I intended it for Adèle!

ALL (*surrounding him*)

Would you abandon us, Vautrin?

LAFOURAILLE

Vautrin! our friend.

PHILOSOPHER

Mighty Vautrin!

FIL-DE-SOIE

Our old companion, deal with us as you will.

VAUTRIN

Yes, and I can deal with you as I will. When I think what trouble you make, in your trinket-stealing, I feel

inclined to send you back to the place I took you from. You are either above or below the level of society, dregs or foam; but I desire to make you enter into society. People used to hoot you as you went by. I wish them to bow to you; you were once the basest of mankind, I wish you to be more than honest men.

PHILOSOPHER

Is there such a class?

BUTEUX

There are those who are nothing at all.

VAUTRIN

There are those who decide upon the honesty of others. You will never be honest burgesses, you must belong either to the wretched or the rich; you must therefore master one-half of the world! Take a bath of gold, and you will come forth from it virtuous!

FIL-DE-SOIE

To think, that, when I have need of nothing, I shall be a good prince!

VAUTRIN

Of course. And you, Lafouraille, you can become Count of Saint Helena; and what would you like to be, Buteux?

BUTEUX

I should like to be a philanthropist, for the philanthropist always becomes a millionaire.

PHILOSOPHER

And I, a banker.

FIL-DE-SOIE

He wishes to be a licensed professional.

VAUTRIN

Show yourselves then, according as occasion demands it,



blind and clear-sighted, adroit and clumsy, stupid and clever, like all those who make their fortune. Never judge me, and try to understand my meaning. You ask who Raoul de Frescas is? I will explain to you; he will soon have an income of twelve hundred thousand francs. He will be a prince. And I picked him up when he was begging on the high road, and ready to become a drummer-boy; in his twelfth year he had neither name nor family; he came from Sardinia, where he must have got into some trouble, for he was a fugitive from justice.

BUTEUX

Oh, now that we know his antecedents and his social position—

VAUTRIN

Be off to your lodge!

BUTEUX

Little Nini, daughter of Giroflée is there—

VAUTRIN

She may let a spy pass in.

BUTEUX

She! She is a little cat to whom it is not necessary to point out the stool-pigeons.

VAUTRIN

You may judge my power from what I am in process of doing for Raoul. Ought he not to be preferred before all? Raoul de Frescas is a young man who has remained pure as an angel in the midst of our mire-pit; he is our conscience; moreover, he is my creation; I am at once his father, his mother, and I desire to be his guiding providence. I, who can never know happiness, still delight in making other people happy. I breathe through his lips, I live in his life, his passions are my own; and it is impossible for me to know noble and pure emotions excepting in the heart of this being unsoiled by crime. You have your fancies, here I show you

mine. In exchange for the blight which society has brought upon me, I give it a man of honor, and enter upon a struggle with destiny; do you wish to be of my party? Obey me.

ALL

In life, and death—

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

So my savage beasts are once more brought to submission. (*Aloud*) Philosopher, try to put on the air, the face, the costume of an employe of the lost goods bureau, and take back to the embassy the plate borrowed by Lafouraille. (*To Fil-de-Soie*) You, Fil-de-Soie, must prepare a sumptuous dinner, as M. de Frescas is to entertain a few friends. You will afterwards dress yourself as a respectable man, and assume the air of a lawyer. You will go to number six, Rue Oblin, ring seven times at the fourth-story door, and ask for Père Giroflée. When they ask where you come from, you will answer from a seaport in Bohemia. They will let you in. I want certain letters and papers of the Duc de Christoval; here are the text and patterns. I want an absolute fac-simile, with the briefest possible delay. Lafouraille, you must go and insert a few lines in the newspapers, notifying the arrival of . . . (*He whispers into his ear.*) This forms part of my plan. Now leave me.

LAFOURAILLE

Well, are you satisfied?

VAUTRIN

Yes.

PHILOSOPHER

You want nothing more of us?

VAUTRIN

Nothing.

FIL-DE-SOIE

There will be no more rebellion; every one will be good,

Let your mind rest easy; we are going to be not only polite, but honest.

That is right, boys; a little integrity, a great deal of address, and you will be respected.

*(Exeunt all except Vautrin.)*

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#### SCENE FOURTH.

VAUTRIN (*alone*)

In order to lead them it is only necessary to let them think they have an honorable future. They have no future, no prospects! Pshaw! if generals took their soldiers seriously, not a cannon would be fired! In a few days, following upon years of subterranean labors, I shall have won for Raoul a commanding position; it must be made sure to him. Lafouraille and Philosopher will be necessary to me in the country where I am to give him a family. Ah, this love! it has put out of the question the life I had destined him to. I wished to win for him a solitary glory, to see him conquering for me and under my direction, the world which I am forbidden to enter. Raoul is not only the child of my intellect and of my malice, he is also my instrument of revenge. These fellows of mine cannot understand these sentiments; they are happy; they have never fallen, not they! they were born criminals. But I have attempted to raise myself. Yet though a man can raise himself in the eyes of God, he can never do so in the eyes of the world. People tell you to repent, and then refuse to pardon. Men possess in their dealings with each other the instincts of savage animals. Once wounded, one is down-trodden by his fellows. Moreover, to ask the protection of a world whose laws you have trampled under foot is like returning to a house which you have burnt and whose roof would fall and crush you. I have well polished and perfected the magnetic instrument of my domination. Raoul was brave,

he would have sacrificed his life, like a fool; I had to make him cold and domineering, and to dispel from his mind, one by one, his exalted ideas of life; to render him suspicious and tricky as—an old bill-broker, while all the while he knew not who I was. And at this moment love has broken down the whole scaffolding. He should have been great; now, he can only be happy. I shall therefore retire to live in a corner at the height of his prosperity; his happiness will have been my work. For two days I have been asking myself whether it would not be better that the Princesse d'Arjos should die of some ailment—say brain fever. It's singular how many plans a woman can upset!

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## SCENE FIFTH.

VAUTRIN AND LAFOURAILLE.

VAUTRIN

What is the matter? Cannot I be alone one moment? Did I call?

LAFOURAILLE

We are likely to feel the claws of justice scratch our shoulders.

VAUTRIN

What new blunder have you committed?

LAFOURAILLE

The fact is little Nini has admitted a well-dressed gentleman who asks to see you. Buteux is whistling the air, *There's No Place Like Home*, so it must be a sleuth.

VAUTRIN

Nothing of the kind, I know who it is; tell him to wait. Everybody in arms! Vautrin must then vanish; I will be the Baron de Vieux-Chêne. Speak in a German accent, fool him well, until I can play the master stroke. (*Exit.*)



## SCENE SIXTH.

LAFOURAILLE AND SAINT-CHARLES.

LAFOURAILLE (*speaking with a German accent*)

M. de Frescas is not at home, sir, and his steward, the Baron de Vieux-Chêne, is engaged with an architect, who is to build a grand house for our master.

SAINT-CHARLES

I beg your pardon, my dear sir, you said—

LAFOURAILLE

I said Baron de Vieux-Chêne.

SAINT-CHARLES

Baron!

LAFOURAILLE

Yes! Yes!

SAINT-CHARLES

He is a baron?

LAFOURAILLE

Baron de Vieux-Chêne.

SAINT-CHARLES

You are a German.

LAFOURAILLE

Not I! Not I! I am an Alsatian, a very different thing.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

This man has certainly an accent too decidedly German to be a Parisian.

LAFOURAILLE (*aside*)

I know this man well. Here's a go!

SAINT-CHARLES

If the baron is busy, I will wait.

LAFOURAILLE (*aside*)

Ah! Blondet, my beauty, you can disguise your face, but not your voice; if you get out of our clutches now, you will be a wonder. (*Aloud*) What shall I tell the baron brings you here? (*He makes as if to go out.*)

SAINT-CHARLES

Stay a moment, my friend; you speak German, I speak French, we may misunderstand one another. (*Puts a purse into his hand.*) There can be no mistake with this for an interpreter.

LAFOURAILLE

No, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES

That is merely on account.

LAFOURAILLE (*aside*)

Yes, on account of my eighty thousand francs. (*Aloud*) And do you wish me to shadow my master?

SAINT-CHARLES

No, my friend, I merely ask for some information, which cannot compromise you.

LAFOURAILLE

In good German we call that spying.

SAINT-CHARLES

But no—that is not it—it is—

LAFOURAILLE

To shadow him. And what shall I say to his lordship the baron?

## SAINT-CHARLES

Announce the Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

## LAFOURAILLE

We understand each other. I will induce him to see you. But do not offer money to the steward; he is more honest than the rest of us. (*He gives a sly wink.*)

## SAINT-CHARLES

That means he will cost more.

## LAFOURAILLE

Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

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*SCENE SEVENTH.*SAINT-CHARLES (*alone*)

A bad beginning! Ten louis thrown away. To shadow him indeed! It is too stupid not to have a spice of wit in it, this habit of calling things by their right name, at the outset. If the pretended steward, for there is no steward here, if the baron is as clever as his footman, I shall have nothing to base my information on, excepting what they conceal from me. This room is very fine. There is neither portrait of the king, nor emblem of royalty here. Well, it is plain they do not frame their opinions. Is the furniture suggestive of anything? No. It is too new to have been even paid for. But for the air which the porter whistled, doubtless a signal, I should be inclined to believe in the De Frescas people.

## SCENE EIGHTH.

SAINT-CHARLES, VAUTRIN AND LAFOURAILLE.

(*Vautrin wears a bright maroon coat, of old-fashioned cut, with large heavy buttons; his breeches are black silk, as are his stockings. His shoes have gold buckles, his waistcoat is flowered, he wears two watchchains, his cravat belongs to the time of the Revolution; his wig is white, his face old, keen, withered, dissipated looking. He speaks low, and his voice is cracked.*)

VAUTRIN (*to Lafouraille*)

Very good; you may go. (*Exit Lafouraille. Aside*) Now for the tug of war, M. Blondet. (*Aloud*) I am at your service, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

A worn out fox is still dangerous. (*Aloud*) Excuse me, baron, for disturbing you, while yet unknown to you.

VAUTRIN

I can guess what your business is.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

Indeed?

VAUTRIN

You are an architect, and have a proposal to make to me; but I have already received most excellent offers.

SAINT-CHARLES

Excuse me, your Dutchman must have mispronounced my name. I am the Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

VAUTRIN (*raising his spectacles*)

Let me see—we are old acquaintances. You were at the



Congress of Vienna, and then bore the name of Count of Gorcum—a fine name!

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

Go choke yourself, old man! (*Aloud*) So you were there also?

VAUTRIN

I should think so! And I am glad to have come upon you again. You were a deuced clever fellow, you know. How you fooled them all!

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

We'll stick to Vienna, then. (*Aloud*) Ah, baron! I recall you perfectly now; you also steered your bark pretty cleverly there.

VAUTRIN

Of course I did, and what women we had there! yes, indeed! And have you still your fair Italian?

SAINT-CHARLES

Did you know her? She was a woman of such tact.

VAUTRIN

My dear fellow, wasn't she, though? She actually wanted to find out who I was.

SAINT-CHARLES

And did she find out?

VAUTRIN

Well, my dear friend, I know you will be glad to hear it, she discovered nothing.

SAINT-CHARLES

Come, baron, since we are speaking freely to each other to-day, I for my part must confess that your admirable Pole—

VAUTRIN

You also had the pleasure?

SAINT-CHARLES

On my honor, yes!

VAUTRIN (*laughing*)

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

SAINT-CHARLES (*laughing*)

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

VAUTRIN

We can safely laugh now, for I suppose you left her there?

SAINT-CHARLES

Immediately, as you did. I see that we are both come to throw away our money in Paris, and we have done well; but it seems to me, baron, that you have accepted a very secondary position, though one which attracts notice.

VAUTRIN

Ah! thank you, chevalier. I hope, however, we may still be friends for many a day.

SAINT-CHARLES

Forever, I hope.

VAUTRIN

You can be extremely useful to me, I can be of immense service to you, we understand each other! Let me know what your present business is, and I will tell you mine.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

I should like to know whether he is being set on me, or I on him.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

It is going to be a somewhat slow business.

SAINT-CHARLES

I will tell you.

VAUTRIN

I am attention !

SAINT-CHARLES

Baron, between ourselves, I admire you immensely.

VAUTRIN

What a compliment from a man like you !

SAINT-CHARLES

Not at all ! To create a De Frescas in the face of all Paris shows an inventive genius which transcends by a thousand points that of our countesses at the Congress. You are angling for the dowry with rare nerve.

VAUTRIN

I angling for a dowry ?

SAINT-CHARLES

But, my dear friend, you would be found out, unless I your friend had been the man chosen to watch you, for I am appointed your shadower by a very high authority. Permit me also to ask how can you dare to interfere with the family of Montsorel in their pursuit of an heiress ?

VAUTRIN

To think that I innocently believed you came to propose we should work in company, and speculate, both of us, with the money of M. de Frescas, of which I have entire control—and here you talk to me of something entirely different ! Frescas, my good friend, is one of the legal titles of this young man,

who has seven in all. Stringent reasons prevent him from revealing the name of his family, which I know, for the next twenty-four hours. Their property is vast, I have seen their estate, from which I am just returned. I do not mind being taken by you for a rogue, for there is no disgrace in the vast sums at stake; but to be taken for an imbecile, capable of dancing attendance on a sham nobleman, and so silly as to defy the Montsorels on behalf of a counterfeit—Really, my friend, it would seem that you have never been to Vienna! We are not in the same class!

## SAINT-CHARLES

Do not grow angry, worthy steward! Let us leave off entangling ourselves in a web of lies more or less agreeable; you cannot expect to make me swallow any more of them. Our cash-box is better furnished than yours, therefore come over to us. Your young man is as much Frescas as I am chevalier and you baron. You picked him up on the frontier of Italy; he was then a vagabond, to-day he is an adventurer, and that's the whole truth of it.

## VAUTRIN

You are right. We must leave off entangling ourselves in the web of falsehoods more or less agreeable; we must speak the truth.

## SAINT-CHARLES

I will pay you for it.

## VAUTRIN

I will give it you for nothing. You are an infamous cur, my friend. Your name is Charles Blondet; you were steward in the household of De Langeac; twice have you bought the betrayal of the viscount, and never have you paid the money—it is shameful! You owe eighty thousand francs to one of my footmen. You caused the viscount to be shot at Mortagne in order that you might appropriate the property



entrusted to you by the family. If the Duc de Montsorel, who sent you here, knew who you are, ha! ha! he would make you settle some odd accounts! Take off your moustache, your whiskers, your wig, your sham decorations and your badges of foreign orders. (*He tears off from him his wig, his whiskers and decorations.*) Good day, you rascal! How did you manage to eat up a fortune so cleverly won? It was colossal; how did you lose it?

SAINT-CHARLES

Through ill-luck.

VAUTRIN

I understand. . . . What are you going to do now?

SAINT-CHARLES

Whoever you are, stop there; I surrender, I haven't a chance left! You are either the devil or Jacques Collin!

VAUTRIN

I am and wish to be nothing but the Baron de Vieux-Chêne to you. Listen to my ultimatum. I can cause you to be buried this instant in one of my cellars, and no one will inquire for you.

SAINT-CHARLES

I know it.

VAUTRIN

It would be prudent to do so. But are you willing to do for me in Montsorel's house, what Montsorel sent you to do here?

SAINT-CHARLES

I accept the offer; but what are the profits?

VAUTRIN

All you can take.

SAINT-CHARLES

From either party?

## VAUTRIN

Certainly! You will send me by the person who accompanies you back all the deeds that relate to the De Langeac family; they must still be in your possession. In case M. de Frescas marries Mlle. de Christoval, you cannot be their steward, but you shall receive a hundred thousand francs. You are dealing with exacting masters. Walk straight, and they will not betray you.

## SAINT-CHARLES

It's a bargain!

## VAUTRIN

I will not ratify it until I have the documents in hand. Until then, be careful! (*He rings; all the household come in.*) Attend M. le Chevalier home, with all the respect due his high rank. (*To Saint-Charles, pointing out to him Philosopher*) This man will accompany you. (*To Philosopher*) Do not leave him.

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

Once I get safe and sound out of their clutches, I will come down heavy on this nest of thieves.

## VAUTRIN

Monsieur le Chevalier, I am yours to command!

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SCENE NINTH.

## VAUTRIN AND LAFOURAILLE.

## LAFOURAILLE

M. Vautrin!

## VAUTRIN

Well?

LAFOURAILLE

Are you letting him go?

VAUTRIN

Unless he considers himself at liberty, what can we hope to learn from him? I have given my instructions; he will be taught not to put ropes in the way of hangmen. When Philosopher brings for me the documents which this fellow is to hand him, they will be given to me, wherever I happen to be.

LAFOURAILLE

But afterwards, will you spare his life?

VAUTRIN

You are always a little premature, my dear. Have you forgotten how seriously the dead interfere with the peace of the living? Hush! I hear Raoul—leave us to ourselves.

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SCENE TENTH.

VAUTRIN AND RAOUL DE FRESCAS.

RAOUL (*soliloquizing*)

After a glimpse of heaven, still remain on earth—such is my fate! I am a lost man; Vautrin, an infernal yet a kindly genius, a man who knows everything, and seems able to do everything, a man as harsh to others as he is good to me, a man who is inexplicable except by a supposition of witchcraft, a maternal providence if I may so call him, is not after all the providence divine. (*Vautrin enters wearing a plain black peruke, a blue coat, gray pantaloons, a black waistcoat, the costume of a stock-broker.*) Oh! I know what love is; but I did not know what revenge was, until I felt I

could not die before I had wreaked my vengeance on these two Montsorels.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

He is in trouble. (*Aloud*) Raoul, my son, what ails you?

RAOUL

Nothing ails me. Pray leave me.

VAUTRIN

Do you again repulse me? You abuse the right you have to ill-treat a friend—What are you thinking about?

RAOUL

Nothing.

VAUTRIN

Nothing? Come, sir, do you think that he who has taught you that English coldness, under the veil of which men of worth would conceal their feelings, was not aware of the transparency which belongs to this cuirass of pride? Try concealment with others, but not with me. Dissimulation is more than a blunder, for in friendship a blunder is a crime.

RAOUL

To game no more, to come home tipsy no more, to shun the menagerie of the opera, to become serious, to study, to desire a position in life, this you call dissimulation.

VAUTRIN

You are as yet but a poor diplomatist. You will be a great one, when you can deceive me. Raoul, you have made the mistake which I have taken most pains to save you from. My son, why did you not take women for what they are, creatures of inconsequence, made to enslave without being their slave, like a sentimental shepherd? But instead, my Lovelace has been conquered by a Clarissa. Ah, young people will strike



against these idols a great many times, before they discover them to be hollow!

RAOUL

Is this a sermon?

VAUTRIN

What? Do you take me, who have trained your hand to the pistol, who have shown you how to draw the sword, have taught you not to dread the strongest laborer of the faubourg, who have done for your brains what I have done for your body, have set you above all men, and anointed you my king, do you take me for a dolt? Come, now, let us have a little more frankness.

RAOUL

Do you wish me to tell you what I was thinking?—But no, that would be to accuse my benefactor.

VAUTRIN

Your benefactor! You insult me. Do you think I have devoted to you my life, my blood, shown myself ready to kill, to assassinate your enemy, in order that I may receive that exorbitant interest called gratitude? Have I become an usurer of this kind? There are some men who would hang the weight of a benefit around your heart, like a cannon-ball attached to the feet of——, but let that pass! Such men I would crush as I would a worm, without thinking that I had committed homicide! No! I have asked you to adopt me as your father, that my heart may be to you what heaven is to the angels, a space where all is happiness and confidence; that you may tell me all your thoughts, even those which are evil. Speak, I shall understand everything, even an act of cowardice.

RAOUL

God and Satan must have conspired to cast this man of bronze.

VAUTRIN

It is quite possible.

RAOUL

I will tell you all.

VAUTRIN

Very good, my son; let us sit down.

RAOUL

You have been the cause to me of opprobrium and despair.

VAUTRIN

Where? When? Blood of a man! Who has wounded you? Who has proved false to you? Tell me the place, name the people—the wrath of Vautrin shall descend upon them!

RAOUL

You can do nothing.

VAUTRIN

Child, there are two kinds of men who can do anything.

RAOUL

And who are they?

VAUTRIN

Kings, who are, or who ought to be, above the law; and—this will give you pain—criminals, who are below it.

RAOUL

But since you are not king—

VAUTRIN

Well! I reign in the region below.

RAOUL

What horrible mockery is this, Vautrin?

VAUTRIN

Did you not say that God and the devil hobnobbed to cast me?

## RAOUL

Heavens, sir, you make me shudder!

## VAUTRIN

Return to your seat! Calm yourself, my son. You must not be astonished at anything, if you wish to escape being an ordinary man.

## RAOUL

Am I in the hands of a demon, or of an angel? You have brought me up without debauching the generous instincts I feel within me; you have enlightened without dazzling me; you have given me the experience of the old, without depriving me of the graces of youth; but it is not with impunity that you have whetted the edge of my intellect, expanded my view, roused my perspicacity. Tell me, what is the source of your wealth, is it an honorable one? Why do you forbid me to confess to you the sufferings of my childhood? Why have you given me the name of the village where you found me? Why do you prevent me from searching out my father and mother? Why do you bow me down under a load of falsehoods? An orphan may rouse the interest of people; an impostor, never. I live in a style which makes me an equal to the son of a duke or a peer; you have educated me well, without expense to the state; you have launched me into the empyrean of the world, and now they fling into my face the declaration, that there are no longer such people as De Frescas in existence. I have been asked who my family are, and you have forbidden me to answer. I am at once a great nobleman and a pariah. I must swallow insults which would drive me to rend alive marquises and dukes; rage fills my heart; I should like to fight twenty duels, and to die. Do you wish me to suffer any further insults? No more secrets for me! Prometheus of hell, either finish your work, or shatter it to pieces!

## VAUTRIN

Who could fail to respond with a glow of sympathy to

this burst of youthful generosity? What flashes of courage blaze forth! It is inspiring to see sentiment at its full tide! You must be the son of a noble race. But, Raoul, let us come down to what I call plain reason.

RAOUL

Ah! At last!

VAUTRIN

You ask me for an account of my guardianship. Here it is.

RAOUL

But have I any right to ask this? Could I live without you?

VAUTRIN

Silence, you had nothing, I have made you rich. You knew nothing, I have given you a good education. Oh! I have not yet done all for you. A father—all fathers give their life to their children, and as for me, happiness is a debt which I owe you. But is this really the cause of your gloom? There are here—in this casket (*he points to a casket*) a portrait, and certain letters. Often while reading the letters you sigh as if—

RAOUL

Then you know all—?

VAUTRIN

I know all.—Are you not touched to the heart?

RAOUL

To the heart.

VAUTRIN

O fool! Love lives by treachery, friendship by confidence.—And you—you must seek happiness in your own way.

RAOUL

But have I the power? I will become a soldier, and—wherever the cannon roars, I will win a glorious name, or die.



VAUTRIN

VAUTRIN

Indeed! Why should you? You talk nonsense.

RAOUL

You are too old to possess the power of understanding me, and it is no use trying to explain.

VAUTRIN

Well, I will explain to you. You are in love with Inez de Christoval, Princesse d'Arjos in her own right, daughter of a duke banished by King Ferdinand—an Andalusian who loves you and pleases me, not as a woman, but as a ravishing money-box, whose eyes are the finest in the world, whose dowry is captivating, and who is the most delightful piece of cash, graceful and elegant as some black corvette with white sails which convoys the long-expected galleons of America, and yields all the joys of life, exactly like the Fortune which is painted over the entrance of the lottery agencies. I approve of you here. You did wrong to fall in love, love will involve you in a thousand follies—but I understand.

RAOUL

Do not score me with such frightful sarcasms.

VAUTRIN

See how quickly he feels his ardor damped, and his hat wreathed in crêpe!

RAOUL

Yes. For it is impossible for the child flung by accident into the bosom of a fisher family at Alghero to become Prince of Arjos, while to lose Inez is for me to die of grief.

VAUTRIN

An income of twelve hundred thousand francs, the title of prince, grandeur, and amassed wealth, old man, are not things to be contemplated with melancholy.

RAOUL

If you love me, why do you mock me thus in the hour of my despair?

VAUTRIN

And what is the cause of your despair?

RAOUL

The duke and the marquis have insulted me, in their own house, in her presence, and I have seen then all my hopes extinguished. The door of the Christoval mansion is closed upon me. I do not know why the Duchesse de Montsorel made me come and see her. For the last few days she has manifested an interest in me which I do not understand.

VAUTRIN

And what brought you to the house of your rival?

RAOUL

It seems you know all about it.

VAUTRIN

Yes, and many other things besides. Is it true you desire Inez de Christoval? Then you can get over this present despondency.

RAOUL

You are trifling with me.

VAUTRIN

Look here, Raoul! The Christovals have shut their doors upon you. Well—to-morrow you shall be the accepted lover of the princess, and the Montsorels shall be turned away, Montsorels though they be.

RAOUL

The sight of my distress has crazed you.

VAUTRIN

What reason have you ever had for doubting my word? Did I not give you an Arabian horse, to drive mad with envy the foreign and native dandies of the Bois de Boulogne? Who paid your gambling debts? Who made provision for your excesses? Who gave you boots, you who once went barefoot?

RAOUL

You, my friend, my father, my family!

VAUTRIN

Many, many thanks. In those words is a recompense for all my sacrifices. But, alas! when once you become rich, a grandee of Spain, a part of the great world, you will forget me; a change of atmosphere brings a change of ideas; you will despise me, and—you will be right in doing so.

RAOUL

Do I see before me a genie, a spirit materialized from the Arabian Nights? I question my own existence. But, my friend, my protector, I have no family.

VAUTRIN

Well, we are making up a family for you at this very moment. The Louvre could not contain the portraits of your ancestors, they would overcrowd the quays.

RAOUL

You rekindle all my hopes.

VAUTRIN

Do you wish to obtain Inez?

RAOUL

By any means possible.

VAUTRIN

You will shrink from nothing? Magic and hell will not intimidate you?

RAOUL

Hell is nothing, if it yields me paradise.

VAUTRIN

What is hell but the hulks and the convicts decorated by justice and the police with brandings and manacles, and driven on their course by that wretchedness from which they have no escape? Paradise is a fine house, sumptuous carriages, delightful women, and the prestige of rank. In this world, there exist two worlds. I put you in the fairest of them, I remain myself in the foulest, and if you remember me, it is all I ask of you.

RAOUL

While you make me shudder with horror, you fill me with the frenzy of delight.

VAUTRIN (*slapping him on the shoulder*)

You are a child! (*Aside*) Have I not said too much to him? (*He rings.*)

RAOUL (*aside*)

There are moments when my inmost nature revolts from the acceptance of his benefits. When he put his hand on my shoulder it was like a red-hot iron; and yet he has never done anything but good to me! He conceals from me the means, but the ends are all for me.

VAUTRIN

What are you saying there?

RAOUL

I am resolved to accept nothing, unless my honor—



VAUTRIN

VAUTRIN

We will take care of your honor! Is it not I who have fostered your sense of honor? Have I ever compromised it?

RAOUL

You must explain to me—

VAUTRIN

I will explain nothing.

RAOUL

Nothing?

VAUTRIN

Did you not say, "By any possible means"? When Inez is once yours, does it matter what I have done, or who I am? You will take Inez away; you will travel. The Christoval family will protect the Prince of Arjos. (*To Lafouraille*) Put some bottles of champagne on ice; your master is to be married, he bids farewell to bachelor life. His friends are invited. Go and seek his mistresses, if there are any left! All shall attend the wedding—a general turn-out in full dress.

RAOUL (*aside*)

His confidence terrifies me, but he is always right.

VAUTRIN

Now for the dinner!

ALL

Now for the dinner!

VAUTRIN

Do not take your pleasure gloomily; laugh for the last time, while liberty is still yours; I will order none but Spanish wines, for they are in fashion to-day.

*Curtain to the Third Act.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(Drawing-room of the Duchesse de Christoval.)*

THE DUCHESS DE CHRISTOVAL AND INEZ.

INEZ

If M. de Frescas is of obscure birth, mother, I will at once give him up; but you, on your part, must be good enough not to insist upon my marriage with the Marquis de Montsorel.

THE DUCHESS

If I oppose this unreasonable match, it is certainly not for the purpose of making another with a designing family.

INEZ

Unreasonable? Who knows whether it be so or not? You believe him to be an adventurer, I believe he is a gentleman, and we have nothing to refute either view.

THE DUCHESS

We shall not have to wait long for proofs; the Montsorels are too eager to unmask him.

INEZ

And he, I believe, loves me too much to delay proving himself worthy of us. Was not his behavior yesterday noble in the extreme?

THE DUCHESS

Don't you see, silly child, that your happiness is identical

with mine? Let Raoul satisfy the world, and I shall be ready to fight for you not only against the intrigues of the Montsorels, but at the court of Spain, itself.

INEZ

Ah, mother, I perceive that you also love him.

THE DUCHESS

Is he not the man of your choice?

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SCENE SECOND.

THE SAME PERSONS, A FOOTMAN AND VAUTRIN.

*(The footman brings the duchess a card, wrapped up and sealed.)*

THE DUCHESS *(to Inez)*

General Crustamente, the secret envoy of his Majesty Don Augustine I., Emperor of Mexico. What can he have to say to me?

INEZ

Of Mexico! He doubtless brings news of my father!

THE DUCHESS *(to the footman)*

Let him come in.

*(Vautrin enters dressed like a Mexican general, his height increased four inches. His hat has white plumes; his coat blue, with the rich lace of a Mexican general officer; his trousers white, his scarf crimson, his hair long and frizzed like that of Murat; he wears a long sabre, and his complexion is copper-hued. He stutters like the Spaniards of Mexico, and his accent resembles Provençal, plus the guttural intonation of the Moors.)*

VAUTRIN

Is it indeed her grace, the Duchesse de Christoval that I have the honor to address?

THE DUCHESS

Yes, sir.

VAUTRIN

And mademoiselle?

THE DUCHESS

My daughter, sir.

VAUTRIN

Mademoiselle is then the Señora Inez, in her own right Princesse d'Arjos. When I see you, I understand perfectly M. de Christoval's idolatry of his daughter. But, ladies, before anything further, let me impose upon you the utmost secrecy. My mission is already a difficult one, but, if it is suspected that there is any communication between you and me, we should all be seriously compromised.

THE DUCHESS

I promise to keep secret both your name and your visit.

INEZ

General, if the matter concerns my father, you will allow me to remain here?

VAUTRIN

You are nobles, and Spaniards, and I rely upon your word.

THE DUCHESS

I shall instruct my servants to keep silence on the subject.

VAUTRIN

Don't say a word to them; to demand silence is often to provoke indiscreet talk. I can answer for my own people.



I pledged myself to bring you news of M. de Christoval, as soon as I reached Paris, and this is my first visit.

THE DUCHESS

Tell us at once about my husband, general; where is he now?

VAUTRIN

Mexico has become what was sooner or later inevitable, a state independent of Spain. At the moment I speak there are no more Spaniards, only Mexicans, in Mexico.

THE DUCHESS

At this moment?

VAUTRIN

Everything seems to happen in a moment where the causes are not discerned. How could it be otherwise? Mexico felt the need of her independence, she has chosen an emperor! Although nothing could be more natural, it may still surprise us: while principles can wait to be recognized men are always in a hurry.

THE DUCHESS

What has happened to M. de Christoval?

VAUTRIN

Do not be alarmed, madame; he is not emperor. His grace the duke has been unsuccessful, in spite of a desperate struggle, in keeping the kingdom loyal to Ferdinand VII.

THE DUCHESS

But, sir, my husband is not a soldier.

VAUTRIN

Of course he is not; but he is a clever loyalist, and has acquitted himself well. If he does eventually succeed, he

will be received back again into royal favor. Ferdinand cannot help appointing him viceroy.

THE DUCHESS

In what a strange century do we live!

VAUTRIN

Revolutions succeed without resembling each other. France sets the example to the world. But let me beg of you not to talk politics; it is dangerous ground.

INEZ

Has my father received our letters, general?

VAUTRIN

In the confusion of such a conflict letters may go astray, when even crowns are lost.

THE DUCHESS

And what has become of M. de Christoval?

VAUTRIN

The aged Amoagos, who exercises enormous influence in those regions, saved your husband's life at the moment I was going to have him shot—

THE DUCHESS AND HER DAUGHTER.

Ah!

VAUTRIN

It was thus that he and I became acquainted.

THE DUCHESS

You, general?

INEZ

And my father?

## VAUTRIN

Well, ladies, I should have been either hanged by him, as a rebel, or hailed by others as the hero of an emancipated nation, and here I am. The sudden arrival of Amoagos, at the head of his miners, decided the question. The safety of his friend, the Duc de Christoval, was the reward of his interference. Between ourselves, the Emperor Iturbide, my master, is no more than a figurehead; the future of Mexico is entirely in the hands of the aged Amoagos.

## THE DUCHESS

And who, pray, is this Amoagos, the arbiter, as you say, of Mexico's destiny?

## VAUTRIN

Is he not known here? Is it possible? I do not know what can possibly be found to weld the old and new worlds together. I suppose it will be steam. What is the use of exploiting gold mines, of being such a man as Don Inigo Juan Varagó Cardaval de los Amoagos, las Frescas y Peral—and not be heard over here? But of course he uses only one of his names, as we all do; thus, I call myself simply Crustamente. Although you may be the future president of the Mexican republic, France will ignore you. The aged Amoagos, ladies, received M. de Christoval just as the ancient gentleman of Aragon that he was would receive a Spanish grandee who had been banished for yielding to the spell of Napoleon's name.

## INEZ

Did you not mention Frescas among other names?

## VAUTRIN

Yes, Frescas is the name of the second mine worked by Don Cardaval; but you will learn all that monsieur the duke owes to his host from the letters I have brought you. They are in my pocket-book. (*Aside*) They are much taken by my aged Amoagos. (*Aloud*) Allow me to send for one of

my people. (*He signs Inez to ring. To the duchess*) Permit me to say a few words to him. (*To the footman*) Tell my negro—but no, you won't understand his frightful patois. Make signs to him to come here.

## THE DUCHESS

My child, leave the room for a moment.

(*Enter Lafouraille, made up as a negro, and carrying a large portmanteau.*)

## VAUTRIN TO LAFOURAILLE.

Jigi roro flouri.

## LAFOURAILLE

Joro.

INEZ (*to Vautrin*)

The confidence my father has reposed in you ensures you a warm welcome; but, general, you have won my gratitude by your promptness in allaying our anxieties.

## VAUTRIN

Your gratitude! Ah, señora, if we are to reckon accounts I should consider myself in debt to your illustrious father, after having the happiness to see you.

## LAFOURAILLE

Jo.

## VAUTRIN

Caracas, y mouli joro, fistas, ip souri.

## LAFOURAILLE

Souri, joro.

VAUTRIN (*to the ladies*)

Ladies, here are your letters. (*Aside to Lafouraille*) Go round from the antechamber to the court, close your lips, open your ears; hands off, eye on the watch.



LAFOURAILLE

Ja, mein herr.

VAUTRIN (*angrily*)

Souri joro, fistas.

LAFOURAILLE

Joro. (*Whispering*) There are the de Langeac papers.

VAUTRIN

I am not for the emancipation of the negroes! when there are no more of them, we shall have to do with whites.

INEZ (*to her mother*)

Mother, allow me to go and read my father's letter. (*To Vautrin*) General— (*She bows.*)

VAUTRIN

She is charming, may she be happy! (*Exit Inez, accompanied to the door by her mother.*)

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### SCENE THIRD.

THE DUCHESS AND VAUTRIN.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

If Mexico saw herself represented in this way, the government would be capable of condemning me to embassades for life. (*Aloud*) Pray excuse me, madame. I have so many things to think about.

THE DUCHESS

If absent-mindedness may be excused in any one, it is in a diplomat.

VAUTRIN

Yes, to civil diplomats, but I mean to remain a frank sol-

dier. The success which I derive must be the result of candor. But now that we are alone, let us talk, for I have more than one delicate mission to discharge.

## THE DUCHESS

Have you any news which my daughter should not hear?

## VAUTRIN

It may be so. Let us come to the point; the señora is young and beautiful, she is rich and noble born; she probably has four times as many suitors as any other lady. Her hand is the object of rivalry. Well, her father has charged me to find whether she has singled out any one in particular.

## THE DUCHESS

With a frank man, general, I will be frank. Your question is so strange that I cannot answer it.

## VAUTRIN

Take care, for we diplomats, in our fear of being deceived, always put the worst interpretation on silence.

## THE DUCHESS

Sir, you forget that we are talking of Inez de Christoval!

## VAUTRIN

She is in love with no one. That is good; she will be able then to carry out the wishes of her father.

## THE DUCHESS

How has M. de Christoval disposed of his daughter's hand?

## VAUTRIN

You see my meaning, and your anxiety tells me that she has made her choice. I tremble to ask further, as much as

you do to answer. Ah! if only the young man whom your daughter loves were a foreigner, rich, apparently without family, and bent on concealing the name of his native land!—

## THE DUCHESS

The name, Frescas, which you lately uttered, is that of a young man who seeks the hand of Inez.

## VAUTRIN

Does he call himself also Raoul?

## THE DUCHESS

Yes, Raoul de Frescas.

## VAUTRIN

A young man of refinement, elegance and wit, and twenty-three years of age?

## THE DUCHESS

Gifted with manners which are never acquired, but innate.

## VAUTRIN

Romantic to the point of desiring to be loved for his own sake, in spite of his immense fortune; he wishes that passion should prevail in marriage—an absurdity! The young Amoagos, for it is he, madame.

## THE DUCHESS

But the name of Raoul is not—

## VAUTRIN

Mexican—you are right. It was given to him by his mother, a Frenchwoman, an émigrée, a De Granville, who came from St. Domingo. Is the reckless fellow favored by her?

## THE DUCHESS

Preferred to all the rest.

## VAUTRIN

Well, open this letter, and read it, madame; and you will see that I have received full authority from Amoagos and Christoval to conclude this marriage.

## THE DUCHESS

Oh, let me call in Inez, sir. (*Exit.*)

---

## SCENE FOURTH.

VAUTRIN (*alone*)

The major-domo is on my side, the genuine deeds, if he comes upon them, will be handed to me. Raoul is too proud to return to this house; besides that, he has promised me to wait. I am thus master of the situation; Raoul, when once he is a prince, will not lack ancestors; Mexico and I will see to that.

---

## SCENE FIFTH.

## VAUTRIN, THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL AND INEZ.

THE DUCHESS (*to her daughter*)

My child, you have reason to thank the general very warmly.

## INEZ

To thank you, sir? My father tells me, that among other missions you have received is that of marrying me to a certain Signor Amoagos, without any regard to my inclinations.



VAUTRIN

You need not be alarmed, for his name here is Raoul de Frescas.

INEZ

What! he, Raoul de Frescas!—why then his persistent silence?

VAUTRIN

Does it need an old soldier to interpret the heart of a young man? He wished for love, not obedience; he wished—

INEZ

Ah, general, I will punish him well for his modesty and distrust. Yesterday, he showed himself readier to swallow an affront than to reveal the name of his father.

VAUTRIN

But, mademoiselle, I am still uncertain as to whether the name of his father is that of a man convicted of high treason, or of a liberator of America.

INEZ

Ah! mother, do you hear that?

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

How she loves him! Poor girl, she does not deserve to be imposed upon.

THE DUCHESS

My husband's letter does in truth give you the full authority, general.

VAUTRIN

I have the authentic documents, and family deeds.

A FOOTMAN (*as he enters*)

Will her grace the duchess see M. de Frescas?

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

That! Raoul here?

THE DUCHESS (*to the footman*)

Let him come in.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

What a mess! The patient is liable to dose his doctor!

THE DUCHESS

Inez, you can see M. de Frescas alone hereafter, since he has been acknowledged by your father. (*Inez kisses her mother's hand formally.*)

---

## SCENE SIXTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND RAOUL.

(*Raoul salutes the two ladies. Vautrin approaches him.*)

VAUTRIN (*to Raoul*)

Don Raoul de Cardaval.

RAOUL

Vautrin!

VAUTRIN

No! General Crustamente.

RAOUL

Crustamente!

VAUTRIN

Certainly; Mexican Envoy. Bear well in mind the name of your father,—Amoagos, a gentleman of Aragon, friend of the Duc de Christoval. Your mother is dead; I bring the

acknowledged titles, and authentic family papers. Inez is yours.

RAOUL

And do you think that I will consent to such villainies? Never!

VAUTRIN (*to the two ladies*)

He is overcome by what I have told him, not anticipating so prompt an explanation.

RAOUL

If the truth should kill, your falsehoods would dishonor me, and I prefer to die.

VAUTRIN

You wished to obtain Inez by any means possible, yet you shrink from practicing a harmless stratagem.

RAOUL (*in exasperation*)

Ladies!

VAUTRIN

He is beside himself with joy. (*To Raoul*) To speak out would be to lose Inez and deliver me to justice; do as you choose, I am at your disposal.

RAOUL

O Vautrin! in what an abyss you have plunged me!

VAUTRIN

I have made you a prince; and don't forget that you are at the summit of happiness. (*Aside*) He will give in. (*Exit.*)

## SCENE SEVENTH.

INEZ (*standing at the door through which her mother has passed*) ; RAOUL (*at the other side of the stage*).

RAOUL (*aside*)

Honor bids me to speak out, gratitude to keep silence ; well, I accept my rôle of happy man, until he is out of danger ; but I will write this evening, and Inez shall learn who I am. Vautrin, after such a sacrifice, I may cry quits with you ; all ties between us are severed. I will seek, I care not where, a soldier's death.

INEZ (*approaching, after gazing at him*)

My father and yours are friends ; they consent to our marriage ; we make love to each other as if they were opposed to it, and you seem lost in thought, and almost sad !

RAOUL

You are right, and I have lost my reason. At the very moment you see no obstacle in our way, it is possible that insurmountable difficulties may arise.

INEZ

Raoul, what a damper you are throwing on our happiness !

RAOUL

Our happiness ! (*Aside*) It is impossible to dissemble. (*Aloud*) In the name of our common love I implore you to believe in my loyalty.

INEZ

Has not my confidence in you been boundless ? And the general has quite justified it, even during your silence before the Montsorels. I forgive you all the little annoyances you were forced to cause me.



RAOUL (*aside*)

Ah! Vautrin! I trust myself to you! (*Aloud*) Inez, you do not know how great is the impression your words make upon me; they give me power to bear the overwhelming rapture your presence causes—Come then, let us be happy!

---

SCENE EIGHTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND THE MARQUIS DE MONTSOREL.

THE FOOTMAN (*announcing a visitor*)

M. le Marquis de Montsorel.

RAOUL (*aside*)

Ah! That name recalls me to myself. (*To Inez*) Whatever happens, Inez, do not judge my conduct until I have myself given an account of it, and believe at the present moment that I am carried along by an invincible fatality.

INEZ

Raoul, I cannot understand you; but I shall trust you always.

THE MARQUIS (*aside*)

Again this little gentleman here! (*He salutes Inez.*) I thought you were with your mother, mademoiselle, and I never dreamed my visit would be so inopportune. Be good enough to excuse me—

INEZ

I beg that you will not go; there is no one but ourselves here, for M. Raoul has been accepted by my family.

THE MARQUIS

Will M. Raoul de Frescas, then, accept my congratulations?

RAOUL

Your congratulations? I accept them (*they shake hands*) in the same spirit as that in which they are offered.

THE MARQUIS

We understand each other.

INEZ (*to Raoul*)

Manage that he go away, and do you remain. (*To the Marquis*) My mother requires me for a few moments, and I will return with her.

---

## SCENE NINTH.

THE MARQUIS AND RAOUL; LATER, VAUTRIN.

THE MARQUIS

Will you agree to a meeting without seconds—a fight to the death?

RAOUL

Without seconds?

THE MARQUIS

Do you realize that both of us cannot exist in the same world?

RAOUL

Your family is a powerful one; your proposition exposes me, in case I am victorious, to their vengeance. Allow me to say that I do not want to exchange this house for a prison. (*Vautrin appears.*) I will fight to the death—but not without seconds.

THE MARQUIS

Will those on your side stop the duel?

Our mutual hatred is sufficient guarantee against that.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

Well, now—we always commit some blunder in the moment of success! To the death! This child would gamble away his life as if it belonged to him.

THE MARQUIS

Very well, monsieur; to-morrow at eight o'clock, we meet at the terrace of Saint-Germain, and drive from there to the forest.

VAUTRIN (*coming forward*)

You will not go. (*To Raoul*) A duel? Are the principals of equal rank? Is this gentleman, like you, the only son of a noble house? Would your father, Don Inigo Juan Varago de los Amoagos de Cardaval las Frescas y Peral, allow you to do it, Raoul?

THE MARQUIS

I have consented to fight with an unknown man, but the greatness of the house to which the gentleman belongs cannot nullify the agreement.

RAOUL (*to the marquis*)

Nevertheless, it seems to me, monsieur, that we can treat each other with courtesy, and act like people who esteem each other too much to take the trouble to hate and to kill.

THE MARQUIS (*looking at Vautrin*)

May I know the name of your friend?

VAUTRIN

By whom have I the honor to be referred to?

## THE MARQUIS

By the Marquis de Montsorel, sir.

VAUTRIN (*eyeing him from head to foot*)

I have the right to refuse you, but I will tell you my name, once for all, in a very short time, and you won't repeat it. I am to be one of the seconds of M. de Frescas. (*Aside*) And Buteux shall be the other.

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## SCENE TENTH.

RAOUL, VAUTRIN, THE MARQUIS AND THE DUCHESSE DE  
MONTSOREL; LATER, THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL  
AND INEZ.

FOOTMAN (*announcing a visitor*)

Her grace the Duchesse de Montsorel.

VAUTRIN (*to Raoul*)

Let me have no nonsense; be calm and firm! I stand face to face with the enemy.

## THE MARQUIS

Ah, mother dear, and are you come to witness my defeat? All is ended. The De Christoval family has trifled with us. This gentleman (*he points to Vautrin*) represents both families.

## THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Then Raoul has a family? (*The Duchesse de Christoval and her daughter enter and salute the speaker. To the Duchesse de Christoval*) Madame, my son has told me what has occurred to frustrate all our hopes.



## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

The interest which yesterday you manifested in M. de Frescas has, I see, changed to indifference?

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*scrutinizing Vautrin*)

Is it through this gentleman that all your doubts have been satisfied? Who is he?

## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

He represents the father of M. de Frescas, don Amoagos, and the father of Inez, M. de Christoval. He has brought us the news we expected, and brought letters from my husband.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

Am I to act this part long?

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to Vautrin*)

Doubtless you have known the family of M. de Frescas for some time?

VAUTRIN

My acquaintance is limited to a father and an uncle—(*to Raoul*) You have not even the mournful satisfaction of remembering your mother. (*To the Duchess*) She died in Mexico, shortly after her marriage.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

M. de Frescas, then, was born in Mexico?

VAUTRIN

Of course he was.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to the Duchess de Christoval*)

My dear, we are being imposed upon. (*To Raoul*) Sir, you

did not come from Mexico. Your mother is not dead, is she? And have you not been abandoned since your childhood?

RAOUL

Would that my mother were alive!

VAUTRIN

Pardon me, madame, but I am here to satisfy your curiosity, if you wish to learn the secret history which it is not necessary you should seek from this gentleman. (*To Raoul*) Not a word!

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

It is he! And this man is making him the tool in some sinister undertaking. (*She approaches the marquis*) My son—

THE MARQUIS

You have put them out, mother, and I share your impression of this man (*he indicates Vautrin*); but only a woman has the right to express her thoughts in a way to expose this frightful imposture.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Frightful indeed! But pray leave us.

THE MARQUIS

Ladies, in spite of my ill-fortune, do not blame me if I still have hopes. (*To Vautrin*) Often between the cup and the lip there is—

VAUTRIN

Death! (*Exit the marquis, after exchanging bows with Raoul.*)

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to Madame de Christoval*)

My dear duchess, I implore you to excuse Inez. We cannot make our explanations before her.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL (*to her daughter, making signs to her to leave the room*)

I will rejoin you in a moment.

RAOUL (*kissing his hand to Inez*)

This is perhaps good-bye forever! (*Exit Inez.*)

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### SCENE ELEVENTH.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL, THE DUCHESSE DE MONT-SOREL, RAOUL AND VAUTRIN.

VAUTRIN (*to the Duchesse de Christoval*)

Do you suspect the motive that brings madame here?

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

After what happened yesterday I prefer not to say.

VAUTRIN

I guessed her love for him immediately.

RAOUL (*to Vautrin*)

This atmosphere of falsehood stifles me.

VAUTRIN (*to Raoul*)

One word more, and the affair will be ended.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Madame, I know well how strange my present conduct must appear to you, and I won't attempt to justify it. There are solemn duties before which the conventions and even the laws of society must give way. What is the character and what the powers of this man?

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL (*to whom Vautrin  
makes a signal*)

I am forbidden to answer this question.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Well, I will tell you; this man is either the accomplice or the dupe in an imposture of which we are the victims. In spite of the letters and documents which he brings to you, I am convinced that all evidence which gives name and family to Raoul is false.

RAOUL

To tell the truth, madame, I do not know what right you have to interfere in personal matters of mine.

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

Madame, you were wise to send out of the room my daughter and the marquis.

VAUTRIN (*to Raoul*)

What right? (*To Madame de Montsorel*) You need not avow it, for we divine it. I can well understand, madame, the pain you feel at the prospect of this marriage, and am not therefore offended at your suspicions with regard to me, and the authentic documents which I have brought to Madame de Christoval. (*Aside*) Now for the final stroke. (*He takes her aside*) Before becoming a Mexican I was a Spaniard, and I know the cause of your hatred for Albert. And as to the motive which brings you here, we will talk about that very soon at the house of your confessor.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

You know?—

VAUTRIN

All. (*Aside*) She has some motive. (*Aloud*) Will you examine the documents?



## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

Well, my dear?

## THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

Be quick, and send for Inez. Examine the deeds carefully, I implore you. This is the request of a despairing mother.

## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

A despairing mother!

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL (*to herself, looking at Raoul and Vautrin*)

How is it possible that this man should know my secret and have this hold upon my son?

## THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

Will you come, madame? (*Exeunt the two duchesses.*)

## SCENE TWELFTH.

RAOUL, VAUTRIN AND LATER LAFOURAILLE.

## VAUTRIN

I thought our star was setting; but it is still in the ascendant.

## RAOUL

Have I not been humbled sufficiently? I had nothing in the world but my honor, and that I gave into your keeping. Your power is infernal, I see that plainly. But from this very moment I withdraw from its influence. You are no longer in danger. Farewell.

LAFOURAILLE (*coming in while Raoul speaks*)

No one caught,—'twas lucky,—we had time! Ah, sir,

Philosopher is below, all is lost! The house has been entered by the police.

VAUTRIN

Disgusting! And no one has been taken?

LAFOURAILLE

We were too cute for that.

VAUTRIN

Philosopher is below, as what?

LAFOURAILLE

As a footman.

VAUTRIN

Good; let him get up behind my carriage. I want to give you my orders about locking up the Prince d'Arjos, who thinks he is going to fight a duel to-morrow.

RAOUL

I see that you are in danger. I will not leave you, and I desire to know—

VAUTRIN

Nothing. Do not worry about your own security. I will look out for you, in spite of you.

RAOUL

Oh! I know what my future will be.

VAUTRIN

I too know.

LAFOURAILLE

Come, things are getting hot.

VAUTRIN

Nay, the fat is in the fire.

## LAFOURAILLE

No time for sentiment, or dilly-dallying, they are on our track and are mounted.

## VAUTRIN

Let us be off then. (*He takes Lafouraille aside*) If the government should do us the honor to billet its gendarmes on us, our duty is to let them alone. All are at liberty to scatter; but let all be at Mother Giroflée's at midnight. Get off post haste, for I do not wish us to meet our Waterloo, and the Prussians are upon us. We must run for it.

*Curtain to the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(The scene is laid at the Montsorel house, in a room on the ground floor.)*

JOSEPH (*alone*)

The cursed white mark appears this evening on the wicket gate of the garden. Things cannot go on long in this way; the devil only knows how it will end. I prefer seeing him there, however, rather than in the apartments; the garden is at least away from the house, and when the warning comes, one can walk out to meet him.

---

## SCENE SECOND.

JOSEPH, LAFOURAILLE AND BUTEUX; LATER, VAUTRIN.

*(The humming sound of a voice is heard for a moment.)*

JOSEPH

There it is, our national air, which I never hear without trembling. (*Enter Lafouraille*) And who are you? (*Lafouraille makes a sign*) A new one coming?

LAFOURAILLE

No, an old one.

JOSEPH

Oh, he whose mark is in the garden.



Can he be waiting here? He intended to be here. (*Buteux appears.*)

JOSEPH

Why, there will be three of you.

LAFOURAILLE (*pointing to Joseph*)

There will be four of us.

JOSEPH

And what do you come to do at this hour? Do you want to snatch up everything here?

LAFOURAILLE

He takes us for thieves!

BUTEUX

We prove that we can be, when we are down in our luck; but we never say so.

LAFOURAILLE

That is, we make money, like other people.

JOSEPH

But his grace the duke is going—

LAFOURAILLE

Your duke cannot return home before two o'clock, and that gives us time enough: do not therefore interlard with anxious thought the professional dish which we have to serve—

BUTEUX

And serve hot.

VAUTRIN (*he wears a brown coat, blue trousers, and a black waistcoat. His hair is short and he is got up as an imitation of Napoleon in undress. As he enters he abruptly puts out the candle and draws the slide of his dark lantern*)

What! You have lights here! You think yourselves still members of respectable society. I can understand that this fool should ignore the first elements of sane conduct—but you others! (*To Buteux, as he points out Joseph to him*) Put wool in this fellow's ears, and talk with him over there. (*To Lafouraille*) And what of the youngster?

LAFOURAILLE

He is kept well out of sight.

VAUTRIN

In what place?

LAFOURAILLE

In the other rookery of Giroflée's woman, near here, behind the Invalides.

VAUTRIN

And see that he does not escape like that slippery eel of a Saint-Charles, that madman, who came for the purpose of breaking up our establishment—for I—but I never threaten.

LAFOURAILLE

Upon the youngster's safety I will stake my head! Philosopher has put buskins on his hands and frills on his feet, he cannot stir hand or foot, and will be given up only to me. As for the other, who could help it? Poor Giroflée cannot resist strong liquors, and Blondet knew it.

VAUTRIN

What did Raoul say?

LAFOURAILLE

He made a terrible uproar; and swore he was disgraced. Fortunately Philosopher is insensible to metaphors.

VAUTRIN

Do you think the boy wishes for a fight to the death? A young man is fearful; he has the courage to conceal his terror and the folly to allow himself to be killed. I hope they prevent him from writing to any one.

LAFOURAILLE (*aside*)

We are in for it! (*Aloud*) I can conceal nothing from you; before he was fastened up the prince sent little Nini with a letter to the Christoval house.

VAUTRIN

To Inez?

LAFOURAILLE

To Inez.

VAUTRIN

He wrote a lot of rubbish, I'll warrant.

LAFOURAILLE

A pack of lies and absurdities.

VAUTRIN (*to Joseph*)

Hello there! You—the honest man.

BUTEUX (*leading Joseph to Vautrin*)

You had better explain things to the master, as he desires.

JOSEPH

It seems to me that I am not unreasonable to ask what risk I am to run, and what profit is to accrue to me.

VAUTRIN

Time is short, speech long, let us employ the former and

drop the latter. There are two lives in peril, that of a man I am interested in, and that of a musketeer which I consider useless: we are going to crush him.

JOSEPH

What! Do you mean monsieur the marquis? I will have nothing to do with it.

LAFOURAILLE

You have no say in the matter of your consent.

BUTEUX

We have captured him. Look you, my friend, when the wine is drawn—

JOSEPH

If it is bad, it must not be drunk.

VAUTRIN

And you refuse to pledge me in a glass? He who thinks calculates, and he who calculates betrays.

JOSEPH

Your calculations lead to the scaffold.

VAUTRIN

Enough! You tire me. Your master is to fight a duel to-morrow. In this duel one of the combatants will never leave the ground alive; imagine that the duel has taken place, and that your master has had no fair chance.

BUTEUX

That is just it.

LAFOURAILLE

The master is as deep as Fate.



JOSEPH

A fine condition to be in.

BUTEUX

The devil to pay and no pitch hot!

VAUTRIN (*to Joseph, pointing out Lafouraille and Buteux*)  
You will conceal these two.

JOSEPH

Where?

VAUTRIN

I tell you, you must conceal them. When all are asleep in the house, excepting us, you must send them up to the musketeer's room. (*To Buteux and Lafouraille*) Try to go there without him; you must be cautious and adroit; the window of his room overlooks the court. (*Whispers in their ear*) Throw him down. It will be a case of despair (*turning to Joseph*), and suicide will be a ground for averting suspicion from all.

---

### SCENE THIRD.

VAUTRIN (*alone*)

All is saved! there is only one suspect among us, and I will change that state of affairs. Blondet is the traitor, and in this case bad debts will make good friends, for I will point him out to the duke in a friendly manner as the murderer of Vicomte de Langeac. I must finally discover the motive of the duchess's singular behavior. If what I learn explains the suicide of the marquis, what a master stroke it will be!

*SCENE FOURTH.*

JOSEPH AND VAUTRIN.

JOSEPH

Your men are well concealed, but you doubtless intend to leave the house?

VAUTRIN

No, I am going to do some reading in the study of the Duc de Montsorel.

JOSEPH

But if he comes home, won't you be afraid?

VAUTRIN

If I feared anything, would I be the master of you all?

JOSEPH

But where are you going?

VAUTRIN

You are very curious.

---

*SCENE FIFTH.*JOSEPH (*alone*)

There, he is disposed of for the moment, his two fellows likewise; I hold them, and, as I don't want to have anything to do with the affair, I am going—

## SCENE SIXTH.

JOSEPH, A FOOTMAN; AND AFTERWARDS SAINT-CHARLES.

THE FOOTMAN

M. Joseph, some one is asking for you.

JOSEPH

At this hour?

SAINT-CHARLES

It is I.

JOSEPH (*to the footman*)

You may go.

SAINT-CHARLES

His grace the duke cannot come home until after the king's retirement for the night. The duchess is on her way home. I wish to speak to her privately and wait for her here.

JOSEPH

Here?

SAINT-CHARLES

Here.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

O my God! and Jacques—

SAINT-CHARLES

If it inconveniences you—

JOSEPH

Not in the least.

SAINT-CHARLES

Tell me the truth, you are expecting some one.

JOSEPH

I am expecting the duchess.

SAINT-CHARLES

And not Jacques Collin?

JOSEPH

Oh! don't talk to me about that man, you make me shudder.

SAINT-CHARLES

Collin is mixed up with some business that might bring him here. You must have seen him lately. I have no time to pump you, and I have no need to bribe, but you must choose between him and me, and pretty quickly, too.

JOSEPH

What do you require of me?

SAINT-CHARLES

To tell me everything that takes place here.

JOSEPH

Well, the latest thing is the duel of the marquis; he fights to-morrow with M. de Frescas.

SAINT-CHARLES

What next?

JOSEPH

I see her grace the duchess has just returned.

---

SCENE SEVENTH.

SAINT-CHARLES (*alone*)

What a timid beast he is! This duel is a capital excuse for speaking with the duchess. The duke did not understand me, he saw in me nothing but a tool, to be taken up and dropped



at pleasure. Did he not, by imposing silence upon me towards his wife, betray his suspicion that I was dangerous to him? The patrimony of the strong is the faculty of utilizing the faults of a neighbor. I have already devoured several patrimonies, and my appetite is still good.

---

SCENE EIGHTH.

SAINT-CHARLES, THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL AND Mlle.  
DE VAUDREY.

*(Saint-Charles disappears till the two ladies have passed, and remains at the back, while they come to the front of the stage.)*

Mlle. DE VAUDREY.

You are quite worn out.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL *(sinking into an armchair)*

Yes; I am dead! In despair—

SAINT-CHARLES *(coming forward)*

Madame the duchess.

THE DUCHESS

Ah! I had forgotten! Sir, it is impossible at this moment to grant you the interview you ask. To-morrow—or later in the day.

Mlle. DE VAUDREY *(to Saint-Charles)*

My niece, sir, is not in a condition to listen to you.

SAINT-CHARLES

To-morrow, ladies, it will be too late! The life of your son,

the Marquis de Montsorel, who fights a duel to-morrow with M. de Frescas, is threatened.

## THE DUCHESS

This duel is indeed a frightful thing.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY (*in a low tone to the duchess*)

You have already forgotten that Raoul is a stranger to you.

THE DUCHESS (*to Saint-Charles*)

Sir, my son will know how to acquit himself

## SAINT-CHARLES

May I venture to inform you of facts which ordinarily would be kept from a mother? Your son will be killed without any fighting. His adversary's servants are bravoos, wretches of whom he is the ringleader.

## THE DUCHESS

And what proof have you of this?

## SAINT-CHARLES

A former steward of M. de Frescas has offered me a vast sum if I would join in this foul conspiracy against the Christoval family. In order to make time, I pretended to assent; but just as I was on my way to warn the authorities, I was dashed to the ground by two men who came by at full speed, and I lost consciousness; they administered to me in this condition a powerful narcotic, thrust me into a cab, and when I came to myself, I was in a den of criminals. Recovering my self-possession, I escaped from my confinement, and set out to track these dare-devils.

## MLLE. DE VAUDREY

You sometimes come here to see M. de Montsorel, according to what Joseph tells us?

SAINT-CHARLES

Yes, madame.

THE DUCHESS

And who, pray, may you be, sir?

SAINT-CHARLES

I am a private detective, whom his grace the duke distrusts, and I am hired for clearing up mysterious occurrences.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY (*to the duchess*)

O Louise!

THE DUCHESS (*fixing her eyes on Saint-Charles*)

And who has had the impertinence to send you to address me?

SAINT-CHARLES

A sense of your danger brings me here. I am paid to be your enemy. You can keep silence as well as I; prove that your protection is more advantageous to me than the hollow promises of the duke, and I can assure you the victory. But time presses, the duke will soon be here, and if he finds us together, the success of our undertaking would be endangered.

THE DUCHESS (*to Mlle. de Vaudrey*)

Ah! we may still hope! (*To Saint-Charles*) And what were you going to do at the house of M. de Frescas?

SAINT-CHARLES

That which, at present, I am doing at yours.

THE DUCHESS

Silence, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES

Your grace has given me no answer; the duke has my word, and he is very powerful.

## THE DUCHESS

And I, sir, am immensely rich; but do not expect to take advantage of me. (*She rises*) I will never be the dupe of M. de Montsorel, I recognize his trickery in this secret interview, which you had asked for. (*With emphasis*) Let me complete your information. M. de Frescas is not a wretch; his servants are not assassins; he belongs to a family as rich as it is noble, and he is about to marry the Princesse d'Arjos.

## SAINT-CHARLES

Yes, madame, a Mexican envoy has produced letters from M. de Christoval, and documents remarkably authentic. You have sent for a secretary of the Spanish legation, who has endorsed them: seals, stamps, authentications—ah! all are flawless.

## THE DUCHESS

Yes, sir, the documents are unassailable.

## SAINT-CHARLES

You are very much interested, madame, in their being proved forgeries, I presume?

THE DUCHESS (*to Mlle. de Vaudrey*)

Never has such torture as this wrung the heart of a mother!

SAINT-CHARLES (*aside*)

Whose side shall I take, husband's or wife's?

## THE DUCHESS

Sir, any sum you may ask shall be yours, if you can prove to me that M. Raoul de Frescas—

## SAINT-CHARLES

Is a criminal?

## THE DUCHESS

No, but a child—



## SAINT-CHARLES

You mean your child, don't you?

THE DUCHESS (*forgetting herself*)

Yes, yes! Be my deliverer, and I will be your eternal protector. (*To Mlle. de Vaudrey*) Ah me! What have I said? (*To Saint-Charles*) Where is Raoul?

## SAINT-CHARLES

He has disappeared, and this steward of his, who procured the forged deeds in Rue Oblin, and doubtless played the part of the Mexican envoy, is one of the most astute of criminals. (*The duchess starts.*) Oh, you need not be alarmed; he is too clever to shed blood; but he is more formidable than those who shed it recklessly; and such a man is the guardian of Raoul.

## THE DUCHESS

My whole fortune for his life!

## SAINT-CHARLES

I am for you, madame. (*Aside*) I know all, and can choose which side I like.

---

SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, THE DUC DE MONTSOREL AND A  
FOOTMAN.

## THE DUKE

Ah, well, you are getting your own way; there is talk of nothing else but the fortune and coming marriage of M. de Frescas; but of course he can claim a family. (*Whispers to Madame de Montsorel*) He has a mother. (*Perceiving Saint-Charles*) What! you here, chevalier, and with the duchess?

SAINT-CHARLES (*taking the duke aside*)

Your grace will approve of what I have done. (*Aloud*) You have been at the palace and I thought it necessary to warn the duchess of the danger which threatens her only son, the marquis; he is likely to be murdered.

THE DUKE

Murdered?

SAINT-CHARLES

But your grace will listen to my advice—

THE DUKE

Come into my study, my friend, and let us at once take steps to avert this catastrophe.

SAINT-CHARLES (*exchanging a look of intelligence with the duchess*)

I have strange things to tell your grace. (*Aside*) I am certainly going to take the duke's part.

---

SCENE TENTH.

THE DUCHESS, MLLE. DE VAUDREY AND VAUTRIN.

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

If Raoul is your son, how vile is the company he keeps.

THE DUCHESS

An angel would purify hell itself.

VAUTRIN (*who half opens with caution a French casement that leads to the garden, where he has been listening to the preceding conversation. (Aside)*)

I know all. Two brothers cannot fight a duel. Ah, here is my duchess! (*Aloud*) Ladies!

MLLE. DE VAUDREY

A man! Help! Help!

THE DUCHESS

It is he!

VAUTRIN (*to the duchess*)

Silence! Women can do nothing but cry out. (*To Mlle. de Vaudrey*) Mlle. de Vaudrey, run to the chamber of the marquis. Two infamous murderers are there; be quick, before they cut his throat. But let the wretches be seized without making a disturbance. (*To the duchess*) Stay where you are, madame.

THE DUCHESS

Go, dear aunt; have no fear for me.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

My rascals will be vastly surprised. What will they think? This is the way I bring down judgment upon them. (*A noise is heard.*)

---

SCENE ELEVENTH.

THE DUCHESS AND VAUTRIN.

THE DUCHESS

The whole house is in commotion! What will be said, when it is known that I am here?

VAUTRIN

Let us hope that the foundling will be saved.

THE DUCHESS

But you are known here, and the duke is with—

VAUTRIN

The Chevalier de Saint-Charles. I am imperturbed; you will defend me.

THE DUCHESS

I?

VAUTRIN

Yes, you. Or you will never again see your son, Fernand de Montsorel.

THE DUCHESS

Raoul is undoubtedly my son then?

VAUTRIN

He is—I hold in my possession complete proofs of your innocence, and—your son.

THE DUCHESS

You! You shall not leave me until—

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*SCENE TWELFTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS AND Mlle. de VAUDREY *on one side of the stage*, SAINT-CHARLES *on the other*, AND DOMESTICS.

Mlle. de VAUDREY

Here he is! (*To Vautrin*) Begone! At once!

THE DUCHESS (*to Mlle. de Vaudrey*)

You are ruining everything.

SAINT-CHARLES (*to the servants*)

Behold their ringleader and accomplice! Whatever he may say, seize him!



THE DUCHESS (*to the company*)

I command you to leave me alone with this man.

VAUTRIN

What is it, chevalier?

SAINT-CHARLES

You are a puzzle to me, baron.

VAUTRIN (*whispering to the duchess*)

You behold in this man the murderer of the viscount whom you loved so well.

THE DUCHESS

He the murderer?

VAUTRIN (*to the duchess*)

Let him be closely watched, or he will slip through your fingers like money.

THE DUCHESS

Joseph!

VAUTRIN (*to Joseph*)

What happened up stairs?

JOSEPH

His lordship the marquis drew his sword, and being attacked from the rear, defended himself, and was twice slightly wounded. His grace the duke is with him now.

THE DUCHESS (*to her aunt*)

Return to Albert's room, I implore you. (*To Joseph, pointing out Saint-Charles*) I shall hold you responsible for this man's detention.

VAUTRIN (*to Joseph*)

So shall I.

SAINT-CHARLES (*to Vautrin*)

I see the situation, you have got ahead of me.

VAUTRIN

I bear no malice towards you, my dear fellow.

SAINT-CHARLES (*to Joseph*)

Take me before the duke. (*Exeunt.*)

---

SCENE THIRTEENTH.

VAUTRIN AND THE DUCHESS.

VAUTRIN (*aside*)

He has a father, an ancestral family, a mother. What a climax! In whom shall I henceforth find an interest? Whom shall I be able to love? After ten years of paternity, the loss is irreparable.

THE DUCHESS (*approaching Vautrin*)

What is it?

VAUTRIN

What is it? It is, that I can never give back to you your son, madame; it is, that I do not feel brave enough to survive his separation from me, nor his contempt for me. The loss of such as Raoul is irretrievable! My life has been bound up in his.

THE DUCHESS

But could he feel affection for you, you a criminal whom one could at any moment give up—

VAUTRIN

To justice do you mean? I thought you would have been

more tender. But you do not, I perceive, see the abyss in which I am dragging you, your son and the duke, and which all descend in company.

THE DUCHESS

Oh! What have you made of my poor child?

VAUTRIN

A man of honor.

THE DUCHESS

And he loves you?

VAUTRIN

He loves me still.

THE DUCHESS

But has that wretch spoken the truth in revealing what you are and whence you come?

VAUTRIN

Yes, madame.

THE DUCHESS

And have you taken care of my son?

VAUTRIN

Your son, our son—yes—have you not perceived that he is as pure as an angel?

THE DUCHESS

Ah, may you receive a blessing for what you have done! May the world pardon you! O God! (*she kneels*) the voice of a mother must reach Thee, forgive, forgive this man. (*She looks at Vautrin.*) My tears shall bathe his hands! Oh! grant that he may repent! (*Turning to Vautrin*) You belong to me; I will change you! But people are deceived, you are no criminal, and, whatever you are, all mothers will give you their absolution!

VAUTRIN

Come, it is time to restore her son to her.

THE DUCHESS

Did you still harbor the horrible thought of refusing him to his mother? But I have waited for him for two and twenty years.

VAUTRIN

And I, have I not been for ten years his father? Raoul is my very soul! Let me endure anguish, let men heap shame upon me; if he is happy and crowned with honor, I shall see it and my life will once more be bright.

THE DUCHESS

I am overwhelmed. He loves like a mother.

VAUTRIN

The only tie that binds me to the world, to life, is this bright link, purer than gold.

THE DUCHESS

And—without stain?

VAUTRIN

Ah! People know themselves only in their virtues, and are austere for others alone. But in myself I see but infamy—in him the heart of honor. And yet was he found by me on the highroad from Toulon to Marseilles, the route of the convict. He was twelve years old, without bread, and in rags.

THE DUCHESS

Bare-foot, it may be?

VAUTRIN

Yes. But beautiful, with curly hair—



VAUTRIN

THE DUCHESS

It was thus you saw him?

VAUTRIN

Poor angel, he was crying. I took him with me.

THE DUCHESS

And you brought him up?

VAUTRIN

I stole the means to do so.

THE DUCHESS

I should, perhaps, myself have done the like.

VAUTRIN

I did more!

THE DUCHESS

He must have suffered much.

VAUTRIN

Never! I concealed from him the means I took to make his life happy and easy. I would not let him even suspect them—it would have blighted him. You may ennoble him by parchments, I have made him noble in heart.

THE DUCHESS

And he was my son!—

VAUTRIN

Yes, a son full of nobility, of winning grace, of high instincts; he needed but to have the way made clear to him.

THE DUCHESS (*wringing the hand of Vautrin*)

You must needs be great indeed, who have so well performed a mother's task!

VAUTRIN

And better than you mothers do! Often you love your babes amiss—Ah, you will spoil him for me even now!—He was of reckless courage; he wished to be a soldier, and the Emperor would have accepted him. I showed him the world and mankind under their true light—Yet now he is about to renounce me—

THE DUCHESS

My son ungrateful?

VAUTRIN

No, 'tis mine I speak of.

THE DUCHESS

Oh! give him back to me this very instant!

VAUTRIN

I and those two men upstairs—are we not all liable to prosecution? And ought not the duke to give us assurance of silence and release?

THE DUCHESS

Those two men then are your agents? And you came—

VAUTRIN

But for me, of the two, natural and lawful son, there would not, in a few hours, have survived but one child. And they might perchance both have fallen—each by the other's hand.

THE DUCHESS

Ah! you are a providence of horror!

VAUTRIN

What would you have had me do?

## SCENE FOURTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, THE DUKE, LAFOURAILLE, BUTEUX,  
SAINT-CHARLES, AND ALL THE DOMESTICS.

THE DUKE (*pointing to Vautrin*)

Seize him! (*Pointing to Saint-Charles*) And obey no one but this gentleman.

THE DUCHESS

But you owe to him the life of your Albert! It was he who gave the alarm.

THE DUKE

He!

BUTEUX (*to Vautrin*)

Ah! you have betrayed us! Why did you bring us here?

SAINT-CHARLES (*to the duke*)

Does your grace hear them?

LAFOURAILLE (*to Buteux*)

Cannot you keep silence? Have we any right to judge him?

BUTEUX

And yet he condemns us!

VAUTRIN (*to the duke*)

I would inform your grace that these two men belong to me, and I claim possession of them.

SAINT-CHARLES

Why, these are the domestics of M. de Frescas!

VAUTRIN (*to Saint-Charles*)

Steward of the Langeacs, hold your tongue! (*He points to*

*Lafouraille*) This is Philip Boulard. (*Lafouraille bows.*)  
Will your grace kindly send every one out of the room?

THE DUKE

What! Do you dare give your orders in my house?

THE DUCHESS

Ah! sir, he is master here.

THE DUKE

What! this wretch?

VAUTRIN

If his grace the duke wishes to have an audience present  
we will proceed to talk of the son of Doña Mendes.

THE DUKE

Silence!

VAUTRIN

Whom you are passing off as the son of—

THE DUKE

Once more I say, silence!

VAUTRIN

Your grace perceives, evidently, that there are too many  
people within hearing.

THE DUKE

All of you begone!

VAUTRIN (*to the duke*)

Set a watch on every outlet from your house, and let no one  
leave it, excepting these two men. (*To Saint-Charles*) Do  
you remain here. (*He draws a dagger and cuts the cords by  
which Lafouraille and Buteux are bound.*) Take yourselves  
off by the postern; here is the key, and go to the house of



mother Giroflée. (*To Lafouraille*) You must send Raoul to me.

LAFOURAILLE (*as he leaves the room*)

Oh! our veritable emperor.

VAUTRIN

You shall receive money and passports.

BUTEUX (*as he goes out*)

After all, I shall have something for Adèle!

THE DUKE

But how did you learn all these facts?

VAUTRIN (*handing some documents to the duke*)

These are what I took from your study.

THE DUKE

'These comprise my correspondence, and the letters of the duchess to the Viscount de Langeac.

VAUTRIN

Who was shot at Mortagne, October, 1792, through the kind efforts of Charles Blondet, otherwise known as the Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

SAINT-CHARLES

But your grace very well knows—

VAUTRIN

It was he himself who gave me these papers, among which you will notice the death certificate of the viscount, which proves that he and her grace the duchess never met after the Tenth of August, for he had then left the Abbaye for the Vendée, accompanied by Boulard, who seized the moment to betray and murder him.

## THE DUKE

And so Fernand—

## VAUTRIN

The child sent to Sardinia is undoubtedly your son.

## THE DUKE

And her grace the duchess—

## VAUTRIN

Is innocent.

## THE DUKE

My God! (*He sinks back into an armchair.*) What have I done?

## THE DUCHESS

What a terrible proof—his death! And the assassin stands before us.

## VAUTRIN.

M. le Duc de Montsorel, I have been a father to Fernand, and I have just saved your two sons, each from the sword of the other; you alone are the author of all this complication.

## THE DUCHESS

Stop! I know him better than you do, and he suffers at this moment all that I have suffered during twenty years. In the name of mercy, where is my son?

## THE DUKE

What, Raoul de Frescas?

## VAUTRIN

Fernand de Montsorel is on his way here. (*To Saint-Charles*) And what do you say about all this?

## SAINT-CHARLES

You are a hero; let me be your servant.

VAUTRIN

VAUTRIN

You are ambitious. Would you follow me?

SAINT-CHARLES

Anywhere.

VAUTRIN

I can well believe it.

SAINT-CHARLES

Ah! what a master mind you obtain in me, and what a loss to the government!

VAUTRIN

Go; and wait for me at the bureau of passports. (*Exit Saint-Charles.*)

---

SCENE FIFTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL, INEZ  
AND M<sup>LLE</sup>. DE VAUDREY.

M<sup>LLE</sup>. DE VAUDREY

Here they are!

THE DUCHESSE DE CHRISTOVAL

My daughter, madame, has received a letter from M. Raoul, in which this noble young man declares that he would rather give up Inez, than deceive us; he has related his whole life's history. He is to fight a duel with your son to-morrow, and as Inez is the involuntary cause of this duel we are come to prevent it; for it is now entirely without ground or reason.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

There will be no duel, madame.

INEZ

He will live then!

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

And you shall marry the Marquis de Montsorel, my child.

---

## SCENE SIXTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, RAOUL AND LAFOURAILLE. (*The last-named does not tarry.*)

RAOUL (*to Vautrin*)

What! would you imprison me to prevent my fighting a duel?

THE DUKE

With your brother?

RAOUL

My brother?

THE DUKE

Yes.

THE DUCHESSE DE MONTSOREL

You are, then, really my child! (*She embraces Raoul.*)  
Ladies, this is Fernand de Montsorel, my son, the—

THE DUKE (*taking Raoul by the hand, and interrupting his wife*)

The eldest son, who was carried off from us in childhood.  
Albert is now no more than Comte de Montsorel.

RAOUL

For three days I have been in a dream! You, my mother!  
you, sir—

THE DUKE

Your father—yes!



VAUTRIN

RAOUL

Among the very people who asked me to name my family—

VAUTRIN

Your family has been found.

RAOUL

And—are you still to have a place in my life?

VAUTRIN (*to the Duchesse de Montsorel*)

What shall I say to you? (*To Raoul*) Remember, my lord marquis, that I have, in advance, absolved you from all charge of ingratitude. (*To the duchess*) The child will forget me; will the mother also?

THE DUCHESS DE MONTSOREL

Never.

THE DUKE

But what are the misfortunes that plunged you into so dark an abyss?

VAUTRIN

Can any one explain misfortune?

THE DUCHESS DE MONTSOREL

Dear husband, is it not in your power to obtain his pardon?

THE DUKE

The sentences under which he has served are irreversible.

VAUTRIN

That word reconciles me to you, it is a statesman's word. Your grace should explain that transportation is the last expedient to which you can resort in overcoming us.

RAOUL

Monsieur—

VAUTRIN

You are wrong; I am not even monsieur at present.

INEZ

I think I understand that you are an outlaw, that my friend owes you a vast debt, and cannot discharge it. Beyond the sea, I have extensive lands, which require a man's energy for their right administration; you shall go and exercise there your talents, and become—

VAUTRIN

Rich, under a new name? Child, can you not realize that in this world there are pitiless necessities? Yes, I could acquire a fortune, but who will give me the opportunity? (*To the duke*) The king could at your grace's intercession grant me a pardon, but who then would take my hand in his?

RAOUL

I would!

VAUTRIN

Ah! It was this I waited for before taking leave. You now have a mother. Farewell!

---

SCENE SEVENTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, A POLICE OFFICER, GUARDS AND SERVANTS.

(*The window casements are flung open; and an officer enters; at the back of the stage are gendarmes.*)

THE OFFICER (*to the duke*)

In the name of the king, of the law, I arrest Jacques Collin, convicted of having broken—(*All persons present fling them-*

*selves between the armed force and Jacques, in order to give him opportunity for escaping.)*

THE DUKE

Gentlemen, I take upon myself—

VAUTRIN

In your grace's house the justice of the king must have free course. The matter lies between these gentlemen and me. (*To the officer*) I will follow you. (*To the duchess*) It was Joseph who brought the police; he is one of us; discharge him.

RAOUL

Are we separated forever?

VAUTRIN

You will marry very shortly. Within a year, on a day of christening, scan carefully the faces of the poor at the church door; one will be there who wishes to be certain of your happiness. Till then, adieu. (*To the officer*) It is time for us to be moving.

*Final Curtain.*

# THE RESOURCES OF QUINOLA

A COMEDY IN A PROLOGUE AND FIVE ACTS

First Presented at the Theatre de l'Odeon, Paris,  
March 19, 1842.





## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Had the author of the following play written it merely for the purpose of winning for it the universal praise which the journals have lavished upon his romances, and which perhaps transcended their merits, *The Resources of Quinola* would still have been an excellent literary speculation; but, when he sees himself the object of so much praise and so much condemnation, he has come to the conclusion that it is much more difficult to make successfully a first venture on the stage than in the field of mere literature, and he has armed himself, accordingly, with courage, both for the present and for the future.

The day will come when this piece will be employed by critics as a battering ram to demolish some piece at its first representation, just as they have employed all his novels, and even his play entitled *Vautrin*, to demolish *The Resources of Quinola*.

However tranquil may be his mood of resignation, the author cannot refrain from making here two suggestive observations.

Not one among fifty feuilleton writers has failed to treat as a fable, invented by the author, the historic fact upon which is founded the present play.

Long before M. Arago mentioned this incident in his history of steam, published in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, the author, to whom the incident was known, had guessed in imagination the great drama that must have led

up to that final act of despair, the catastrophe which necessarily ended the career of the unknown inventor, who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, built a ship that moved by steam in the harbor of Barcelona, and then scuttled it with his own hands in the presence of two hundred thousand spectators.

This observation is sufficient answer to the derision which has been flung upon what was supposed to be the author's hypothesis as to the invention of steam locomotion before the time of the Marquis of Worcester, Salomon de Caus and Papin.

The second observation relates to the strange manner in which almost all the critics have mistaken the character of Lavradi, one of the personages in this comedy, which they have stigmatized as a hideous creation. Any one who reads the piece, of which no critic has given an exact analysis, will see that Lavradi, sentenced to be transported for ten years to the *presides*, comes to ask pardon of the king. Every one knows how freely the severest penalties were in the sixteenth century measured out for the lightest offences, and how warmly valets in a predicament such as Quinola's, were welcomed by the spectators in the antique theatres.

Many volumes might be filled with the laments of feuilletonists, who for nearly twenty years have called for comedies in the Italian, Spanish or English style. An attempt has been made to produce one, and the critics would rather eat their own words than miss the opportunity of choking off the man who has been bold enough to venture upon a pathway of such fertile promise, whose very antiquity lends to it in these days the charm of novelty.

Nor must we forget to mention, to the disgrace of our age, the howl of disapprobation which greeted the title "Duke

of Neptunado," selected by Philip II. for the inventor, a howl in which educated readers will refuse to join, but which was so overwhelming at the presentation of the piece that after its first utterance the actors omitted the term during the remainder of the evening. This howl was raised by an audience of spectators who read in the newspapers every morning the title of the Duke of Vittoria, given to Espartero, and who must have heard of the title Prince of Paz, given to the last favorite of the last but one of the kings of Spain. How could such ignorance as this have been anticipated? Who does not know that the majority of Spanish titles, especially in the time of Charles V. and Philip II., refer to circumstances under which they were originally granted?

Orendayes assumed the title of *La Pes*, from having signed the treaty of peace in 1725.

An admiral took that of *Transport-Real*, from the fact that the dauphin sailed with him to Italy.

Navarro was given the title *La Vittoria* after the sea-fight off Toulon, though the issue of the conflict was indecisive.

These examples, and as many others, are outdone by that of the famous finance minister, a parvenu broker, who chose to be entitled the Marquis Insignificant (*l'Ensenada*).

In producing a work, constructed with all the dramatic irregularity of the early French and Spanish stage, the author has made an experiment which had been called for by the suffrages of more than one "organ of public opinion," as well as of all the "first-nighters" of Paris. He wished to meet the genuine public and to have his piece represented in a house filled with a paying audience. The unsatisfactory result of this ordeal was so plainly pointed out by the whole press, that the indispensability of *claqueurs* has been now forever established.

The author had been confronted by the following dilemma, as stated by those experienced in such matters. If he introduced into the theatre twelve hundred "dead heads," the success secured by their applause would undoubtedly be questioned. If twelve hundred paying spectators were present, the success of the piece was almost out of the question. The author chose to run the risk of the latter alternative. Such is the history of this first representation, where so many people appeared to be made so uncomfortable by their elevation to the dignity of independent judges.

The author intends therefore to return to the beaten track, base and ignoble though it be, which prejudice has laid out as the only avenue to dramatic success; but it may not be unprofitable to state here, that the first representation of *The Resources of Quinola* actually redounded to the advantage of the *claqueurs*, the only persons who enjoyed any triumph, in an evening entertainment from which their presence was debarred!

Some idea of the criticism uttered on this comedy may be gained from the fact that out of the fifty newspapers, all of which for the last twenty years have uttered over the unsuccessful playwright the hackneyed phrase, "the play is the work of a clever man who will some day take his revenge," not one employed it in speaking of *The Resources of Quinola*, which they were unanimous in consigning to oblivion. This result has settled the ambition of the author.

Certain persons, whose good auguries the author had done nothing to call forth, encouraged from the outset this dramatic venture, and thus showed themselves less critical than unkind; but the author counts such miscalculations as blessings in disguise, for the loss of false friends is the best school of



experience. Nor is it less a pleasure than a duty thus publicly to thank the friends, like M. Léon Gozlan, who have remained faithful, towards whom the author has contracted a debt of gratitude; like M. Victor Hugo, who protested, so to speak, against the public verdict at the first representation, by returning to witness the second; like M. de Lamartine and Madame de Girardin, who stuck to their first opinion, in spite of the general public reprobation of the piece. The approval of such persons as these would be consoling in any disaster.

LAGNY, 2 April, 1842.





## PERSONS OF THE PROLOGUE

PHILIP II., King of Spain.  
CARDINAL CIENFUEGOS, Grand Inquisitor.  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.  
THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.  
THE DUKE OF LERMA.  
ALFONSO FONTANARES.  
LAVRADI, known as Quinola.  
A HALBERDIER.  
AN ALCALDE OF THE PALACE.  
A FAMILIAR OF THE INQUISITION.  
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.  
THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR.

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

DON FREGOSE, Viceroy of Catalonia.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

COUNT SARPI, Secretary to the Viceroy.

DON RAMON, a savant.

AVALOROS, a banker.

MATHIEU MAGIS, a Lombard.

LOTHUNDIAZ, a burgess.

ALFONSO FONTANARES, an inventor.

LAVRADI, known as Quinola, servant to Fontanares.

MONIPODIO, a retired bandit.

COPPOLUS, a metal merchant.

CARPANO, a locksmith.

ESTEBAN }  
GIRONE } workmen.

THE HOST OF THE "GOLDEN SUN."

A BAILIFF.

AN ALCALDE.

FAUSTINE BRANCADORI.

MARIE LOTHUNDIAZ, daughter to Lothundiaz.

DONA LOPEZ, duenna to Marie Lothundiaz.

PAQUITA, maid to Faustine.

SCENE: *Spain—Valladolid and Barcelona.* TIME: 1588-89.

# THE RESOURCES OF QUINOLA

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## PROLOGUE.

### SCENE FIRST.

*(The scene is laid at Valladolid, in the palace of the King of Spain. The stage represents the gallery which leads to the chapel. The entrance to the chapel is on the spectators' left, that to the royal apartment on the right. The principal entrance is in the centre. On each side of the principal door stand two halberdiers. At the rise of the curtain the Captain of the Guards and two lords are on the stage. An alcalde of the palace stands in the centre of the gallery. Several courtiers are walking up and down in the hall that leads to the gallery.)*

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS, QUINOLA (*wrapped in his mantle*) AND A HALBERDIER.

THE HALBERDIER (*barring the way to Quinola*)

No one passes this way, unless he has the right to do so. Who are you?

QUINOLA (*lifting up the halberd*)

An ambassador. (*All look at him.*)

HALBERDIER

From what state?

QUINOLA (*passing in*)

From what state? From a state of misery.

## THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

Go and bring the major-domo of the palace, that he may render to this ambassador the honors that are due him. (*To the halberdier*) Three days' imprisonment.

QUINOLA (*to the captain*)

And so this is the way you respect people's rights! Listen, my lord, you are very high, and I am very low, but a couple of words will place us on an equal footing.

THE CAPTAIN

You are a very droll rascal.

QUINOLA (*taking him aside*)

Are not you the cousin of the Marchioness of Mondejar?

THE CAPTAIN

What if I am?

QUINOLA

Although she is high in favor, she is on the brink of an abyss, into which she may fall and lose her head in falling.

THE CAPTAIN

All people of your class trump up these stories!—Listen, you are the twenty-second person, and we have only reached the tenth of the month, who has made an attempt to be introduced to the favorite, for the purpose of squeezing a few pistoles from her. Take yourself off or else—

QUINOLA

My lord, it is better to be misled by twenty-two poor devils, twenty-two times, than once to miss the opportunity of heeding him who is sent by your good angel; and you see, I may also say (*he opens his mantle*) I am wearing her wings



## THE CAPTAIN

Let us end this, and tell me what proof of your errand you can give?

QUINOLA (*handing him a letter*)

This little message you must return to me so that the secret remains in our possession, and hang me if you do not see the marchioness swoon when she reads it. Believe moreover that I profess, in common with an immense majority of Spaniards, a deep-seated aversion for—the gallows.

## THE CAPTAIN

And suppose that some ambitious woman has paid for your life, that she give it in exchange for another's?

QUINOLA

Should I be in rags? My life is as good as Cæsar's. Look here, my lord. (*He unseals the letter, smells it, folds it up again, and gives it to him*) Are you satisfied?

THE CAPTAIN (*aside*)

I have yet time. (*To Quinola*) Remain where you are, I am going to her.

---

## SCENE SECOND.

QUINOLA (*alone, in the front of the stage, looking at the departing captain*)

That is all right! O my dear master, if the torture chamber has not broken your bones, you are likely to get out of the cells of the holy—the thrice holy Inquisition—saved by your poor cur Quinola! Poor?—why should I say poor? My master once free, we will end by cashing our hopes. To live at Valladolid for six months without money, and without being nabbed by the alguazils, argues the possession of cer-

tain small talents, which, if applied to—other ends, might bring a man to—something different in fact! If we knew where we were going no one would stir a step—I purpose speaking to the king, I, Quinola. God of the rascallions, give me the eloquence—of—a pretty woman, of the Marchioness of Mondejar—

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### SCENE THIRD.

QUINOLA AND THE CAPTAIN.

THE CAPTAIN (*to Quinola*)

Here are fifty doubloons which the marchioness sends you, that you may be enabled to make your appearance here in decent guise.

QUINOLA (*pouring the gold from one hand into the other*)

Ah, this burst of sunshine has been long expected! I will return, my lord, radiant as that amorous valet, whose name I have assumed; Quinola at your service, Quinola soon to be lord of wide domains, where I shall administer justice, from the time—(*aside*) I cease to fear its ministers.

---

### SCENE FOURTH.

THE COURTIER AND THE CAPTAIN.

THE CAPTAIN (*alone at the front of the stage*)

What secret has this miserable creature discovered? My cousin almost fainted away. She told me that it concerned all my friends. The king must have something to do in the matter. (*To a lord*) Duke of Lerma, is there anything new in Valladolid?

THE DUKE OF LERMA (*whispering*)

It is said that the Duke of Olmedo was murdered this morning, at three o'clock, just before dawn. It happened a few paces from the Mondejar palace.

## THE CAPTAIN

It is quite likely he should be assassinated for prejudicing the king's mind against my cousin; the king, like all great statesmen, esteems as true everything that appears to be probable.

## THE DUKE

It is said that enmity between the duke and the marchioness was only a pretence, and that the assassin is not to be prosecuted.

## THE CAPTAIN

Duke, this ought not to be repeated unless it can be proved, and even then could not be written excepting with a sword dipped in my blood.

## THE DUKE

You asked me the news. (*The duke retires.*)

---

SCENE FIFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR.

## THE CAPTAIN

Ah! here is my cousin! (*To the marchioness*) Dear marchioness, you are still very much agitated. In the name of our common salvation, control yourself; you will attract attention.

## THE MARCHIONESS

Has that man come back?

## THE CAPTAIN

Now, how can a man of such base condition as he is throw you into such terror?

## THE MARCHIONESS

He holds my life in his hands; more than my life, indeed; for he holds in his power the life also of another, who, in spite of the most scrupulous precautions, cannot avoid exciting the jealousy—

## THE CAPTAIN

Of the king!—Did he cause the assassination of the Duke of Olmedo, as is rumored?

## THE MARCHIONESS

Alas! I do not know what to think.—Here I am alone, helpless—and perhaps soon to be abandoned.

## THE CAPTAIN

You may rely upon me—I shall constantly be in the midst of all our enemies, like a hunter on the watch.

---

SCENE SIXTH.

## THE SAME PERSONS AND QUINOLA.

## QUINOLA

I have only thirty doubloons left, but I have had the worth of sixty.—Ah! what a lovely scent! The marchioness can now talk to me without fear.

THE MARCHIONESS (*pointing out Quinola*)

Is this our man?

## THE CAPTAIN

Yes.

## THE MARCHIONESS

Keep watch, my cousin, so that I may be able to talk without being overheard. (*To Quinola*) Who are you, my friend?

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Her friend! As soon as you have a woman's secret, you are her friend. (*Aloud*) Madame, I am a man superior to all considerations and all circumstances.

## THE MARCHIONESS

You have reached a pretty good height, at that rate.

## QUINOLA

Is that a threat or a warning?

## THE MARCHIONESS

Sir, you are very impertinent.

## QUINOLA

Do not mistake farsightedness for impertinence. You must study me, before coming to a decision. I am going to describe my character to you; my real name is Lavradi. At this moment Lavradi ought to be serving a ten years' sentence in Africa, at the presidio, owing to an error of the alcaldes of Barcelona. Quinola is the conscience, white as your fair hands, of Lavradi. Quinola does not know Lavradi. Does the soul know the body? You may unite the soul, Quinola, to the body, Lavradi, all the more easily because this morning Quinola was at the postern of your garden, with the friends of the dawn who stopped the Duke of Olmedo—

## THE MARCHIONESS

What has happened to him?



QUINOLA

Lavradi would take advantage of this moment, which is full of promise, to ask a pardon; but Quinola is a gentleman.

THE MARCHIONESS

You are taken up too much with yourself—

QUINOLA

And not sufficiently with him—that is just. The duke took us for foul assassins; we were simply asking him, at a rather too advantageous hour, to make us a loan, pledged by our rapiers as collateral. The famous Majoral, who was in command of us, being close pressed by the duke, was forced to disable him by a little thrust, of which he knows the secret.

THE MARCHIONESS

Oh! My God!—

QUINOLA

Happiness is cheap at such a cost, madame.

THE MARCHIONESS (*aside*)

Hush! he knows my secret.

QUINOLA

When we saw that the duke had not a maravedi about him, we left him where he was. As I was the least culpable of all the gang, I was charged to take him home; in adjusting his pockets, which had been turned inside out, I found the letter which he had written to you, and, learning your position at the court, I understood—

THE MARCHIONESS

That your fortune was made?

QUINOLA

Not at all—that my life was in danger.

THE MARCHIONESS

Indeed?

QUINOLA

To whom are you speaking? Quinola or Lavradi?

THE MARCHIONESS

Lavradi shall have his pardon. What does Quinola desire?  
To enter my service?

QUINOLA

Foundling children are of gentle birth; Quinola will deliver your letter to you without asking a maravedi, without obliging you to do anything unworthy of you, and he expects that you will refrain from desiring the services of a poor devil who carries under his wallet the heart of the Cid.

THE MARCHIONESS

How dear you are going to cost me, fellow!

QUINOLA

You said to me just now, "my friend."

THE MARCHIONESS

Were you not my enemy?

QUINOLA

On account of that word I trust you, madame, and intend to tell you everything. But here—do not laugh—you must promise—I wish—

THE MARCHIONESS

You wish?

QUINOLA

I wish—to speak to the king—at the moment when he passes on his way to the chapel; I desire you to lend favor to my request.

THE MARCHIONESS

But what are you going to ask him?

QUINOLA

The most simple thing in the world—an audience for my master.

THE MARCHIONESS

Explain yourself, for time presses.

QUINOLA

Madame, I am the servant of a philosopher; and if the mark of genius is poverty, we have a great deal too much genius, madame.

THE MARCHIONESS

To the point.

QUINOLA

Señor Alfonso Fontanares has come here from Catalonia to offer the king our master the sceptre of the sea. At Barcelona he was taken for a madman; here he is considered a sorcerer. When it becomes known what he proposes, he is scoffed at in the antechambers. One wishes to protest for the sake of ruining him; another, a philosopher, throws a doubt on the existence of our secret, with the view of filching it; others again make him a business proposition—capitalists who wish to entangle him in their meshes. As things go at present we do not know how they will turn out. No one certainly can deny the forces of mechanics and geometry, but the finest theorems have very little bodily nourishment in them, and the smallest of ragouts is better for the stomach; but, really, science is not to blame for that. During the past winter my master and myself warmed ourselves over our projects, and chewed the cud of our illusions. . . . Well, madame, he is now in prison, for he has been accused of being on too friendly terms with the devil; and, unfortunately, the Holy Office is right, this time, for we have constantly seen him at the bottom of our purse. And now,

madame, I implore you, inspire the king with curiosity to see a man who will give him a dominion as extended as that which Columbus gave to Spain.

THE MARCHIONESS

But since Columbus gave a new world to Spain, new worlds are being offered to us once in every fortnight!

QUINOLA

Ah! madame, every man of genius has one of his own to offer. By heavens, it is so rare that a man can make honestly a fortune both for himself and the state that the phenomenon deserves to be favored.

THE MARCHIONESS

But what is the project about?

QUINOLA

I must once more beg you not to laugh, madame. His plan is to make ships travel without sail or oar, against the wind, by means of a pot filled with water, which is kept boiling.

THE MARCHIONESS

What an idea! Where do you come from? What do you mean? Are you dreaming?

QUINOLA

That is just what they all say! Ah, common heard, ye are so constituted that the man of genius, who is right ten years before everybody else, passes for a madman for twenty-five years. I am the only one who believes in this man, and it is on this account I love him; to understand another is to be his equal.

THE MARCHIONESS

And you want me to repeat this nonsense to the king?

## QUINOLA

Madame, you are the only person in the whole of Spain to whom the king will not say, "Be silent."

## THE MARCHIONESS

You do not know the king, and I do. (*Aside*) I must get back my letter. (*Aloud*) There is one recent circumstance whose occurrence seems favorable to your master; news comes to the king that the Armada has been lost; wait for him on his way through to chapel and address him. (*Exit.*)

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## SCENE SEVENTH.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS, THE COURTIER AND QUINOLA.

QUINOLA (*in the front of the stage*)

It is not sufficient to possess genius and to employ it, for there are plenty of people who make a false show to have it and meet with excellent success. There is need also of opportunity and favoring circumstances; a picked up letter, which puts a favorite in danger, in order to obtain an interceding tongue, and the loss of the mightiest of flotillas, in order to open the ears of a prince. Chance is an infamous wretch! And now, in the duel of Fontanares with his century, the hour has come for his poor second to appear. (*Bells are heard; guard is mounted.*) Is yon sound an omen of success? (*To the Captain of the Guards*) How ought the king to be spoken to?

## THE CAPTAIN

Step forward, bow your knee, and say: "Sire"—and pray God to guide your tongue aright—(*The royal procession appears*).

## QUINOLA

I shall have no trouble in falling upon my knees; they



are giving way already; for it is not only the fate of a man, but of a world, that is at stake.

A PAGE.

The queen!

A PAGE.

The king!

(*Tableau.*)

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SCENE EIGHTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR, THE GRAND INQUISITOR  
AND THE WHOLE COURT.

PHILIP II.

Gentlemen, we are about to pray God and honor Him who has dealt a deadly blow to Spain. England has escaped us, the Armada is lost, and we desire no more to talk of that flotilla. Admiral (*he turns to the admiral*), you were not sent to give battle to the storms.

QUINOLA

Sire! (*He falls on one knee.*)

PHILIP II.

Who are you?

QUINOLA

The most insignificant and the most devoted of your subjects; the servant of a man who pines in the prisons of the Holy Office, accused of magic, because he desires to give to your Majesty the power of escaping from similar disasters—

PHILIP II.

If you are merely a servant, rise to your feet. Only grandees are wont to kneel here, in presence of the king.

## QUINOLA

My master, then, shall kneel at your feet.

## PHILIP II.

Explain yourself in brief; the moments of the king's whole life are not so numerous as are his subjects.

## QUINOLA

You must have, then, but one hour for each of your empires. My master, Señor Alfonso Fontanares, is in the prisons of the Holy Office—

PHILIP II. (*to the Grand Inquisitor*)

Father (*the Grand Inquisitor approaches*), what can you tell us of a certain Alfonso Fontanares?

## THE GRAND INQUISITOR

He is a pupil of Galileo. He professes the heretical doctrine of his master and boasts the power to do wonders while he refuses to explain the means. He is accused of being rather a Moor than a Spaniard.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

That sallow face is going to spoil all!—(*To the King*) Sire, my master knows no sorcery, excepting so far as he is madly in love, first with the glory of your Majesty, next with a maid of Barcelona, heiress of Lothundiaz, the richest burgess of the town. As he picked up more science than wealth in studying natural science in Italy, the poor youth has failed in his attempt to marry this maid.—And notice, sire, how great men are calumniated; in his despair he made a pilgrimage to the Virgen del Pilar, to beg her assistance, because Marie was the name of the lady he loved. On leaving the church, he sat down wearied under a tree and fell asleep. In his dreams the Virgin appeared to him and communicated to him an invention by which he could navigate ships without sails, without

oars, against wind and tide. He approached you, sire; but between the sun and him a cloud intervened, and after a deadly conflict with the cloud, he is now suffering for his confidence in the Virgen del Pilar and in his king. No one but his servant has sufficient courage to come and throw at your feet the news that there exists a means of realizing universal dominion.

PHILIP II.

I will see your master when I leave the chapel.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Surely, the king will not expose himself to such peril?

PHILIP II.

My duty is to inquire.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

And mine is to make men respect the privileges of the Sacred Office.

PHILIP II.

I know them. Obey me and keep silence. I know that I owe you a hostage. I know it—(*He looks round*) Tell me, where is the Duke of Olmedo?

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Aha!

THE MARCHIONESS (*aside*)

We are lost.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

Sire, the duke is not yet—arrived—

PHILIP II.

Who has given him leave thus boldly to forsake the duties of his office? (*Aside*) Some one is deceiving me. (*To the Captain of the Guards*) Tell him, if he comes, that the king

has committed him as a prisoner of the Holy Office. (*To the Grand Inquisitor*) Issue the order.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Sire, I will go myself.

THE QUEEN

And what if the duke fails to come?

PHILIP II.

In that case he must be dead. (*To the captain*) You will take his place in the execution of my orders. (*He enters the chapel.*)

THE MARCHIONESS (*to Quinola*)

Run to the duke's house, tell him to come and comport himself as if he were not wounded to the death. The report will then be considered mere calumny—

QUINOLA

You may reckon upon me, but grant us your protection. (*Alone*) Great heavens! The king seemed charmed by my little fable of the Virgen del Pilar; I must make a vow to her—but what shall it be?—we will see after we have succeeded.

(*Scene curtain.*)

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SCENE NINTH.

(*A cell of the Inquisition.*)

FONTANARES (*alone*)

I understand now why Columbus desired that his fetters should be placed beside him in his coffin. What a lesson for



discoverers! A great discovery is a revelation of truth. And truth destroys so many abuses and errors that all those who live by falsehood rise up to slay the truth; they begin by assailing the man. Let inventors then have patience! I myself desire to have it. Unfortunately, my patience proceeds from my love. In the hope of obtaining Marie, I dream of glory and I pursue it.—I saw a piece of straw fly up above a boiler. All men have had the same experience since boilers and straw existed. But I saw there a force; in order to estimate its violence, I put a lid on the boiler; the lid flew off but did not kill me. Archimedes and I are of the same mind! He wished for a lever and a fulcrum to move the world; I possess this lever and have been fool enough to say so; since then—misfortunes have overwhelmed me. If I should die, you, man of genius who shall discover the secret, act on it, but keep silence. The light which we discover, men take from us, only to set on fire our funeral pile. Galileo, my master, is in prison for having said that the earth moves, and I am here for attempting to apply the forces of the earth. No! I am here because I rebel against the cupidity of those who desire to steal my secret; were it not for my love for Marie, I would claim my liberty to-night, leaving to them the profit, keeping to myself the fame.—Ah! What rage is in my heart!—But rage is only fit for children; let me be calm and then I shall be strong. Would that I might have news of the only man who has faith in me! He is at liberty, he, who begged to win me bread.—But faith is only found among the poor, who have need of it—

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### *SCENE TENTH.*

THE GRAND INQUISITOR, A FAMILIAR AND FONTANARES.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Well, my son, how are you? You were speaking of faith,



doubtless you have made some sage reflections recently. Come now, spare the Holy Office a resort to severity.

FONTANARES

Father, what do you wish me to say?

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Before setting you at liberty, the Holy Office must be sure that the means you employ are natural—

FONTANARES

Father, if I had made a compact with the Evil One, would he have let me languish here?

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Your words are impious; the devil has a master whose existence is proved by our burning of heretics.

FONTANARES

Have you ever seen a ship on the sea? (*The Grand Inquisitor assents.*) By what means is it propelled?

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

The wind fills the sails.

FONTANARES

Did the devil reveal this method of navigation to the first sailor?

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Do you know who he was?

FONTANARES

He was, perhaps, the founder of some long forgotten power that ruled the sea—at any rate, the means that I employ are not less natural than his. I have seen a certain force in nature,

a force controllable by man. For the wind is God's creature, and man is not its master, but the wind propels the ships of man, while my force is in the ship itself.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR (*aside*)

This man may prove a dangerous fellow. (*Aloud*) And you refuse to tell us what it is?

FONTANARES

I will tell the king, in presence of his court; for, after that, no one will be able to rob me of my glory and the fortune that it brings.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

You call yourself an inventor, and yet you think of nothing but fortune! You are too ambitious to be a man of genius.

FONTANARES

Father, I am so profoundly disgusted by the jealousy of the vulgar, by the avarice of the great, by the behavior of sham philosophers, that—but for my love for Marie—I would give back to chance that which chance has bestowed upon me.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Chance?

FONTANARES

I am wrong. I would give back to God the thought which God has sent to me.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

God did not send it to you that it might be hidden, and we have the right to force you to divulge it—(*to his Familiar*). Bid them prepare the rack.

FONTANARES

I was expecting it.

*SCENE ELEVENTH.*

THE GRAND INQUISITOR, FONTANARES, QUINOLA AND THE  
DUKE OF OLMEDO.

QUINOLA

It isn't a very healthy thing, this torture.

FONTANARES

Quinola! And in what a livery!

QUINOLA

The livery of success, for you are to be free.

FONTANARES

Free? And to pass from hell to heaven in an instant?

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO

As martyrs do.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Sir, do you dare to say such words in this place!

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO

I am charged by the king to take out of your custody this man, and will answer for him to the Holy Inquisition.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

What a mistake!

QUINOLA

Ah! you would like to boil him in your cauldrons of oil! Many thanks! His cauldrons are going to carry us 'round the world—like this. (*He twirls his hat.*)

FONTANARES

Embrace me, my friend, and tell me how—

## THE DUKE OF OLMEDO

Say not a word here—

## QUINOLA

Yes (*he points to the Inquisitor*), for here the walls have ears. Come. And you (*speaking to the duke*) take courage. You are pale, and I must give to you a tinge of color; but I know how to do it.

(*Scene curtain.*)

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## SCENE TWELFTH.

(*Palace gallery as in first scene.*)

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO, THE DUKE OF LERMA, FONTANARES  
AND QUINOLA.

## THE DUKE OF OLMEDO

We have come just in time!

## THE DUKE OF LERMA

You were not wounded then?

## THE DUKE OF OLMEDO

Who said I was? Would the favorite of the king ruin me? And should I be here, as you see me, if I were dead? (*To Quinola*) Stand close and hold me up—

QUINOLA (*to Fontanares*)

This is a man worthy of your love—

## FONTANARES

Who would not envy such a one? Yet how seldom is occasion given to show one's love.

## QUINOLA

Spare us, good sir, all this rigmarole about love, in the presence of the king; for the king, hark you—

## A PAGE

The king!

## FONTANARES

Come on, and let all our thoughts be for Marie!

QUINOLA (*noticing that the Duke of Olmedo is fainting*)  
How are you? (*He puts a flask to his nostrils.*)

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## SCENE THIRTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS, THE GRAND INQUISITOR, THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR, THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF CASTILE AND THE WHOLE COURT.

PHILIP II. (*to the Captain of the Guards*)

Has our man arrived?

## THE CAPTAIN

The Duke of Olmedo, whom I met on the palace steps, has at once obeyed the commands of the king.

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO (*falling on one knee*)

Will the king deign to pardon a delay—unpardonable.

PHILIP II. (*raising him by his wounded arm*)

I was told you were dying—(*he glances at the marchioness*)—of a wound received in a nocturnal attack.



## THE DUKE OF OLMEDO

Well, you see me here, sire, a sufficient answer.

THE MARCHIONESS (*aside*)

He is rouged !

PHILIP II. (*to the duke*)

Where is your prisoner ?

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO (*pointing to Fontanares*)

Yonder he stands.

FONTANARES (*kneeling*)

And ready, to the great glory of God, to do wonders which shall add splendor to the reign of the king, my master.

## PHILIP II.

Rise up and speak to me ; what is this force miraculous which shall give to Spain the empire of the world ?

## FONTANARES

It is a force invincible, sire. It is steam ; for, when water has become expanded in steam, it demands a much more extensive area than that which it occupies in its natural form ; and in order to take that space it would blow up mountains. By my invention this force is confined ; the machine is provided with wheels, which beat the sea and propel a vessel as swiftly as the wind, so that tempests cannot resist its course. Voyages can be made in safety and so swiftly that there is no limit to speed, excepting in the revolution of the wheels. Human life is lengthened every time a moment is economized. Sire, Christopher Columbus gave to you a world three thousand leagues across the ocean ; I will bring one to you at the port of Cadiz, and you shall claim, with the assistance of God, the dominion of the sea.

## THE QUEEN

You do not seem to be astonished, sire?

PHILIP II.

Astonishment is involuntary flattery, and kings may never flatter. (*To Fontanares*) What do you ask of me?

FONTANARES

That which Columbus asked, a ship and the presence of my king to witness the experiment.

PHILIP II.

You shall have all—the king, the realm of Spain—the whole world. They tell me that you love a maid of Barcelona. I am about to cross the Pyrenees, to visit my possessions, Roussillon and Perpignan; you shall receive your vessel at Barcelona.

FONTANARES

In granting me this vessel, sire, you have done me justice; in giving it to me at Barcelona, you have bestowed a favor which, from a subject, makes me your slave.

PHILIP II.

Yet be cautious; to lose a vessel of the state will be to risk your life, for so the law provides.

FONTANARES

I know it, and accept the risk.

PHILIP II.

Well said, brave man! If you succeed in constructing this sailless, oarless vessel that shall face the wind as swiftly as if the wind were in its favor, I will create you—what is your name?

## FONTANARES

Alfonso Fontanares.

## PHILIP II.

You shall be Don Alfonso Fontanares, Duke of—— Neptunado, Grandee of Spain——

## THE DUKE OF LERMA

Sire—the statutes concerning nobility——

## PHILIP II.

Silence! Duke of Lerma. It is the duty of a king to exalt the man of genius above all other men and thus to honor the ray of light which God has given to him.

## THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Sire——

## PHILIP II.

What would you?

## THE GRAND INQUISITOR

We did not imprison this man on the charge that he had commerce with the devil, nor because of his impiety, nor because he springs from a family suspected of heresy; but for the safety of monarchies. Printing has permitted clever men to communicate their thoughts to others and the result has been—Luther, whose word has flown abroad in every direction. But this man is endeavoring to make out of all the nations of the earth a single people, and, before a multitude like this, the Holy Office trembles for the fate of monarchy.

## PHILIP II.

All progress moves heavenward.

## THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Heaven does not command many things which yet it does not hinder men from doing.

PHILIP II.

Our duty consists in bringing good out of evil things and in this work of amelioration gathering all within one circle, whose centre is the throne. Do you not see what is here at stake, even the realization of that universal dominion long-sought for by my glorious father?—(*To Fontanares*) When you have won the rank of duke and Spanish grandee of the first class, I will put upon your breast the Golden Fleece; you shall then be appointed Grand Master of Naval Construction in Spain and the Indies—(*to a minister*)—President, you will issue, this very day, under pain of my displeasure, the order to put at the disposal of this man, in our port of Barcelona, such a vessel as he desires, and—see that no obstacle interferes with his enterprise.

QUINOLA

Sire—

PHILIP II.

What do you desire?

QUINOLA

While you are here, grant, sire, full pardon to a wretch named Lavradi, who was sentenced by a deaf magistrate.

PHILIP II.

Because the judge was deaf, must the king be blind?

QUINOLA

No, but indulgent, sire, which is almost the same thing.

FONTANARES

Pardon! Grant pardon to the only man who has sustained me in my struggle!

PHILIP II. (*to a minister*)

This man has talked with me, and I gave him my hand to kiss; issue to him letters of my full pardon.

THE QUEEN (*to the king*)

If this man (*she points to Fontanares*) is one of those great discoverers, raised up of God, Don Philip you have done a good day's work this morning.

PHILIP II. (*to the queen*)

It is very difficult to distinguish between a man of genius and a madman; but if he is a madman, my promises are only worth the value of his.

QUINOLA (*to the marchioness*)

Here is your letter, but let me beg you, between ourselves, to write no more.

THE MARCHIONESS

We are saved! (*The court follows the king into the royal apartment.*)

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## SCENE FOURTEENTH.

FONTANARES AND QUINOLA.

FONTANARES

Surely I am dreaming—Duke! Grandee of Spain! The Golden Fleece!

QUINOLA

And Master of Naval Constructions! We shall have plenty of contractors to patronize. The court is an odd place. I should like to succeed there; how is it to be done? By impudence? I have enough of that to sell! By trickery? Why, the



king believes my tale of the Virgen del Pilar—(*he laughs*). But what is my master thinking about?

FONTANARES

Let us start at once.

QUINOLA

For what place?

FONTANARES

For Barcelona.

QUINOLA

No—for a tavern. If the air of the court gives the citizens a good appetite, it makes me devilish thirsty. After a drink, my glorious master, you will see your Quinola a very busy man; for we must not delude ourselves. Between the word of the king and the attainment of success, we shall meet with as many jealous philosophers, scheming tricksters, malicious cavillers, crooked, rapacious, greedy beasts of prey, thievish parasites as have ever beset you in your attempts to see the king.

FONTANARES

Yet to obtain my Marie I must succeed.

QUINOLA

Yes, and for our own sakes also.

*Curtain to the Prologue.*

## ACT I.

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SCENE FIRST.

*(The scene is Barcelona. The stage represents a public place. On the left of the spectator appear houses, among which that of Lothundiaz stands at the corner of the street. To the right is the palace of Señora Brancadori. The time is night, but the day begins to dawn.)*

MONIPODIO *(wrapped in a mantle, seated under the balcony of the Brancadori palace)*. QUINOLA *(who glides forth cautiously like a thief, and brushes against Monipodio)*.

MONIPODIO

Who is it dares to tread on my shoes?

QUINOLA *(in ragged array)*.

A gentleman, who does not wear any.

MONIPODIO

That sounds like Lavradi.

QUINOLA

Monipodio!—I thought that you had been—hanged!

MONIPODIO

I thought that you had been beaten to death in Africa.

QUINOLA

Alas, we have been beaten enough without going to Africa!

MONIPODIO

And do you dare to show yourself here?

QUINOLA

You seem comfortable enough here. As for me, I have the king's pardon in my pocket, and while I am waiting for my patent of nobility I call myself Quinola.

MONIPODIO

I suppose you stole your pardon?

QUINOLA

Yes, from the king.

MONIPODIO

And have you seen the king? (*He sniffs at him.*) You smell of poverty—

QUINOLA

Like a poet's garret. And what are you doing?

MONIPODIO

Nothing.

QUINOLA

That is soon done; if it gives you any income, I would like to embrace your profession.

MONIPODIO

I have been misunderstood, my friend! Hunted by our political enemies—

QUINOLA

The judges, magistrates and police.

MONIPODIO

It is necessary for a man to have a political party.

## QUINOLA

I understand you; from being the game you have become the hunter.

## MONIPODIO

What nonsense! I am always myself. I have merely come to an understanding with the viceroy. When one of my fellows has reached the end of his tether, I say to him: "Get off," and if he doesn't go, ah! I hale him to justice—you understand!—That is not treachery is it?

## QUINOLA

It is prevision—

## MONIPODIO

And, by the bye, you have just come from court.

## QUINOLA

Listen. (*Aside*) Here is a man, the very one I want, knows everything in Barcelona. (*Aloud*) After what you have told me we ought to be friends.

## MONIPODIO

He who has my secret must be my friend—

## QUINOLA

You are as watchful here as if you were jealous. What is it? Come let us moisten our clay and wet our whistle with a bottle in some tavern; it is daybreak—

## MONIPODIO

Do you see how this palace is lit up for a feast? Don Fre-gose is dining and gaming at the house of Señora Faustine Brancadori.

## QUINOLA

Quite Venetian, Brancadori. 'Tis a rare name! She must be the widow of some patrician.

## MONIPODIO

She is twenty-two, subtle as musk, and governs the governor, and, let me tell you between ourselves, has already wheedled out of him all that he picked up under Charles V. in the wars of Italy. What comes from the flute—

## QUINOLA

The air takes. What is the age of our viceroy?

## MONIPODIO

He owns up to sixty years.

## QUINOLA

And yet they speak of first love! I know of nothing so terrible as last love; it strangles a man. I am happy that I have been brought up so far with unsinged wings! I might be a statesman—

## MONIPODIO

This old general is still young enough to employ me as a spy upon the Brancadori, while she pays me for her liberty; and—you can understand the joyous life I lead by making no mischief!

## QUINOLA

Now you want to know all, Old Curiosity, in order to place your thumb upon the throat of opportunity? (*Monipodio nods assent.*) Is Lothundiaz still alive?

## MONIPODIO

Yonder is his house, and this palace belongs to him; always grasping more and more property.

## QUINOLA

I had hoped to find the heiress her own mistress. My master is ruined!



MONIPODIO

You bring back a master with you?

QUINOLA

One who will bring me mines of gold.

MONIPODIO

Could not I enter his service?

QUINOLA

I am counting very much upon your co-operation here.—Listen, Monipodio; we are going to change the face of the earth. My master has promised the king to make one of his finest vessels move through the water, without sails or oars, in the wind's eye, more swiftly than the wind itself.

MONIPODIO (*examining Quinola as he walks round him*)

Something has changed my friend.

QUINOLA

Monipodio, please to remember that men like us must not be astonished at anything. Leave that to smaller people. The king has given us the ship, but without a doubloon to go and get her. We arrived here, therefore, with those two faithful companions of genius, hunger and thirst. A poor man who discovers a valuable idea has always seemed to me like a crumb of bread in a fish-pond; every fish takes a bite at him. We are likely to reach the goal of glory naked and dying.

MONIPODIO

You are probably right.

QUINOLA

One morning at Valladolid, my master was within an ace of divulging his secret to a philosopher who knew nothing of

it. I warrant you, I showed that gentleman the door, with a dose of cudgel given with a good will.

MONIPODIO

But how is it possible for us to gain a fortune honestly?

QUINOLA

My master is in love. Now love forces a man to do as many foolish as wise things. We two have first of all to protect our protector. My master is a philosopher who cannot keep accounts—

MONIPODIO

Oh! my dear fellow, in choosing a master, you ought to have selected one—

QUINOLA

Devotion and address count more with him than money; for money and favor to him are mere snares. I know him well; he will either give us or permit us to take enough to end our days in respectability.

MONIPODIO

Ah! that is what I have dreamed of.

QUINOLA

We must then use all our talents, which have been so far wasted, in carrying out this grand enterprise. We should have had a great deal of misfortune if the devil had not favored us.

MONIPODIO

It will be almost worth while to make a journey to Compostello. I have the smuggler's faith, and I love wine.

QUINOLA

Are you not still in touch with the coiners of false money, and the skeleton key-makers?

MONIPODIO

Yes—but for the good of the country—

QUINOLA

Well, that's the trick! As my master constructs his machine, I shall take possession of the models of each part and we will make a duplicate—

MONIPODIO

Quinola!

QUINOLA

What now? (*Paquita shows herself on the balcony.*)

MONIPODIO

You are the greatest of men!

QUINOLA

I know it. Make a discovery, and you will die persecuted as a criminal; make a copy, and you will live happy as a fool! And on the other hand, if Fontanares should die, why should not I save his invention for the good of humanity?

MONIPODIO

Especially, since we ourselves are humanity, as an old author says.—Let me embrace you—

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SCENE SECOND.

THE SAME PERSONS AND PAQUITA.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Next to an honest dupe, I know nothing better than the self-deluding rascal.

PAQUITA (*to herself*)

Two friends embrace each other! they cannot therefore be spies.

QUINOLA

You are already in the secrets of the viceroy, you have the confidence of the Brancadori lady. That is a good beginning! Work a miracle and give us some clothes first of all, and if we two, taking counsel with a flask of liquor, do not discover some way by which my master and Marie Lothundiaz may meet, I will not answer for the consequences. For the last two days his constant talk has been of her, and I am afraid he may some day entirely lose his head.

MONIPODIO

The maiden is guarded like a condemned convict. This is the reason: Lothundiaz has had two wives; the first was poor and gave him a son, the second had a fortune, and when she died left all to her daughter, and left it in such a way that she could never be deprived of it. The old man is a miser whose only object is his son's success. Sarpi, the secretary of the viceroy, in order to win the rich heiress, has promised to obtain a title for Lothundiaz, and takes vast interest in his son—

QUINOLA

There you are—an enemy at the very outset.

MONIPODIO

We must use great prudence. Listen. I am going to give a hint to Mathieu Magis, the most prominent Lombard in the city, and a man entirely under my influence. You will find everything you need at his place, from diamonds down to low shoes. When you return here you shall see our young lady. (*Exeunt.*)

*SCENE THIRD.*

PAQUITA AND FAUSTINE.

PAQUITA

Madame is right; two men are on sentry under her balcony and are going away on seeing the day dawn.

FAUSTINE

This old viceroy will end by disgusting me! He suspects me, even at my own house, while I am within sight and hearing of him. (*Exit Paquita.*)

---

*SCENE FOURTH.*

FAUSTINE AND DON FREGOSE.

DON FREGOSE

Madame, you run the risk of catching cold; it is too chilly here—

FAUSTINE

Come here, my lord. You tell me, that you have faith in me; but you put Monipodio to watch under my windows. Your behavior is not to be excused like the excessive prudence of a young man, and necessarily exasperates an honest woman. There are two kinds of jealousy: the first makes a man distrust his mistress; the second leads him to lose faith in himself. Confine yourself, if you please, to the second.

DON FREGOSE

Do not end so charming a celebration, señora, by a burst of anger which I do not deserve.



FAUSTINE

Was Monipodio, through whom you learn everything that goes on in Barcelona, under my windows last night, or was he not? Answer me on your honor as a gentleman.

DON FREGOSE

He might have been in the neighborhood to prevent our gamesters from being attacked on their way home.

FAUSTINE

This is the evasive stratagem of an old general! I must know the truth. If you have deceived me I will never see you again so long as I live! (*She leaves him.*)

---

## SCENE FIFTH.

DON FREGOSE (*alone*)

Oh, why cannot I give up the sight, the voice of this woman! She delights me even in her very anger, and I love to call forth her reproaches, that I may listen to her words.

---

## SCENE SIXTH.

PAQUITA AND MONIPODIO (*disguised as a begging friar at the door of the Brancadori Palace*).

PAQUITA

Madame told me to learn why Monipodio stationed himself below, but I saw no one there.

MONIPODIO

Alms, my dear child, is a treasure which is laid up in heaven.

PAQUITA

I have nothing to give.

MONIPODIO

Never mind, promise me something.

PAQUITA

This is rather a jovial friar.

MONIPODIO

She does not recognize me and I believe I can run the risk. (*He knocks at the door of Lothundiaz.*)

PAQUITA

Ah! If you count upon the alms of our friend the landowner, you would be richer with my promise. (*To Faustine Brancadori, who appears on the balcony*) Madame, the men are gone.

---

## SCENE SEVENTH.

MONIPODIO AND DONA LOPEZ (*at the door of the Lothundiaz Mansion*).

DONA LOPEZ

What is it you desire?

MONIPODIO

The brothers of our order have received tidings of your dear Lopez—

DONA LOPEZ

That he was living?

MONIPODIO

As you conduct the Señorita Marie to the convent of the

Dominicans, take a turn round the square; you will meet there an escaped Algerian captive, who will tell you about Lopez.

DONA LOPEZ

Merciful heavens! Would that I could ransom him!

MONIPODIO

Be careful, first of all, whom you approach on that subject; suppose that he were a Mussulman?

DONA LOPEZ

Dear Lopez! I must go and prepare the señorita for her journey. (*Re-enters the house.*)

---

### SCENE EIGHTH.

MONIPODIO, QUINOLA AND FONTANARES.

FONTANARES

At last, Quinola, we stand beneath her windows.

QUINOLA

Yes, but where is Monipodio? Has he allowed himself to be beaten off? (*He turns to the friar*) Sir Beggar?

MONIPODIO

All goes well.

QUINOLA

Sangodemy! What perfection of mendicancy! Titian ought to paint you. (*To Fontanares*) She will come. (*To Monipodio*) How do you find things?

MONIPODIO

Most favorable.

QUINOLA

He shall be a grandee of Spain.

MONIPODIO

Oh!—That is nothing—There is something still better than that!

QUINOLA (*to Fontanares*)

Now, sir, you must above all things be prudent. Let us have no sighing, which might open the eyes of the duenna.

---

## SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, DONA LOPEZ AND MARIE.

MONIPODIO (*to the duenna, pointing at Quinola*)

This is the Christian who escaped from captivity.

QUINOLA (*speaking to the duenna*)

Ah! madame, I recognize you from the portrait of your charms which Señor Lorenzo drew for me. (*He takes her aside.*)

---

## SCENE TENTH.

MONIPODIO, MARIE AND FONTANARES.

MARIE

Is it really you?

FONTANARES

Yes, Marie, and I have so far succeeded; our happiness is assured.

MARIE

Ah! If you only knew how I have prayed for your success!

## FONTANARES

I have millions of things to say to you; but there is one thing which I ought to say a million times, to make up for all the weary time of my absence.

## MARIE

If you speak thus to me, I shall believe you do not know the depth of my attachment; for it is fed less upon flattering words than upon the interest I feel in all that interests you.

## FONTANARES

What I am most interested in now, Marie, is to learn before engaging in so important an undertaking, whether you have the courage to resist your father, who is said to contemplate a marriage for you.

## MARIE

Do you think then that I could change?

## FONTANARES

With us men, to love is to be forever jealous! You are so rich, I am so poor. When you thought I was ruined, you had no perturbation for the future, but now that success has come we shall have the whole world between us. And you shall be my star! and shall shine upon me though from so great a distance. If I thought that at the end of my long struggle I should not find you at my side, oh! in the midst of all the triumph I should die for grief!

## MARIE

Do you not know me yet? Though I was lonely, almost a recluse while you were absent, the pure feeling which from our childhood united me with you has grown greater with your destiny! When these eyes, which with such rapture look on you again, shall be closed forever; when this heart which only beats for God, for my father and for you shall be



reduced to dust, I believe that on earth will survive a soul of mine to love you still! Do you doubt now my constancy?

FONTANARES

After listening to such words as these, what martyr would not receive new courage at the stake?

---

SCENE ELEVENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND LOTHUNDIAZ.

LOTHUNDIAZ

That cursed duenna has left my door open.

MONIPODIO (*aside*)

Alas, those poor children are ruined!—(*To Lothundiaz*) Alms is a treasure which is laid up in heaven.

LOTHUNDIAZ

Go to work, and you can lay up treasures here on earth. (*He looks round*) I do not see my daughter and her duenna in their usual place.

MONIPODIO (*to Lothundiaz*)

The Spaniard is by nature generous.

LOTHUNDIAZ

Oh! get away! I am a Catalonian and suspicious by nature. (*He catches sight of his daughter and Fontanares.*) What do I see?—My daughter with a young señor! (*He runs up to them.*) It is hard enough to pay duennas for guarding children with the heart and eyes of a mother without finding them deceivers. (*To his daughter*) How is it that you, Marie,

heiress of ten thousand sequins a year, should speak to—do my eyes deceive me?—It is that blasted machinist who hasn't a maravedi. (*Monipodio makes signs to Quinola.*)

MARIE

Alfonso Fontanares is not without fortune; he has seen the king.

LOTHUNDIAZ

So much the worse for the king.

FONTANARES

Señor Lothundiaz, I am quite in a position to aspire to the hand of your daughter.

LOTHUNDIAZ

Ah!

FONTANARES

Will you accept for your son-in-law the Duke of Neptunado, grandee of Spain, and favorite of the king? (*Lothundiaz pretends to look for the Duke of Neptunado.*)

MARIE

But it is he himself, dear father.

LOTHUNDIAZ

You, whom I have known since you were two feet high, whose father used to sell cloth—do you take me for a fool?

---

SCENE TWELFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, QUINOLA AND DONA LOPEZ.

QUINOLA

Who said fool?

## FONTANARES

As a present upon our wedding, I will procure for you and for my wife a patent of nobility; we will permit you to settle her fortune by entail upon your son—

MARIE

How is that, father?

QUINOLA

How is that, sir?

LOTHUNDIAZ

Why! this is that brigand of a Lavradi!

QUINOLA

My master has won from the king an acknowledgment of my innocence.

LOTHUNDIAZ

To obtain for me a patent of nobility cannot then be a difficult matter.

QUINOLA

And do you really think that a townsman can be changed into a nobleman by letters-patent of the king! Let us make the experiment. Imagine for a moment that I am the Marquis of Lavradi. My dear duke, lend me a hundred ducats?

LOTHUNDIAZ

A hundred cuts of the rod! a hundred ducats!—It is the rent of a piece of property worth two thousand gold doubloons.

QUINOLA

There! I told you so—and that fellow wishes to be ennobled! Let us try again. Count Lothundiaz, will you advance two thousand doubloons in gold to your son-in-law that he may fulfill his promises to the King of Spain?

LOTHUNDIAZ (*to Fontanares*)

But you must tell me what you have promised.

FONTANARES

The king of Spain, learning of my love for your daughter, is coming to Barcelona to see a ship propelled without oars or sails, by a machine of my invention, and will himself honor our marriage by his presence.

LOTHUNDIAZ (*aside*)

He is laughing at me. (*Aloud*) You are very likely to propel a ship without sails or oars! I hope you will do it; I'll go to see it. It would amuse me, but I don't wish to have for a son-in-law any man of such lofty dreams. Girls brought up in our families need no prodigies for husbands, but men who are content to mind their business at their own homes, and leave the affairs of the sun and moon alone. All that I want is that my son-in-law should be the good father of his family.

FONTANARES

Your daughter, señor, when she was but twelve years old, smiled on me as Beatrice smiled on Dante. Child as she was, she saw in me at first naught but a brother; since then, as we felt ourselves separated by fortune, she has watched me as I formed that bold enterprise which should bridge with glory the gulf that stood between us. It was for her sake I went to Italy and studied with Galileo. She was the first to applaud my work, the first to understand it. She had wedded herself to my thought before it had occurred to her that one day she might wed herself to me. It is thus she has become the whole world to me. Do you now understand how I adore her?

LOTHUNDIAZ

It is just for that reason that I refuse to give her to you. In ten years' time she would be deserted, that you might run after some other discovery.

MARIE

Is it possible, father, that a lover could prove false to a love which has spurred him on to work such wonders?

LOTHUNDIAZ

Yes, when he can work them no longer.

MARIE

If he should become a duke, grandee of Spain, and wealthy?—

LOTHUNDIAZ

If! If! If!—Do you take me for an imbecile? These ifs are the horses that drag to the hospital all these sham world-discoverers.

FONTANARES

But here are the letters in which the king grants to me the use of a ship.

QUINOLA

Now open your eyes! My master is at once a man of genius and a handsome youth; genius dulls a man and makes him of no use in a home, I grant you; but the handsome youth is there still; what more is needed by a girl for happiness?

LOTHUNDIAZ

Happiness does not consist in these extremes. A handsome youth and a man of genius,—these, forsooth, are fine reasons for pouring out the treasures of Mexico. My daughter shall be Madame Sarpi.

---

### SCENE THIRTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, AND SARPI (*on the balcony*).

SARPI (*aside*)

Some one uttered my name. What do I see? It is the



heiress and her father! What can they be doing in the square at this hour?

LOTHUNDIAZ

Sarpi has not gone to look for a ship in the harbor of Valladolid, but he gained promotion for my son.

FONTANARES

Do not, Lothundiaz, merely for the sake of your son's advancement, dispose of your daughter's hand without my consent; she loves me and I love her in return. In a short time I shall be (*Sarpi appears*) one of the most influential men in Spain, and powerful enough to reap my vengeance—

MARIE

Oh! not upon my father!

FONTANARES

Tell him then Marie, all that I am doing to deserve you.

SARPI (*aside*)

What! a rival?

QUINOLA (*to Lothundiaz*)

Sir, if you don't consent, you are in a fair way to be damned.

LOTHUNDIAZ

Who told you that?

QUINOLA

And worse than that,—you are going to be robbed; this I'll swear to.

LOTHUNDIAZ

To prevent my either being robbed or damned I am keeping my daughter for a man who may not have genius, but who has common sense—

FONTANARES

At least you will give me time—

SARPI

Why give him time?

QUINOLA (*to Monipodio*)

Who can that be?

MONIPODIO

Sarpi.

QUINOLA

What a bird of prey he looks!

MONIPODIO

And he is as difficult to kill. He is the real governor of Barcelona.

LOTHUNDIAZ

My respects to you, honorable secretary! (*To Fontanares*) Farewell, my friend, your arrival is an excellent reason why I should hurry on the wedding. (*To Marie*) Come, my daughter, let us go in. (*To the duenna*) And you, old hag, you'll have to pay for this.

SARPI (*to Lothundiaz*)

This hidalgo seems to have pretensions—

FONTANARES (*to Sarpi*)

Nay, I have a right! (*Exeunt Marie, the duenna and Lothundiaz.*)

---

SCENE FOURTEENTH.

MONIPODIO, SARPI, FONTANARES AND QUINOLA.

SARPI

A right?—Do you know that the nephew of Fra Paolo

Sarpi, kinsman of the Brancadori, count in the Kingdom of Naples, secretary to the viceroy of Catalonia, makes pretension to the hand of Marie Lothundiaz? When another man claims a right in the matter he insults both her and me.

FONTANARES

Do you know that I for five years, I, Alfonso Fontanares, to whom the king our master has promised the title of Duke of Neptunado and Grandee, as well as the Golden Fleece, have loved Marie Lothundiaz, and that your pretensions, made in spite of the oath which she has sworn to me, will be considered, unless you renounce them, an insult both by her and by me?

SARPI

I did not know, my lord, that I had so great a personage for a rival. In any case, future Duke of Neptunado, future Grandee, future Knight of the Golden Fleece, we love the same woman; and if you have the promise of Marie, I have that of her father; you are expecting honors, while I possess them.

FONTANARES

Now, listen; let us remain just where we are; let us not utter another word; do not insult me even by a look. Had I a hundred quarrels, I would fight with no one until I had completed my enterprise and answered successfully the expectation of my king. When that moment comes, I will fight single-handed against all. And, when I have ended the conflict, you will find me—close to the king.

SARPI

Oh! we are not going to lose sight of each other.

## SCENE FIFTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, FAUSTINE, DON FREGOSE AND PAQUITA.

FAUSTINE (*on the balcony*)

Tell me what is going on, my lord, between that young man and your secretary? Let us go down.

QUINOLA (*to Monipodio*)

Don't you think that my master has pre-eminently the gift of drawing down the lightning on his own head?

MONIPODIO

He carries his head so high!

SARPI (*to Don Fregose*)

My lord, there has arrived in Catalonia a man upon whom the king our master has heaped future honors. According to my humble opinion, he should be welcomed by your excellency in accordance with his merits.

DON FREGOSE (*to Fontanares*)

Of what house are you?

FONTANARES (*aside*)

How many sneers, such as this, have I not been forced to endure! (*Aloud*) The king, your excellency, never asked me that question. But here is his letter and that of his ministers. (*He hands him a package.*)

FAUSTINE (*to Paquita*)

That man has the air of a king.

PAQUITA

Of a king who will prove a conqueror.

FAUSTINE (*recognizing Monipodio*)

Monipodio! Do you know who that man is?

MONIPODIO

He is a man who, according to rumor, is going to turn the world upside down.

FAUSTINE

Ah! I see; it is that famous inventor of whom I have heard so much.

MONIPODIO

And here is his servant.

DON FREGOSE

Sarpi, you may file these ministerial documents; I will keep that of the king. (*To Fontanares*) Well, my fine fellow, the letter of the king seems to me to be positive. You are undertaking, I see, to achieve the impossible! However great you may be, perhaps it would be well for you to take the advice, in this affair, of Don Ramon, a philosopher of Catalonia who, on this subject, has written some famous treatises—

FONTANARES

In a matter of this kind, your excellency, the finest dissertations in the world are not worth so much as a practical achievement.

DON FREGOSE

That sounds presumptuous. (*To Sarpi*) Sarpi, you must place at the disposal of this gentleman whatever vessel in the harbor he may choose.

SARPI (*to the viceroy*)

Are you quite sure that such is the king's wish?

DON FREGOSE

We shall see. In Spain it is best to say a *paternoster* between every two steps we take.



SARPI

Other letters on the same subject have reached us from Valladolid.

FAUSTINE (*to the viceroy*)

What are you talking about?

DON FREGOSE

Oh, it is nothing but a chimera.

FAUSTINE

But don't you know that I am rather fond of chimeras?

DON FREGOSE

This is the chimera of some philosopher which the king has taken seriously on account of the disaster of the Armada. If this gentleman succeeds, we shall have the court at Barcelona.

FAUSTINE

We shall be much indebted to him for that.

DON FREGOSE

He has staked his life on a commission to propel a vessel, swift as the wind, yet straight in the wind's eye, without the employment of either oars or sails.

FAUSTINE

Staked his life? He must be a child to do so.

SARPI

Alfonso Fontanares reckons that the performance of this miracle will win for him the hand of Marie Lothundiaz.

FAUSTINE

Ah! He loves her then—

QUINOLA (*whispering to Faustine*)

No, señora, he adores her.

FAUSTINE

The daughter of Lothundiaz!

DON FREGOSE

You seem suddenly to feel a great interest in him.

FAUSTINE

I hope the gentleman may succeed, if it were only for the purpose of bringing the court here.

DON FREGOSE

Señora, will you not come and take luncheon at the villa of Avaloros? A vessel is at your service in the harbor.

FAUSTINE

No, my lord, this night of pleasure has wearied me, and a sail would prove too much. I am not obliged, like you, to be indefatigable; youth loves sleep, give me leave then to retire and take a little rest.

DON FREGOSE

You never say anything to me but that your words contain some innuendo.

FAUSTINE

You ought to be grateful that I do not take you seriously!  
(*Exeunt Faustine, the Viceroy and Paquita.*)

## SCENE SIXTEENTH.

AVALOROS, QUINOLA, MONIPODIO, FONTANARES AND SARPI.

SARPI (*to Avaloros*)

It is too late for a sail.

AVALOROS

I do not care; I have won ten crowns in gold. (*Sarpi and Avaloros talk together.*)

FONTANARES (*to Monipodio*)

Who is this person?

MONIPODIO

It is Avaloros, the richest banker of Catalonia; he has brought the whole Mediterranean to be his tributary.

QUINOLA

I feel my heart filled with tenderness towards him.

MONIPODIO

Every one of us owns him as our master.

AVALOROS (*to Fontanares*)

Young man, I am a banker; if your business is a good one, next to the protection of God and that of the king, nothing is so good as that of a millionaire.

SARPI (*to the banker*)

Make no engagements at present.—You and I together will easily be able to make ourselves masters of this enterprise.

AVALOROS (*to Fontanares*)

Very well, my friend, you must come to see me. (*Monipodio secretly robs him of his purse.*)

## SCENE SEVENTEENTH.

MONIPODIO, FONTANARES AND QUINOLA

QUINOLA (*to Fontenares*)

Are you making a good beginning here?

MONIPODIO

Don Fregose is jealous of you.

QUINOLA

Sarpi is bent on defeating your enterprise.

MONIPODIO

You are posing as a giant before dwarfs who are in power! Before you put on these airs of pride, succeed! People who succeed make themselves small, slip into small openings and glide inward to the treasure.

QUINOLA

Glory?—But my dear sir, it can only be obtained by theft.

FONTANARES

Do you wish me to abase myself?

MONIPODIO

Yes, in order that you may gain your point.

FONTANARES

Pretty good for a Sarpi! I shall make an open struggle for it. But what obstacle do you see between success and me? Am I not on my way to the harbor to choose a fine galleon?

QUINOLA

Ah! I am superstitious on that point. Sir, do not choose the galley!

FONTANARES

I see no reason why I shouldn't.

QUINOLA

You have had no experience! You have had something else to make discoveries about. Ah, sir, we are moneyless, without credit at any inn, and if I had not met this old friend who loves me, for there are friends who hate you, we should have been without clothes—

FONTANARES

But she loves me! (*Marie waves her handkerchief at the window.*) See, see, my star is shining!

QUINOLA

Why, sir, it is a handkerchief! Are you sufficiently in your right mind to take a bit of advice?—This is not the sort of madonna for you; you need a Marchioness of Mondejar—one of those slim creatures, clad in steel, who through love are capable of all the expedients which distress makes necessary. Now the Brancadori—

FONTANARES

If you want to see me throw the whole thing up you will go on talking like that! Bear that in mind; love gives the only strength I have. It is the celestial light that leads me on.

QUINOLA

There, there, do not excite yourself.

MONIPODIO

This man makes me anxious! He seems to me rather to be possessed by the machinery of love than by the love of machinery.



## SCENE EIGHTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND PAQUITA.

PAQUITA (*to Fontanares*)

My mistress bids me tell you, señor, that you must be on your guard. You are the object of implacable hatred to certain persons.

MONIPODIO

That is my business. You may go without fear through all the streets of Barcelona; if any one seeks your life, I shall be the first to know it.

FONTANARES

Danger! Already?

PAQUITA

You have given me no answer for her.

QUINOLA

No, my pet, people don't think about two machines at the same time;—tell your divine mistress that my master kisses her feet. I am a bachelor, sweet angel, and wish to make a happy end. (*He kisses her.*)

PAQUITA (*slapping him in the face*)

You fool!

QUINOLA

Oh, charming! (*Exit Paquita.*)

---

SCENE NINETEENTH.

FONTANARES, QUINOLA AND MONIPODIO.

MONIPODIO

Come to the Golden Sun. I know the host; you will get credit there.



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QUINOLA

The battle is beginning even earlier than I had expected.

FONTANARES

Where shall I obtain money?

QUINOLA

We can't borrow it, but we can buy it. How much do you need?

FONTANARES

Two thousand doubloons in gold.

QUINOLA

I have been trying to make an estimate of the treasury I intended to draw upon; it is not plump enough for that.

MONIPODIO

Well, now, I have found a purse.

QUINOLA

Forget nothing in your estimate; you will require, sir, iron, copper, steel, wood, all of which the merchants can supply. I have an idea! I will found the house of Quinola and Company; if they don't prosper, you shall.

FONTANARES

Ah! what would have become of me without you?

MONIPODIO

You would have been the prey of Avaloros.

FONTANARES

To work then! The inventor must prove the salvation of the lover. (*Exeunt.*)

*Curtain to the First Act.*

## ACT II.

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SCENE FIRST.

*(A room in the palace of Señora Brancadori.)*

AVALOROS, SARPI AND PAQUITA.

AVALOROS

Is the queen of our lives really ill?

PAQUITA

She is melancholy.

AVALOROS

Is thought, then, a malady?

PAQUITA

Yes, and you therefore can be sure of good health.

SARPI

Say to my dear cousin that Señor Avaloros and I are awaiting her good pleasure.

AVALOROS

Stay; here are two ducats if you will say that I am sometimes pensive—

PAQUITA

I will say that your tastes are expensive. But I must go and induce the señora to dress herself. *(Exit.)*



*SCENE SECOND.*

AVALOROS AND SARPI.

SARPI

Poor viceroy! He is the youngster.

AVALOROS

While your little cousin is making a fool of him, you are displaying all the activity of a statesman and clearing the way for the king's conquest of French Navarre. If I had a daughter I would give her to you. Old Lothundiaz is no fool.

SARPI

How fine it would be to be founder of a mighty house; to win a name in the history of the country; to be a second Cardinal Granville or Duke of Alva!

AVALOROS

Yes! It would be a very fine thing. I also think of making a name. The emperor made the Fuggers princes of Babenhhausen; the title cost them a million ducats in gold. For my part, I would like to be a nobleman at a cheaper rate.

SARPI

You! How could you accomplish it?

AVALOROS

This fellow Fontanares holds the future of commerce in his own hands.

SARPI

And is it possible that you who cling so persistently to the actual have any faith in him?

AVALOROS

Since the invention of gunpowder, of printing and the discovery of the new world I have become credulous. If any one were to tell me that a man had discovered the means to receive the news from Paris in ten minutes, or that water contained fire, or that there are still new Indies to discover, or that it is possible to travel through the air, I would not contradict it, and I would give—

SARPI

Your money?

AVALOROS

No; my attention to the enterprise.

SARPI

If the vessel is made to move in the manner proposed, you would like then to be to Fontanares what Amerigo Vespucci was to Christopher Columbus.

AVALOROS

Have I not here in my pocket enough to pay for six men of genius?

SARPI

But how would you manage the matter?

AVALOROS

By means of money; money is the great secret. With money to lose, time is gained; and with time to spend, everything is possible; by this means a good business may be made a bad one, and while those who control it are in despair the whole profit may be carried off by you. Money,—that is the true method. Money furnishes the satisfaction of desire, as well as of need. In a man of genius, there is always a child full of unpractical fancies; you deal with the man and you come sooner or later on the child; the child will become your debtor, and the man of genius will go to prison.

SARPI

And how do you stand with him now?

AVALOROS

He does not trust my offers; that is, his servant does not. I shall negotiate with the servant.

SARPI

I understand you; I am ordered to send all the ships of Barcelona to the coasts of France; and, through the prudence of the enemies which Fontanares made at Valladolid, this order is absolute and subsequent to the king's letter.

AVALOROS

What do you want to get out of the deal?

SARPI

The functions of the Grand Master of Naval Construction—these I wish to be mine.

AVALOROS

But what is your ultimate object?

SARPI

Glory.

AVALOROS

You rascally trickster!

SARPI

You greedy extortioner!

AVALOROS

Let us hunt together; it will be time enough to quarrel when we come to the division of the prey. Give me your hand. (*Aside*) I am the stronger, and I control the viceroy through the Brancadori.

SARPI (*aside*)

We have fattened him sufficiently, let us kill him; I know how to destroy him.

AVALOROS

We must gain over this Quinola to our interests, and I have sent for him to hold a conference with the Brancadori.

---

*SCENE THIRD.*

THE SAME PERSONS AND QUINOLA.

QUINOLA

I hang like —— between two thieves. But these thieves are powdered over with virtue and tricked out with fine manners. And they would like to hang the rest of us!

SARPI

You rogue, while you are waiting for your master to propel the galleys by new methods, you ought to be rowing in them yourself.

QUINOLA

The king, who justly appreciates my merits, well understands that he would lose too much by such an arrangement.

SARPI

You shall be watched!

QUINOLA

That I can well believe, for I keep watch on myself.

AVALOROS

You are rousing his suspicions, for he is an honest lad. (*To Quinola*) Come, my good fellow, have you any idea of what is meant by wealth?

QUINOLA

No, for I have seen it from too great a distance.

AVALOROS

Say, such a sum as two thousand golden doubloons?

QUINOLA

What? I do not know what you mean! You dazzle me. Is there such a sum? Two thousand doubloons! That means to be a land-holder, to own a house, a servant, a horse, a wife, an income; to be protected instead of being chased by the Holy Brotherhood!—What must I do to gain it?

AVALOROS

You must assist me in obtaining a contract for the mutual advantage of your master and myself.

QUINOLA

I understand! To tangle him up. O my conscience, that is very fine! But, dear conscience, be silent for a while; let me forget you for a few days, and we will live comfortably together for the rest of my life.

AVALOROS (*to Sarpi*)

We have him.

SARPI (*to Avaloros*)

He is fooling us! If he were in earnest he would not talk thus.

QUINOLA

I suppose you won't give me the two thousand doubloons in gold until after the treaty has been signed?

SARPI (*with eagerness*)

You can have it before.



QUINOLA

You don't mean it! (*Holding out his hand*) Give it me then.

AVALOROS

As soon as you sign notes of hand for the amounts which have already matured.

QUINOLA

The Grand Turk himself never offered the bowstring with greater delicacy.

SARPI

Has your master got his ship?

QUINOLA

Valladolid is at some distance from this, I admit; but we control in that city a pen which has the power of decreeing your disgrace.

SARPI

I will grind you to powder.

QUINOLA

I will make myself so small that you can't do it.

AVALOROS

Ah! you scoundrel, what do you propose to do?

QUINOLA

To talk to you about the gold.

---

*SCENE FOURTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS, FAUSTINE AND PAQUITA.

PAQUITA

Gentlemen, here is the señora. (*Exit.*)

## SCENE FIFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PAQUITA.

QUINOLA (*approaching the Brancadori*)

Señora, my master talks of killing himself unless he can obtain the ship which Count Sarpi has refused for thirty days to give him; Señor Avaloros asks for his life while offering him his purse; do you understand? (*Aside*) A woman was our salvation at Valladolid; the women shall be our salvation at Barcelona. (*Aloud*) He is very despondent.

AVALOROS

The wretched man seems daring enough.

QUINOLA

Daring without money is naturally amazing to you.

SARPI (*to Quinola*)

Will you enter my service?

QUINOLA

I am too set in my ways to take a master.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

He is despondent! (*Aloud*) Why is it that men like you, Sarpi and Avaloros, for whom I have done so much, should persecute, instead of protecting, the poor man of genius who has so lately arrived among us? (*Avaloros and Sarpi are confused.*) I cry shame upon you! (*To Quinola*) You must explain to me exactly their schemes against you master.

SARPI (*to Faustine*)

My dear cousin, it does need much penetration to divine

what malady it is under which you have labored since the arrival of this Fontanares.

AVALOROS (*to Faustine*)

You owe me, señora, two thousand doubloons, and you will need to draw still further on my purse.

FAUSTINE

I? What have I ever asked of you?

AVALOROS

Nothing, but you never refuse anything which I am generous enough to offer you.

FAUSTINE

Your monopoly of the wheat trade is a monstrous abuse.

AVALOROS

Señora, I owe you a thousand doubloons.

FAUSTINE

Write me at once a receipt for the two thousand doubloons, and a check for the like sum which I do not intend to pay you. (*To Sarpi*) After having put you in the position in which you now flourish, I warn you that your best policy is to keep my secret.

SARPI

My obligations to you are too great to admit of my being ungrateful.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

He means just the contrary, and he will make the viceroy furious with me. (*Exit Sarpi.*)

SCENE SIXTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SARPI.

AVALOROS

Here they are, señora. (*Handing her the receipt and the check.*)

FAUSTINE

Very good.

AVALOROS

We shall still be friends?

FAUSTINE

Your monopoly of the wheat trade is perfectly legal.

AVALOROS

Ah! señora.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

That is what is called doing business.

AVALOROS

Señora, you are a noble creature, and I am—

QUINOLA (*aside*)

A regular swindler.

FAUSTINE (*offering the check to Quinola*)

Here, Quinola, this is for the expenses of your master's machine.

AVALOROS (*to Faustine*)

Don't give it to him, señora, he may keep it for himself. And for other reasons you should be prudent; you should wait—

QUINOLA (*aside*)

I pass from the torrid to the arctic zone; what a gamble is life!

## FAUSTINE

You are right. (*Aside*) Better that I should hold in a balance the fortune of Fontanares. (*To Avaloros*) If you wish to keep your monopoly hold your tongue.

## AVALOROS

There is nothing keeps a secret better than capital. (*Aside*) These women are disinterested until the day they fall in love. I must try to defeat her; she is beginning to cost me too much. (*Exit.*)

---

## SCENE SEVENTH.

## FAUSTINE AND QUINOLA.

## FAUSTINE

Did you not tell me he was despondent?

## QUINOLA

Everything is against him.

## FAUSTINE

But he knows how to wrestle with difficulties.

## QUINOLA

We have been for two years half drowned in difficulties; sometimes we have gone to the bottom and the gravel was pretty hard.

## FAUSTINE

But what force of character, what genius he has!

## QUINOLA

You see, there, señora, the effects of love.



FAUSTINE

And with whom is he in love now?

QUINOLA

Still the same—Marie Lothundiaz.

FAUSTINE

A doll!

QUINOLA

Yes, nothing but a doll!

FAUSTINE

Men of talent are all like that.

QUINOLA

Colossal creatures with feet of clay!

FAUSTINE

They clothe with their own illusions the creature that entangles them; they love their own creation; they are ego-tists!

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Just like the women! (*Aloud*) Listen, señora, I wish that by some honest means we could bury this doll in the depths of the—that is—of a convent.

FAUSTINE

You seem to me to be a fine fellow.

QUINOLA

I love my master.

FAUSTINE

Do you think that he has noticed me?

QUINOLA

Not yet.

FAUSTINE

Speak to him of me.

QUINOLA

But then, he would speak to me by breaking a stick across my back. You see, señora, that girl—

FAUSTINE

That girl ought to be forever lost to him.

QUINOLA

But he would die, señora.

FAUSTINE

He must be very much in love with her.

QUINOLA

Ah! that is not my fault! All the way here from Valladolid I have a thousand times argued the point, that a man like he ought to adore women, but never to love an individual woman! Never—

FAUSTINE

You are a pretty worthless rascal! Go and tell Lothundiaz to come and speak with me and to bring his daughter with him. (*Aside*) She shall be put in a convent.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

She is the enemy. She loves us so much that she can't help doing us a great deal of harm. (*Exit Quinola.*)

## SCENE EIGHTH.

FAUSTINE AND FREGOSE.

FREGOSE.

While you expect the master, you spend your time in corrupting the servant.

FAUSTINE

Can a woman ever lose her habit of seduction?

FREGOSE

Señora, you are ungenerous; I should think that a patrician lady of Venice would know how to spare the feelings of an old soldier.

FAUSTINE

Come, my lord, you presume more upon your white hair than a young man would presume upon his fairest locks, and you find in them a stronger argument than in—(*She laughs*). Let me have no more of this petulance.

FREGOSE

How can I be otherwise than vexed when you compromise yourself thus, you, whom I wish to be my wife? Is it nothing to have a chance of bearing one of the noblest of names?

FAUSTINE

Do you think it is too noble for a Brancadori?

FREGOSE

Yet, you would prefer stooping to a Fontanares!

FAUSTINE

But what if he could raise himself as high as to a Brancadori? That would be a proof of love indeed! Besides, as you know from your own experience, love never reasons.

FREGOSE

Ah! You acknowledge that!

FAUSTINE

Your friendship to me is so great that you have been the first to learn my secret.

FREGOSE

Señora! Yes, love is madness! I have surrendered to you more than myself! Alas, I wish I had the world to offer you. You evidently are not aware that your picture gallery alone cost me almost all my fortune.

FAUSTINE

Paquita!

FREGOSE

And that I would surrender to you even my honor.

---

### SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND PAQUITA.

FAUSTINE (*to Paquita*)

Tell my steward that the pictures of my gallery must immediately be carried to the house of Don Fregose.

FREGOSE

Paquita, do not deliver that order.

FAUSTINE

The other day, they tell me, the Queen Catherine de Medici sent an order to Diana of Poitiers to deliver up what jewels she had received from Henry II.; Diana sent them back melted into an ingot. Paquita, fetch the jeweler.

FREGOSE

You will do nothing of the kind, but leave the room. (*Exit Paquita.*)

---

SCENE TENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PAQUITA.

FAUSTINE

As I am not yet the Marchioness of Fregose, how dare you give your orders in my house?

FREGOSE

I am quite aware of the fact that here it is my duty to receive them. But is my whole fortune worth one word from you? Forgive an impulse of despair.

FAUSTINE

One ought to be a gentleman, even in despair; and in your despair you treat Faustine as a courtesan. Ah! you wish to be adored, but the vilest Venetian woman would tell you that this costs dear.

FREGOSE

I have deserved this terrible outburst.

FAUSTINE

You say you love me. Love me? Love is self-devotion without the hope of recompense. Love is the wish to live in the light of a sun which the lover trembles to approach. Do not deck out your egotism in the lustre of genuine love. A married woman, Laura de Nova, said to Petrarch, "You are mine, without hope—live on without love." But when Italy crowned the poet she crowned also his sublime love, and centuries to come shall echo with admiration to the names of Laura and Petrarch.



FREGOSE

There are very many poets whom I dislike, but the man you mention is the object of my abomination. To the end of the world women will throw him in the face of those lovers whom they wish to keep without taking.

FAUSTINE

You are called general, but you are nothing but a soldier.

FREGOSE

Indeed, and how then shall I imitate this cursed Petrarch?

FAUSTINE

If you say you love me, you will ward off from a man of genius—(*Don Fregose starts*)—yes, there are such—the martyrdom which his inferiors are preparing for him. Show yourself great, assist him! I know it will give you pain, but assist him; then I shall believe you love me, and you will become more illustrious, in my sight at least, by this act of generosity than by your capture of Mantua.

FREGOSE

Here, in your presence, I feel capable of anything, but you cannot dream of the tempest which will fall upon my head, if I obey your word.

FAUSTINE

Ah! you shrink from obeying me!

FREGOSE

Protect him, admire him, if you like; but do not love him!

FAUSTINE

The ship given him by the king has been held back; you can restore it to him, in a moment.

FREGOSE

And I will send him to give you the thanks.

FAUSTINE

Do it! and learn how much I love you. (*Exit Don Fregose.*)

---

## SCENE ELEVENTH.

FAUSTINE (*alone*)

And yet so many women wish that they were men.

---

## SCENE TWELFTH.

FAUSTINE, PAQUITA, LOTHUNDIAZ AND MARIE.

PAQUITA

Señora, here are Señor Lothundiaz and his daughter. (*Exit Paquita.*)

---

## SCENE THIRTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, EXCEPTING PAQUITA.

LOTHUNDIAZ

Ah! señora, you have turned my palace into a kingdom!—

FAUSTINE (*to Marie*)

My child, seat yourself by me. (*To Lothundiaz*) Be seated.

LOTHUNDIAZ

You are very kind, señora; but permit me to go and see

that famous gallery, which is spoken of throughout Catalonia.  
(*Faustine bows assent and Lothundiaz leaves the room.*)

---

SCENE FOURTEENTH.

FAUSTINE AND MARIE.

FAUSTINE

My child, I love you and have learned of the position in which you stand. Your father wishes you to marry my cousin Sarpi, while you are in love with Fontanares.

MARIE

And have been for five years, señora.

FAUSTINE

At sixteen one knows not what it is to love.

MARIE

What does that matter, if I love him?

FAUSTINE

With us, sweet girl, love is but self-devotion.

MARIE

I will devote myself to him, señora.

FAUSTINE

What! Would you give him up if that were for his interest?

MARIE

That would be to die, but yet my life is wholly his.

FAUSTINE (*aside as she rises from her seat*)

What strength in weakness and innocence! (*Aloud*) You have never left your father's house, you know nothing of the world nor of its hardships, which are terrible! A man often dies from having met with a woman who loves him too much, or one who loves him not at all; Fontanares may find himself in this situation. He has powerful enemies; his glory, which is all he lives for, is in their hands; you may disarm them.

MARIE

What must I do?

FAUSTINE

By marrying Sarpi, you will assure the triumph of your dear Fontanares; but no woman would counsel such a sacrifice; it must come, it will come from you. At first you must dissemble. Leave Barcelona for a time. Retire to a convent.

MARIE

And never see him again? Ah! If you knew—he passes every day at a certain hour under my windows, and that hour is all the day to me.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

She stabs me to the heart! Oh! She shall be Countess Sarpi.

---

SCENE FIFTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND FONTANARES.

FONTANARES (*to Faustine*)

Señora. (*He kisses her hand.*)

MARIE (*aside*)

What a pang I feel!

FONTANARES

Shall I live long enough to testify my gratitude to you? If I achieve anything, if I make a name, if I attain to happiness, it will be through you.

FAUSTINE

Why that is nothing! I merely tried to smooth the way for you. I feel such pity for men of talent in misfortune that you may ever count upon my help. Yes, I would go so far as to be the mere stepping-stone over which you might climb to your crown.

MARIE (*drawing Fontanares by his mantle*)

But I am here, I (*he turns around*), and you never saw me.

FONTANARES

Marie! I have not spoken to you for ten days! (*To Faustine*) Oh! señora, what an angel you are!

MARIE (*to Fontanares*)

Rather say a demon. (*Aloud*) The señora was advising me to retire to a convent.

FONTANARES

She!

MARIE

Yes.

FAUSTINE

Children that you are, that course were best.

FONTANARES

I trip up, it seems, on one snare after another, and kindness ever conceals a pitfall. (*To Marie*) But tell me who brought you here?

MARIE

My father!



FONTANARES

He! Is he blind? You, Marie, in this house!

FAUSTINE

Sir!—

FONTANARES

To a convent indeed, that she might dominate her spirit, and torture her soul!

---

*SCENE SIXTEENTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS AND LOTHUNDIAZ.

FONTANARES

And it was you who brought this angel of purity to the house of a woman for whom Don Fregose is wasting his fortune and who accepts from him the most extravagant gifts without marrying him?—

FAUSTINE

Sir!—

FONTANARES

You came here, señora, widow of a cadet of the house of Brancadori, to whom you sacrificed the small fortune your father gave you; but here you have utterly changed—

FAUSTINE

What right have you to judge my actions?

LOTHUNDIAZ

Keep silence, sir; the señora is a high born lady, who has doubled the value of my palace.

FONTANARES

She! why she is a ——

FAUSTINE

Silence!

LOTHUNDIAZ

My daughter, this is your man of genius! extreme in everything, but leaning rather to madness than good sense. Señor Mechnation, the señora is the cousin and protector of Sarpi.

FONTANARES

Well, take your daughter away from the house of the Marchioness of Mondejar of Catalonia. (*Exeunt Lothundiaz and Marie.*)

---

SCENE SEVENTEENTH.

FAUSTINE AND FONTANARES.

FONTANARES

So, señora, your generosity was merely a trick to serve the interests of Sarpi! We are quits then! And so farewell. (*Exit.*)

---

SCENE EIGHTEENTH.

FAUSTINE AND PAQUITA.

FAUSTINE

How handsome he looked in his rage, Paquita!

## PAQUITA

Ah! señora, what will become of you if you love him in this way?

## FAUSTINE

My child, I feel that I have never loved before, and in an instant I have been transformed as by a stroke of lightning. In one moment I have loved for all lost time! Perhaps I have set my foot upon the path which leads to an abyss. Send one of my servants to the house of Mathieu Magis, the Lombard. (*Exit Paquita.*)

---

## SCENE NINETEENTH.

FAUSTINE (*alone*)

I already love him too much to trust my vengeance to the stiletto of Monipodio, for he has treated me with such contempt that I must bring him to believe that the greatest honor he could win would be to have me for his wife! I wish to see him groveling at my feet, or I will perish in the attempt to bring him there.

---

## SCENE TWENTIETH.

## FAUSTINE AND FREGOSE.

## FREGOSE

What is this? I thought to find Fontanares here, happy in the possession of the ship you gained for him.

## FAUSTINE

You have given it to him then, and I suppose hate him no longer. I thought the sacrifice would be above your strength, and wished to know if hate were stronger than obedience.

FREGOSE

Ah! señora—

FAUSTINE

Could you take it back again?

FREGOSE

Whether obedient or disobedient, I cannot please you. Good heavens! Take back the ship! Why, it is crowded with artisans who are its masters.

FAUSTINE

You never know what I want, and what I do not want.

FREGOSE

His death?

FAUSTINE

No, but his disgrace.

FREGOSE

And in that I shall avenge myself for a whole month of anguish.

FAUSTINE

Take care to keep your hands off what is my prey. And first of all, Don Fregose, take back your pictures from my gallery. (*Don Fregose shows astonishment.*) It is my will.

FREGOSE

You refuse then to be marchioness of—

FAUSTINE

They shall be burned upon the public square or sold, and the price given to the poor.

FREGOSE

Tell me, what is your reason for this?

FAUSTINE

I thirst for honor and you have ruined mine.

FREGOSE

Accept my name and all will be well.

FAUSTINE

Leave me, I pray you.

FREGOSE

The more power you have, the more you abuse it. (*Exit.*)

---

*SCENE TWENTY-FIRST.*

FAUSTINE (*alone*)

So, so! I am nothing then but the viceroy's mistress! He might as well have said as much! But with the aid of Avaloros and Sarpi I intend to have a pretty revenge—one worthy of old Venice!

---

*SCENE TWENTY-SECOND.*

FAUSTINE AND MATHIEU MAGIS.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I am told the señora has need of my poor services.

FAUSTINE

Pray tell me, who are you?

MATHIEU MAGIS

Mathieu Magis, a poor Lombard of Milan, at your service.



FAUSTINE

You lend money?

MATHIEU MAGIS

I lend it on good security—diamonds or gold—a very poor business. Our losses are overwhelming, señora. And at present money seems actually to be asleep. The raising of *maravedis* is the hardest of farm-labor. One unfortunate deal carries off the profits of ten lucky strokes, for we risk a thousand doubloons in the hands of a prodigal for three hundred doubloons profit. The world is very unjust to us.

FAUSTINE

Are you a Jew?

MATHIEU MAGIS

In what sense do you mean?

FAUSTINE

In religion.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I am a Lombard and a Catholic, señora.

FAUSTINE

You disappoint me.

MATHIEU MAGIS

Señora would have wished—

FAUSTINE

I would have wished that you were in the clutches of the Inquisition.

MATHIEU MAGIS

Why so?

FAUSTINE

That I might be certain of your fidelity.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I keep many secrets in my strong box, señora.

FAUSTINE

If I had your fortune in my power—

MATHIEU MAGIS

You would have my soul.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

The only way to gain this man's adherence is by appealing to his self-interest, that is plain. (*Aloud*) You lend—

MATHIEU MAGIS

At twenty per cent.

FAUSTINE

You don't understand what I mean. Listen; you are lending the use of your name to Señor Avaloros.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I know Señor Avaloros. He is a banker; we do some business together, but his name in the city stands too high and his credit in the Mediterranean is too sound for him to need the help of poor Mathieu Magis—

FAUSTINE

I see, Lombard, you are very cautious. If you wish to lend your name to promote an important business undertaking—

MATHIEU MAGIS

Is it smuggling?

FAUSTINE

What difference does it make? The question is, what would guarantee your absolute silence?

MATHIEU MAGIS

High profit.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

This is a rare hunting dog. (*Aloud*) Very well, I am going to entrust you with a secret of life and death, for I purpose giving up to you a great man to devour.

MATHIEU MAGIS

My small business feeds on the great passions of life; (*aside*) where there is a fine woman, there is fine profit.

*Curtain to the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

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SCENE FIRST.

*(The stage setting is the interior of a stable. Overhead are piles of hay; along the walls are wheels, tubes, shafts, a long copper chimney, a huge boiler. To the left of the spectator the Madonna is sculptured on a pillar. To the right is a table strewn with paper and mathematical instruments. Above the table hangs on the wall a blackboard covered with figures; by the side of the table is a shelf on which are onions, a water crock and a loaf. To the right of the spectator is a wide door, and to the left, a door opening on the fields. A straw bed lies by the side of the pillar at the feet of the Madonna. It is night-time.)*

## FONTANARES AND QUINOLA.

*(Fontanares, in a black robe girded by a leathern belt, works at his table. Quinola is checking off the various parts of the machine.)*

## QUINOLA

Though you wouldn't think it, señor, I also have been in love! Only when I have once understood the woman, I have always bade her good-bye. A full pot and bottle, ah! these never betray, and moreover, you grow fat on them. *(He glances at his master.)* Pshaw! He doesn't even hear me. There are three more pieces ready for the forge. *(He opens the door.)* Here is Monipodio!

## SCENE SECOND.

THE SAME PERSONS AND MONIPODIO.

QUINOLA

The last three pieces have come in. Bring the models and make duplicates of them, as a provision against accident. (*Monipodio beckons to him from the passage; two men make their appearance.*)

MONIPODIO

Carry these away, boys, and not a sound! Vanish like spectres. This is worse than theft. (*To Quinola*) He is dead and buried in his work

QUINOLA

He suspects nothing as yet.

MONIPODIO

Neither they nor any one else suspect us. Each piece is wrapped up like a jewel and hidden in a cellar. But we need thirty ducats.

QUINOLA

Zounds!

MONIPODIO

Thirty rascals built like those fellows eat as much as sixty ordinary men.

QUINOLA

Quinola and Company have failed, and I am a fugitive!

MONIPODIO

From protests?

QUINOLA

Stupid! They want me bodily. Fortunately, I have two or three suits of old clothes which may serve to deliver Quinola



from the clutches of the keenest sleuths, until I can make payment.

MONIPODIO

Payment? That is folly.

QUINOLA

Yes, I have kept a little nest-egg against our thirst. Put on that ragbag of the begging friar and go to Lothundiaz and have a talk with the duenna.

MONIPODIO

Alas! Lopez has returned from Algeria so often that our dear duenna begins to suspect us.

QUINOLA

I merely wish her to carry this letter to Señorita Marie Lothundiaz (*handing a letter*). It is a masterpiece of eloquence, inspired by that which inspires all masterpieces. See! we have been living for ten days on bread and water.

MONIPODIO

And what could we look for? To eat ortolans? If our men had expected fine fare they would have struck long ago.

QUINOLA

If love would only cash my note of hand, we might still get but of this hole. (*Exit Monipodio.*)

---

SCENE THIRD.

QUINOLA AND FONTANARES.

QUINOLA (*rubbing an onion into his bread*)

This is the way we are told the Egyptian pyramid-builders

were fed, but they must also have had the sauce which gives us an appetite, and that is faith. (*Drinks water.*) You don't appear to be hungry, señor? Take care that the machine in your head doesn't go wrong!

FONTANARES

I am nearing the final solution—

QUINOLA (*whose sleeve splits up as he puts back the crock*)

And I have found one in the continuity of my sleeve. In this trade my clothes are becoming as uncertain as an unknown quantity in algebra.

FONTANARES

You are a fine fellow! Always merry, even in the depths of misfortune.

QUINOLA

And why not, gadzooks! Fortune loves the merry almost as much as the merry love her.

---

#### SCENE FOURTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND MATHIEU MAGIS.

QUINOLA

Ah! Here comes our dear Lombard; he looks at all these pieces of machinery as if they were already his lawful property.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I am your most humble servant, my dear Señor Fontanares.

QUINOLA

This is he, polished, dry, cold as marble.

FONTANARES

Good-day, Señor Magis. (*Cuts himself a piece of bread.*)

MATHIEU MAGIS

You are a sublime hero, and as far as I am concerned, I wish you all sorts of good luck.

FONTANARES

And is this the reason why you try to bring upon me all sorts of bad luck?

MATHIEU MAGIS

You snap me up very sharply; you do wrong, you forget that in me there are two men.

FONTANARES

I have never seen the other.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I have a heart, away from my business.

FONTANARES

But you are never away from your business.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I am always filled with admiration at the sight of your struggle.

FONTANARES

Admiration is the passion which is the most easily exhausted. Moreover, you never make any loans on sentiment.

MATHIEU MAGIS

There are some sentiments which bring profit, while others cause ruin. You are animated by faith; that is very fine, but it is ruinous. We made six months ago certain little agree-

ments; you asked of me three thousand ducats for your experiments—

QUINOLA

On the condition, that you were to receive five thousand in return.

FONTANARES

Well?

MATHIEU MAGIS

The payment was due two months ago.

FONTANARES

You demanded it by legal process two months ago, the very next day after it was due.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I did it without thought of annoying you, merely as a formality.

FONTANARES

And what do you want now?

MATHIEU MAGIS

You are to-day my debtor.

FONTANARES

Eight months gone already? It has passed like a dream! And I was proposing to myself this evening the solution of the problem how to introduce cold water, so as to dissolve the steam! Magis, my dear friend, assist me in this matter, be my protector, and give me a few days more?

MATHIEU MAGIS

As many as you desire.

QUINOLA

Do you mean it? This is the first appearance of the other

man. (*To Fontanares*) Señor, I shall make this gentleman my friend. (*To Magis*) I appeal to the two Magises and ask if they will give us the sight of a few doubloons!

FONTANARES

Ah! I begin to breathe freely.

MATHIEU MAGIS

That can easily be managed. I am to-day not merely your money-lender, I am money-lender and co-proprietor, and I wish to draw out my share in the property.

QUINOLA

Double man, and triple dog!

MATHIEU MAGIS

Capital has nothing to do with faith—

QUINOLA

Or with hope and charity; crowns are not Catholics.

MATHIEU MAGIS

When a man comes and asks us to discount a bill, we cannot say: "Wait a bit; we have a man of genius at work trying to find a gold mine in a garret or a stable!" No, indeed! Why in six months I could have doubled those ducats over again. Besides, señor, I have a small family.

FONTANARES (*to Quinola*)

That creature has a wife!

QUINOLA

Yes, and if she brings forth young they will eat up Catalonia.



MATHIEU MAGIS

I have heavy expenses.

FONTANARES

You see how I live.

MATHIEU MAGIS

Ah! If I were rich, I would lend you (*Quinola holds out his hands*) the wherewith to live better.

FONTANARES

Wait fifteen days longer.

MATHIEU MAGIS (*aside*)

This cuts me to the heart. If the matter concerned only myself I would perhaps let it go; but I must earn what has been promised me, which is to be my daughter's dowry. (*Aloud*) Now really, I have a great regard for you, you please me immensely—

QUINOLA (*aside*)

To think that it would be a crime to strangle him!

FONTANARES

You are of iron; I shall show myself as hard as steel.

MATHIEU MAGIS

What do you mean, señor?

FONTANARES

You shall help me, whether you would or not.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I will not! I want my capital! And would think nothing of seizing and selling all this iron work.

## FONTANARES

You compel me to meet trick with trick. I was proceeding with my work honestly!—Now, if necessary, following your example, I shall leave the straight path. I shall be of course accused, as if perfection could be expected of me. But I do not mind calumny. But to have this cup to drink is too much. You made a senseless contract with me, you now shall sign another, or you will see me dash my work to fragments, and keep my secret buried here. (*He strikes his hand on his heart.*)

## MATHIEU MAGIS

Ah! señor, you will not do that. That would be theft, a piece of rascality of which a great man is incapable.

## FONTANARES

You seize upon my integrity as a weapon by which you would insure the success of monstrous injustice.

## MATHIEU MAGIS

Listen, I wish to have nothing to do with this matter, and if you will come to an understanding with Don Ramon, a most excellent man, I will yield all my rights to him.

## FONTANARES

Don Ramon?

## QUINOLA

Yes, the philosopher whom all Barcelona sets up in opposition to you.

## FONTANARES

After all, I have solved the last problem, and glory and fortune will attend the future current of my life.

## QUINOLA

Your words seem to indicate that there is still a **part to be** supplied in the machinery.

FONTANARES

A trifle—a matter of some hundred ducats.

MATHIEU MAGIS

Such a sum could not be raised from all that you have here, if it were sold by authority of government, counting the costs.

QUINOLA

Carrion! Will you get out?

MATHIEU MAGIS

If you humor Don Ramon, he doubtless will be willing to give you the assistance of his credit. (*Turns to Quinola*) As for you, gallows-bird, if ever you fall into my hands, I will get even with you. (*To Fontanares*) Good-bye, man of genius. (*Exit.*)

---

## SCENE FIFTH.

FONTANARES AND QUINOLA.

FONTANARES

His words make me shudder.

QUINOLA

And me also! The good ideas of genius are always caught in the webs of such spiders as he.

FONTANARES

Well, if only we can get a hundred ducats more, from that time forth we shall have a golden life filled with the banquets of love. (*He takes a drink of water.*)

## QUINOLA

I quite believe you, but confess that blooming hope, that heavenly jade, has led us on pretty deep into the mire.

## FONTANARES

Quinola !

## QUINOLA

I do not complain for myself, I was born to trouble. The question is, how are we to get the hundred ducats. You are in debt to the workmen, to the master locksmith Carpano, to Coppolus the dealer in iron, steel and copper, and to our landlord, who after taking us in, more from fear of Monipodio than from compassion, will end by turning us out of doors ; we owe him for nine months' board and lodging.

## FONTANARES

But the work is all but finished.

## QUINOLA

But what of the hundred ducats ?

## FONTANARES

How is it that you, usually so brave and merry, begin now to speak to me in such a dolorous tone ?

## QUINOLA

It is because, as a means of remaining at your side, I shall be obliged to disappear.

## FONTANARES

And why ?

## QUINOLA

Why ? Pray what are we to do about the sheriff ? I have incurred, for you and for myself, trade debts to the amount of a hundred doubloons ; and lo ! these debts take, to my mind, the figure, face and feet of tipstaves !

FONTANARES

How much unhappiness is comprised in the term *glory*!

QUINOLA

Come! Do not be downcast. Did you not tell me that your grandfather went, some fifty years ago, with Cortez, to Mexico; has he ever been heard of?

FONTANARES

Never.

QUINOLA

Don't forget you have a grandfather! You will be enabled to continue your work, until you reach the day of your triumph.

FONTANARES

Do you wish to ruin me?

QUINOLA

Do you wish to see me go to prison and your machine to the devil?

FONTANARES

I do not.

QUINOLA

Permit me then to bring about the return of this grandfather? He will be the first of his company to return from the West Indies.

---

SCENE SIXTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND MONIPODIO.

QUINOLA

How goes it?

MONIPODIO

Your princess has received her letter.



FONTANARES

What kind of a man is this Don Ramon?

MONIPODIO

He is an ass.

QUINOLA

Is he envious?

MONIPODIO

As three rejected play-writers. He makes himself out to be a wonderful man.

QUINOLA

But does any one believe him?

MONIPODIO

They look upon him as an oracle. He scribbles off his treatises, explaining that the snow is white because it falls from heaven, and he maintains, in contradiction to Galileo, that the earth does not move.

QUINOLA

Do you not plainly see, señor, that I must rid you of this philosopher? (*To Monipodio*) You come with me; you must be my servant. (*Exeunt.*)

---

### SCENE SEVENTH.

FONTANARES (*alone*)

What brain, even though it be encased in bronze, could stand the strain of this search after money, while also making an inquiry into the most jealously guarded secrets of nature? How can the mind, engaged in such quests, have time for distrusting men, fighting them, and combining others against them? It is no easy thing to see at once what course had best be taken, in order to prevent Don Ramon from stealing my

glory; and Don Ramons abound on every side. I at last dare to avow that my endurance is exhausted.

---

*SCENE EIGHTH.*

FONTANARES, ESTEBAN, GIRONE AND TWO WORKMEN.

ESTEBAN

Can any of you tell me where a person named Fontanares is hiding himself?

FONTANARES

He is not hiding himself. I am he; he is merely meditating in silence. (*Aside*) Where is Quinola? He would know how to send them away satisfied. (*Aloud*) What do you want?

ESTEBAN

We want our money! We have been working without wages for three weeks; the laborer lives from day to day.

FONTANARES

Alas, my friends, I do not live at all!

ESTEBAN

You are alone; you can pinch your belly. But we have wives and children. At the present moment we have pawned everything.

FONTANARES

Have confidence in me.

ESTEBAN

Can we pay the baker with this confidence in you?

FONTANARES

I am a man of honor.

GIRONE

Hark you! We also are men of honor.

ESTEBAN

Take the honor of each of us to the Lombard and you will see how much he will lend you on it.

GIRONE

I am not a man of talent, not I, and no one will give me trust.

ESTEBAN

I am nothing but a villainous workman, but if my wife needs an iron pot, I pay for it, by heaven!

FONTANARES

I would like to know who it is has set you on me in this way?

GIRONE

Set us on? Are we dogs?

ESTEBAN

The magistrates of Barcelona have given judgment in favor of Masters Coppolus and Carpano, and have granted them a lien on your inventions; pray tell us, where is our lien?

GIRONE

shan't go away from this place without my money.

FONTANARES

Can you find any money by staying here? However, here you may remain. Good-day. (*He takes up his hat and cloak.*)

ESTEBAN

No! You won't go out without paying us. (*The workmen prepare to bar the door.*)

GIRONE

There is a piece which I forged myself; I am going to keep it.

FONTANARES

What! you wretch! (*He draws his sword.*)

THE WORKMEN

You will not make us budge.

FONTANARES (*rushing upon them*)

Here is for you! (*He stops short and throws away his sword*). Perhaps these fellows have been sent by Avaloros and Sarpi to push me to extremes. If they succeeded I might be accused of murder and thrown into prison for years. (*He kneels down before the Madonna.*) Oh, my God! are genius and crime the same thing in Thy sight? What have I done to suffer such defeats, such insults and such outrages? Must I pay for my triumph in advance? (*To the workmen*) Every Spaniard is master in his own house.

ESTEBAN

You have no house. This place is the Golden Sun; the landlord has told us so.

GIRONE

You haven't paid for your lodging; you pay for nothing.

FONTANARES

Remain where you are, my masters, I was wrong; I am in debt.

## SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, COPPOLUS AND CARPANO.

COPPOLUS

Señor, I come to tell you that the magistrates of Barcelona have granted me a lien on your machine, and I shall take measures that no part of it leaves this place. My confrère, Carpano, your locksmith, shares my claim.

FONTANARES

What devil is blinding you? Without me, this machine is nothing but so much iron, steel, copper and wood; with me, it represents a fortune.

COPPOLUS

We are not going to leave you. (*The two merchants make a movement as if to hem in Fontanares.*)

FONTANARES

What friend embraces you so closely as a creditor? Well, well, I wish the devil would take back the great thought he gave me.

ALL

The devil!

FONTANARES

Ah! I must keep watch upon my tongue or one word will throw me into the clutches of the Inquisition!—No glory can recompense me for such sufferings as these!

COPPOLUS (*to Carpano*)

Shall we have it sold?

FONTANARES

But to be worth anything, the machine must be finished,



and one piece is wanting, of which the model is before you. (*Coppolus and Carpano consult together.*) Two hundred sequins more would be required for its completion.

---

SCENE TENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS. QUINOLA (*disguised as a fantastic old man*); MONIPODIO (*fancifully dressed*); ~~THE~~  
LANDLORD OF THE GOLDEN SUN.

THE LANDLORD OF THE GOLDEN SUN (*pointing to Fontanares*)

Señor, that is he.

QUINOLA

And so you have lodged the grandson of General Fontanares in a stable! The republic of Venice will set him in a palace! My dear boy, let me embrace you. (*He steps up to Fontanares.*) The most noble republic has learned of your promises to the king of Spain, and I have left the arsenal at Venice, over which I preside, in order that—(*aside*) I am Quinola.

FONTANARES

Never was an ancestor restored to life more opportunely—

QUINOLA

In what a miserable condition I find you!—Is this then the antechamber of glory!

FONTANARES

Misery is the crucible in which God tests our strength.

QUINOLA

Who are these people?

FONTANARES

Creditors and workmen, clamoring for their wages.

QUINOLA (*to the landlord*)

Rascal of a landlord, is this the dwelling-place of my grandson?

THE LANDLORD

Certainly, your excellency.

QUINOLA

I have some knowledge of the laws of Catalonia, and I shall send for the magistrate to put these rogues in prison. You may call down the bailiffs upon my grandson, but keep to your own houses, you blackguards! (*He fumbles in his pocket.*) Stay! Now go and drink my health. (*He throws money among them.*) Come to me later on and you shall be paid.

THE WORKMEN

Long live his excellency! (*Exeunt.*)

QUINOLA (*to Fontanares*)

Our last doubloon! But it was a good bluff.

---

SCENE ELEVENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, WITHOUT THE HOST AND THE  
WORKMEN.

QUINOLA (*to the two tradesmen*)

As for you, my good fellows, you seem to be of better stuff, and by the intervention of a little money we can come to a settlement.

COPPOLUS

Yes, we shall then, your excellency, be at your service.

QUINOLA

Do I see here, my son, that famous invention about which Venice is so excited? Where is the plan, the elevation, the section, the working drawings of the machine?

COPPOLUS (*to Carpano*)

He knows all about it, but we must get further information before advancing anything.

QUINOLA

You are an amazing man, my son! Like Columbus, you will yet have your day. (*He kneels.*) I thank God for the honor He has done our family. (*To the merchants*) Two hours from this I will pay you. (*Exeunt Coppolus and Carpano.*)

---

## SCENE TWELFTH.

QUINOLA, FONTANARES AND MONIPODIO.

FONTANARES

What will be the result of this imposture?

QUINOLA

You were tottering on the brink of an abyss, and I rescued you.

MONIPODIO

It was well impersonated! But the Venetians have abundance of money, and in order to obtain three months' credit, we must throw dust into the eyes of the creditors, and this is the most expensive kind of dust.

QUINOLA

Didn't I tell you that there was a treasure coming? Well it's here now.

MONIPODIO

Coming of its own accord. (*Quinola assents with a nod.*)

FONTANARES

His effrontery terrifies me.

---

SCENE THIRTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, MATHIEU MAGIS AND DON RAMON.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I have brought Don Ramon to you, for I wish to do nothing without his sanction.

DON RAMON (*to Fontanares*)

Señor, I am delighted at this opportunity of sharing the work of so eminent a man of science. We two will be enabled to bring your invention to the highest perfection.

QUINOLA

Señor knows mechanics, balistics, mathematics, dioptries, catoptries, statistics?

DON RAMON

Indeed I do. I have produced many valuable treatises.

QUINOLA

In Latin?

DON RAMON

No, in Spanish.

QUINOLA

No true philosopher, señor, writes in anything but Latin. There is a danger that science may be vulgarized. Do you know Latin?

DON RAMON

Yes, señor.

QUINOLA

So much the better for you.

FONTANARES

Señor, I respect the name which you have made; but I cannot accept your offer, because of the dangers attendant on my enterprise; I am risking my head in this work and yours is too precious to be exposed.

DON RAMON

Do you think, señor, that you can afford to slight Don Ramon, the great scientific authority?

QUINOLA

Don Ramon! the famous Don Ramon, who has expounded the causes of so many natural phenomena, which hitherto had been thought to happen without cause?

DON RAMON

The very man.

QUINOLA

I am Fontanaresi, director of the arsenal of the Venetian Republic, and grandfather of our inventor. My son, you may have full confidence in Don Ramon; a man of his position can have no designs upon you; let us tell him everything.

DON RAMON (*aside*)

Ah! I am going to learn everything about the machine.

FONTANARES (*aside to Quinola*)

What is all this about?

QUINOLA (*aside to Fontanares*)

Let me give him a lesson in mathematics; it will do him



no good, and us no harm. (*To Don Ramon*) Will you come here? (*He points out the parts of the machine*) All this is meaningless; for philosophers, the great thing—

DON RAMON

The great thing?

QUINOLA

Is the problem itself! You know the reason why clouds mount upwards?

DON RAMON

I believe it is because they are lighter than the air.

QUINOLA

Not at all! They are heavy as well as light, for the water that is in them ends by falling as flat as a fool. I don't like water, do you?

DON RAMON

I have a great respect for it.

QUINOLA

I see that we are made for each other. The clouds rise to such a height, because they are vapor, and are also attracted by the force of the cold upper air.

DON RAMON

That may be true. I will write a treatise on the subject.

QUINOLA

My grandson states this in the formula  $R$  plus  $O$ . And as there is much water in the air, we simply say,  $O$  plus  $O$ , which is a new binomial.

DON RAMON

A new binomial!

QUINOLA

Yes, an  $X$ , if you like it better.

DON RAMON

X, ah yes, I understand!

FONTANARES (*aside*)

What a donkey!

QUINOLA

The rest is a mere trifle. The tube receives the water which, by some means or other, has been changed to cloud. This cloud is bound to rise and the resulting force is immense.

DON RAMON

Immense, why immense!

QUINOLA

Immense—in that it is natural, since man—pay particular attention to this—does not create force—

DON RAMON

Very good, then how?—

QUINOLA

He borrows it from nature; to invent, is to borrow.—Then—by means of certain pistons,—for in mechanics—you know—

DON RAMON

Yes, señor, I know mechanics.

QUINOLA

Very good! The method of applying a force is child's play, a trifle, a matter of detail, as in the turnspit—

DON RAMON

Ah! He employs the turnspit then?

## QUINOLA

There are two here, and the force is such that it raises the mountains, which skip like rams—as was predicted by King David.

## DON RAMON

Señor, you are perfectly right, the clouds, that is, the water—

## QUINOLA

Water, señor?—Why! It is the world. Without water, you could not—That is plain. Well now! This is the point on which my grandson's invention is based; water will subdue water.  $X$  equals  $O$  plus  $O$ , that is the complete formula.

DON RAMON (*aside*)

The terms he employs are incomprehensible.

## QUINOLA

Do you understand me?

## DON RAMON

Perfectly.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

This man is a driveling dotard. (*Aloud*) I have spoken to you in the language of genuine philosophy—

MATHIEU MAGIS (*to Monipodio*)

Can you tell me who this remarkably learned man is?

## MONIPODIO

He is a very great man, to whom I am indebted for my knowledge of balistics; he is the director of the Venetian arsenal, and purposes this evening making us a contribution on behalf of the republic.

MATHIEU MAGIS

I must go and tell Señora Brancadori, she comes from Venice. (*Exit.*)

---

## SCENE FOURTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MATHIEU MAGIS. LOTHUNDIAZ AND MARIE.

MARIE

Am I in time?

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Hurrah! Here comes our treasure. (*Lothundiaz and Don Ramon exchange greetings and examine the pieces of machinery in the centre of the stage.*)

FONTANARES

What! Is Marie here?

MARIE

My father brought me. Ah! my dear friend, your servant told me of your distress—

FONTANARES (*to Quinola*)

You scoundrel!

QUINOLA

What, grandson!

MARIE

And he brought all my agonies to an end.

FONTANARES

Tell me, pray, what was it troubled you?

MARIE

You cannot imagine the persecutions I have endured since

your arrival, and especially since your quarrel with Madame Brancadori. What could I do against the authority of my father? It is absolute. While I remained at home, I doubted my power to help you; my heart was yours in spite of everything, but my bodily presence—

FONTANARES

And so you are another martyr!

MARIE

By delaying the day of your triumph, you have made my position intolerable. Alas! when I see you here, I perceive that you yourself at the same time have been enduring incredible hardships. In order that I might be with you for a moment, I have feigned an intention of vowing myself to God; this evening I enter a convent.

FONTANARES

A convent? Is that the way they would separate us? These tortures make one curse the day of his birth. And you, Marie, you, who are the mainspring and the glory of my discovery, the star that protected my destiny, I have forced you to seek refuge in heaven! I cannot stand up against that. (*He weeps.*)

MARIE

But by promising to enter a convent, I obtained my father's permission to come here. I wish in bidding you farewell to bring you hope. Here are the savings of a young girl, of your sister, which I have kept against the day when all would forsake you.

FONTANARES

And what care I for glory, for fortune, for life itself, without you?

MARIE

Accept the gift which is all that the woman who intends to be your wife can and ought to offer. If I feel that you



are unhappy and in distress, hope will forsake me in my retirement, and I shall die, uttering a last prayer for you!

QUINOLA (*to Marie*)

Let him play the proud man, we may save him in spite of himself. Do you know it is for this purpose that I am passing myself off as his grandfather? (*Marie gives her purse to Quinola.*)

LOTHUNDIAZ (*to Don Ramon*)

So you do not think much of him?

DON RAMON

Oh, no, he is an artisan, who knows nothing and who doubtless stole his secret in Italy.

LOTHUNDIAZ

I have always doubted him, and it seems I was right in refusing him my daughter in marriage.

DON RAMON

He would bring her to beggary. He has squandered five thousand sequins, and has gone into debt three thousand, in eight months, without attaining any result! Ah! He is a contrast with his grandfather. There's a philosopher of the first rank for you! Fontanares will have to work hard to catch up with him. (*He points to Quinola.*)

LOTHUNDIAZ

His grandfather?

QUINOLA

Yes, señor, my name of Fontanares was changed to that of Fontanaresi.

LOTHUNDIAZ

And you are Pablo Fontanaresi?

QUINOLA

Yes, Pablo himself.

LOTHUNDIAZ

And are you rich?

QUINOLA

Opulent.

LOTHUNDIAZ

That delights me, señor. I suppose that now you will pay me the two thousand sequins which you borrowed from my father?

QUINOLA

Certainly, if you can show me my signature, I am ready to pay the bond.

MARIE (*after a conversation with Fontanares*)

You will accept this—will you not—as a means of securing your triumph, for is not our happiness staked on that?

FONTANARES

To think that I am dragging down this pearl into the gulf which is yawning to receive me! (*Quinola and Monipodio depart.*)

---

SCENE FIFTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND SARPI.

SARPI (*to Lothundiaz*)

You here, Señor Lothundiaz? And your daughter too?

LOTHUNDIAZ

I promised that she should come **here** to say farewell on condition that she would not refuse to retire to a convent afterwards.

SARPI

The assembly here is so numerous that I am not surprised, nor in the least offended, by your complaisance towards her.

FONTANARES

Ah! Here comes the fiercest of my persecutors. How are you, señor; are you come to put my constancy to a fresh test?

SARPI

I represent the viceroy of Catalonia, señor, and I have a right to your respectful treatment. (*To Don Ramon*) Are you satisfied with him?

DON RAMON.

If he takes my advice, we are sure of success.

SARPI

The viceroy has great hopes from your learned co-operation.

FONTANARES

Surely I am dreaming! Is it possible they are raising up a rival to me?

SARPI

No! señor; but a guide who is able to save you from failure.

FONTANARES

Who told you I needed one?

MARIE

O Alfonso! But suppose that Don Ramon could insure your success?

FONTANARES

Ah! Even she has lost confidence in me!

MARIE

They say he is so learned !

LOTHUNDIAZ

Presumptuous man ! He thinks that he knows more than all the learned in the world.

SARPI

I was induced to come here on account of a question which has been raised and has filled the viceroy with anxiety ; you have had in your possession for nearly ten months a ship belonging to the state, and you must now render an account of the loan.

FONTANARES

The king fixed no term for the time of my experiments.

SARPI

The administration of Catalonia has the right to demand an account, and we have received a decree of the ministers to this effect. (*Fontanares appears thunderstruck.*) Oh ! you can take your time ; we do not wish to embarrass a man like you. Nor are we inclined to think that you wish to elude the stipulation with regard to your life by keeping the ship for an indefinite period.

MARIE

His life ?

FONTANARES

Yes, I am staking my life in these experiments.

MARIE

And yet, you refuse my help ?

FONTANARES

In three months, Count Sarpi, I shall have completed, with-

out the counsel of another, the work I am engaged upon. You will then see one of the grandest spectacles that a man can produce for his age to witness.

SARPI

Here, then, is a bond to that effect; sign it. (*Fontanares signs it.*)

MARIE

Farewell, my friend! If you are vanquished in this struggle I believe that I shall love you more than ever!

LOTHUNDIAZ

Come, my daughter; the man is mad.

DON RAMON.

Young man! be sure to read my treatises.

SARPI

Farewell, future grandee of Spain. (*Exeunt all except Fontanares.*)

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SCENE SIXTEENTH.

FONTANARES (*alone in the front of the stage*)

While Marie is in a convent the sunlight cannot warm me. I am bearing up a world, yet fear I am no Titan.—No, I shall never succeed; all is against me. And this work which cost me three years of thought and ten months of toil will never cleave the ocean! But now, I am heavy with sleep. (*He lies down on the straw.*)



## SCENE SEVENTEENTH.

FONTANARES (*asleep*), QUINOLA AND MONIPODIO (*entering by the Postern*).

QUINOLA

Diamonds! Pearls and gold! We are saved.

MONIPODIO

Don't forget. The Brancadori is from Venice.

QUINOLA

Then I'd better be getting back there. Send me the landlord; I wish to re-establish our credit.

MONIPODIO

He is here.

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## SCENE EIGHTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND THE LANDLORD OF THE GOLDEN SUN.

QUINOLA

What is this, señor, Landlord of the Golden Sun? You don't seem to have much confidence in the star of my grandson?

THE LANDLORD

A hostelry, señor, is not a banking house.

QUINOLA

No, but you should not, for charity's sake, have refused him bread. The most noble republic of Venice sent me to bring him to that city, but he is too fond of Spain! I return, as I arrived, secretly. I have nothing with me that I can dispose of excepting this diamond. A month from this time

I will remit to you through the bank. Will you arrange with my grandson's servant for the sale of this jewel?

THE LANDLORD

Your people here, señor, shall be treated like princes of wealth.

QUINOLA

You may go. (*Exit landlord.*)

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SCENE NINETEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, EXCEPTING THE LANDLORD.

QUINOLA

I must go and change my dress. (*He looks at Fontanares.*) He sleeps; that noble heart has at last succumbed to its emotions; it is only we who know how to yield before misfortunes; our carelessness he cannot share. Have I not done well, in always obtaining a duplicate of that which he required? (*To Monipodio*) Here is the plan of the last piece; do you take charge of it. (*Exeunt.*)

---

SCENE TWENTIETH.

FONTANARES (*sleeping*), FAUSTINE AND MATHIEU MAGIS.

MATHIEU MAGIS

There he is!

FAUSTINE

To what a plight have I reduced him! From the depth of the wounds which I have thus inflicted upon myself, I realize the depth of my love! Oh! how much happiness do I owe him in compensation for so much suffering!—

*Curtain to the Third Act.*

## ACT IV.

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SCENE FIRST.

*(The stage setting represents a public square. In the centre stands a sheriff's officer on an auctioneer's block, around the base of which are the various pieces for the machine. A crowd is gathered on each side of the platform. To the left of the spectator are grouped together Coppolus, Carpano, the Landlord of the Golden Sun, Esteban, Girone, Mathieu Magis, Don Ramon and Lothundiaz. To the right are Fontanares and Monipodio; Quinola conceals himself in a cloak behind Monipodio.)*

FONTANARES, MONIPODIO, QUINOLA, COPPOLUS, THE LAND-  
LORD OF THE GOLDEN SUN, ESTEBAN, GIRONE, MATHIEU  
MAGIS, DON RAMON, LOTHUNDIAZ, SHERIFF'S OFFICER,  
A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

## SHERIFF'S OFFICER

Gentlemen, show a little more warmth. Here we have a boiler, big enough to cook a dinner for a regiment of the guards.

## THE LANDLORD

Four maravedis.

## SHERIFF'S OFFICER

Do I hear more? Come and look at it, examine it!

## MATHIEU MAGIS

Six maravedis.

## RESOURCES OF QUINOLA

QUINOLA (*to Fontanares*)

Señor, they will not fetch a hundred ducats.

FONTANARES

We must try to be resigned.

QUINOLA

Resignation seems to me to be the fourth theological virtue omitted from the list out of consideration for women!

MONIPODIO

Hold your tongue! Justice is on your track and you would have been arrested before this if they had not taken you for one of my people.

SHERIFF'S OFFICER

This is the last lot, gentlemen. Going, going—no further bid? Gone! It is knocked down to Señor Mathieu Magis, for ten ducats, six maravedis.

LOTHUNDIAZ (*to Don Ramon*)

What do you think of that? Thus ends the sublime invention of our great man! He was right, by heaven, when he promised us a rare spectacle!

COPPOLUS

You can laugh; he does not owe you anything.

ESTEBAN

It is we poor devils who have to pay for his folly.

LOTHUNDIAZ

Did you get nothing, Master Coppolus? And what of my daughter's diamonds, which the great man's servant put into the machine?

MATHIEU MAGIS

Why, they were seized in my house.

LOTHUNDIAZ

And are not the thieves in the hand of justice? I would like best of all to see Quinola, that cursed pilferer of jewels, in durance.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Oh, my young life, what lessons are you receiving! My antecedents have ruined me.

LOTHUNDIAZ

But if they catch him, his goose will soon be cooked, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing him dangling from the gallows, and giving the benediction with his feet.

FONTANARES (*to Quinola*)

Our calamity stirs this dullard's wit.

QUINOLA

You mean his brutality.

DON RAMON

I sincerely regret this disaster. This young artisan had at last listened to my advice, and we were on the point of realizing the promises made by him to the king; but he blindly forfeited his opportunity; I mean to ask pardon for him at the court, for I shall tell the king how useful he will be to me.

COPPOLUS

Here is an example of generosity extremely rare in the conduct of one learned man towards another.

LOTHUNDIAZ

You are an honor to Catalonia!



FONTANARES (*coming forward*)

I have endured with tranquillity the agony of seeing a piece of workmanship, which entitles me to eternal glory, sold as so much old junk—(*murmurs among the people*). But this passes all endurance. Don Ramon, if you have, I do not say understood, but even guessed, at the use of all these fragments of machinery, displaced and scattered as they are, you ought to have bought them even at the sacrifice of your whole fortune.

DON RAMON

Young man, I respect your misfortunes; but you know that your apparatus could not possibly go, and that my experience had become necessary to you.

FONTANARES

The most terrible among all the horrors of destitution is that it gives ground for calumny and the triumph of fools!

LOTHUNDIAZ

Is it not disgraceful for a man in your position thus to undertake to insult a philosopher whose reputation is established? Where would I be if I had given you my daughter? You would have led me a fine dance down to beggary; for you have already wasted, for absolutely no purpose, ten thousand sequins! Really this grandee of Spain seems particularly small in his grandeur to-day.

FONTANARES

You make me pity you.

LOTHUNDIAZ

That is possible, but you do not make me envy you; your life is at the mercy of the tribunal.

DON RAMON

Let him alone; don't you see that he is crazy?

FONTANARES

Not quite crazy enough, señor, to believe that  $O$  plus  $O$  is a binomial.

---

*SCENE SECOND.*

THE SAME PERSONS, DON FREGOSE, FAUSTINE, AVALOROS  
AND SARPI.

SARPI.

We have come too late; the sale is over—

DON FREGOSE

The king will regret the confidence he placed in a charlatan.

FONTANARES

A charlatan, my lord? In a few days, you may be able to cut my head off; kill me, but don't calumniate me; your position in the state is too high for you to descend so low.

DON FREGOSE

Your audacity equals the extent of your downfall. Are you unaware that the magistrates of Barcelona look upon you as an accomplice of the thief who robbed Lothundiaz? The flight of your servant proves the crime, and the freedom you now enjoy is due to the intercessions of this lady. (*Points to Faustine.*)

FONTANARES

My servant, your excellency, might have been in early life a criminal, but since he has followed my fortunes he has been an innocent man. I declare, on my honor, that he is guiltless

of any such act as theft. The jewels which were seized at the moment he was engaged in selling them were the free gift of Marie Lothundiaz, from whom I had refused to accept them.

FAUSTINE

What pride he shows, even in adversity! Nothing can bend him.

SARPI.

And how do you explain the resurrection of your grandfather, the pretended director of the Venetian arsenal? Unfortunately for you, the señora and myself were acquainted with the actual man.

FONTANARES

I caused my servant to put on this disguise in order that he might talk science and mathematics with Don Ramon. Señor Lothundiaz will tell you that the philosopher of Catalonia and Quinola perfectly understood each other.

MONIPODIO (*to Quinola*)

He has ruined himself!

DON RAMON

On this subject I appeal to my writings.

FAUSTINE

Do not be perturbed, Don Ramon; it is so natural for people of this kind, when they find themselves falling, to drag down other people with them!

LOTHUNDIAZ

Such a disposition is detestable.

FONTANARES

Before I die I ought to speak the truth, señora, to those who have flung me into the abyss. (*To Don Fregose*) My

lord, the king promised me the protection of his people at Barcelona, and here I have met with nothing but hatred! Oh, you grandees of the land, you rich, and all who have in your hands power and influence, why is it that you thus throw obstacles in the way of advancing thought? Is it the law of God that you should persecute and put to shame that which eventually you will be compelled to adore? Had I been pliant, abject and a flatterer, I might have succeeded! In me you have persecuted that which represents all that is noblest in man—His consciousness of his own power, the majesty of his labor, the heavenly inspiration which urges him to put his hand to enterprise, and—love, that spirit of human trust, which rekindles courage when it is on the point of expiring in the storm of mockery. Ah! If the good that you do is done amiss, you are always successful in the accomplishment of what is bad! But why should I proceed?—You are not worthy of my anger.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

Oh! Another word and I must cry out that I adore him!

DON FREGOSE

Sarpi, tell the police officers to advance and carry off the accomplice of Quinola. (*Applause and cries of "bravo!"*)

---

SCENE THIRD.

THE SAME PERSONS AND MARIE LOTHUNDIAZ.

(*At the moment the police officers seize Fontanares, Marie appears, in the habit of a novice, accompanied by a monk and two sisters.*)

MARIE LOTHUNDIAZ (*to the viceroy*)

My lord, I have just learned that in my desire to save Fon-



tanares from the rage of his enemies I have caused his ruin. But now an opportunity is given me to vindicate the truth, and I beg to declare that I myself put into the hands of Quinola the precious stones and the money I had treasured as my own. (*Lothundiaz shows some excitement.*) They belonged to me, father, and God grant that you may not have cause some day to mourn your own blindness.

QUINOLA (*throwing off his cloak*)

Whew! I breathe freely at last!

FONTANARES (*bending his knee before Marie*)

Thanks, radiant and spotless creature, through whose love I still am kept close to that heaven from which I draw my faith and hope; you have saved my honor.

MARIE

And is not your honor also mine? Your glory is yet to come.

FONTANARES

Alas! my work is dismembered and dispersed, held in a hundred avaricious hands, who will not give it back excepting at the price it cost to fabricate. To recover it I should double the amount of my indebtedness and fail to complete the enterprise in time. All is over!

FAUSTINE (*to Marie*)

Only sacrifice yourself for him and he is saved.

MARIE

What say you, father? and you, Count Sarpi? (*Aside*) It will be my death! (*Aloud*) Will you consent, on condition I obey you, to give Fontanares all that is necessary for the success of his undertaking? (*To Faustine*) I shall devote myself to God, señora!



## FAUSTINE

You are sublime, sweet angel! (*Apart*) And thus at last deliverance comes to me!

## FONTANARES

Stay, Marie! I would choose the struggle and all its perils, I would choose death itself, rather than the loss of you from such a cause.

## MARIE

Rather than glory? (*To the viceroy*) My lord, you will cause my gems to be restored to Quinola. I return to my convent with a happy mind; either I am his, or I must live to God alone.

## LOTHUNDIAZ

I believe he is a sorcerer.

## QUINOLA

This young maiden restores to me my love for womankind.

FAUSTINE (*to Sarpi, the viceroy and Avaloros*)

Can we not conquer him, in spite of all?

## AVALOROS

I shall try it.

SARPI (*to Faustine*)

All is not lost. (*To Lothundiaz*) Take your daughter home; she will soon be obedient to you.

## LOTHUNDIAZ

God grant it! Come, my daughter. (*Exeunt.*)

*SCENE FOURTH.*

FAUSTINE, FREGOSE, AVALOROS, FONTANARES, QUINOLA AND  
MONIPODIO.

AVALOROS

I have studied you well, young man, and you have a great heart—a heart firm as steel. Steel will always be the master of gold. Let us frankly form a copartnership; I will pay your debts, buy up all that has been sold, give you and Quinola five thousand ducats, and, at my instance, the viceroy will be willing to forget your freedom with him.

FONTANARES

If, in my distress, I have ever failed in respect towards you, señor, I beg you will pardon me.

DON FREGOSE

That is quite sufficient, señor. Don Fregose does not easily take offence.

FAUSTINE

You have done well, my lord.

AVALOROS

Thus you see, young man, that tempest is succeeded by calm, and at present all things smile upon you. The next thing for us to do is to unite, you and I, in fulfilling your promises to the king.

FONTANARES

I care not for fortune excepting for one reason; shall I be enabled to wed Marie Lothundiaz?

DON FREGOSE

Is she the only woman in the world you love?

FONTANARES

The only one. (*Faustine and Avaloros talk together.*)

DON FREGOSE

You never told me that before. Henceforth, you may count on me, young man; I am your steadfast ally. (*Exit.*)

MONIPODIO

They are coming to terms; we are ruined. I shall take myself off to France with the duplicate machine. (*Exit.*)

---

## SCENE FIFTH.

QUINOLA, FONTANARES, FAUSTINE AND AVALOROS.

FAUSTINE (*to Fontanares*)

Come, now; I also bear no malice, and you must come to the banquet I am giving.

FONTANARES

Señora, your first kindness concealed treachery.

FAUSTINE

Like all those lofty dreamers, who enrich humanity with their inventions, you know neither women, nor the world.

FONTANARES (*aside*)

I have scarcely eight days left. (*To Quinola*) I am going to make use of her.

QUINOLA

Do so, as you make use of me.

FONTANARES

I will come to your house, señora.

FAUSTINE

I must thank Quinola for that. (*She offers a purse to Quinola*) Take this. (*To Fontanares*) Till we meet again! (*Exeunt Faustine and Avaloros.*)

---

## SCENE SIXTH.

FONTANARES AND QUINOLA.

FONTANARES

That woman is treacherous as the sun in winter. Unhappy am I that I sought her, for she has taught me to lose faith. Is it possible that there are virtues which it is for our advantage to discard?

QUINOLA

How is it possible, señor, to distrust a woman who sets in gold her slightest words! She loves you; that's the secret. Is your heart so very small that it cannot harbor two affections?

FONTANARES

Nonsense! Marie has given me hope, her words have fired my soul. Yes, I shall succeed.

QUINOLA (*aside*)

Where is Monipodio? (*Aloud*) A reconciliation, señor, is very easy with a woman who yields so easily as Señora Brancadori.

FONTANARES

Quinola!

## QUINOLA

Señor, you make me desperate! Would you oppose the perfidy of a useful love with the loyalty of a love that is blind? I need the influence of Señora Brancadori in order to get rid of Monipodio, whose intentions cause me anxiety. If only I can obtain this influence I will guarantee you success, and you shall then marry your Marie.

## FONTANARES

By what means?

## QUINOLA

My dear señor, by mounting on the shoulders of a man who sees a long distance, as you do, any one can see farther still. You are an inventor, very good; but I am inventive. You saved me from—I needn't say what! I, in turn, will deliver you from the talons of envy and from the clutches of cupidity. Here is gold for us; come dress yourself, make yourself fine, take courage; you are on the eve of triumph. But above all things, behave graciously towards Señora Brancadori.

## FONTANARES

You must at least tell me, how you are going to effect this?

## QUINOLA

No, señor, if you knew my secret, all would be ruined; you are a man of talent, and a man of talent is always simple as a child. (*Exeunt.*)

---

*SCENE SEVENTH.*

(*The setting represents the drawing-room in Señora Brancadori's palace.*)

FAUSTINE (*alone*)

The hour is come, to which all my efforts for the last four-



teen months have been looking for fulfillment. In a few moments Fontanares will see that Marie is forever lost to him. Avaloros, Sarpi and I have lulled the genius to forgetfulness, and have brought the man up to the very day when his experiment was to have taken place, so that he stands helpless and destitute. Oh! how totally is he in my power, just as I had wished! But does a person ever change from contempt to love? No, never. Little does he know that for a twelvemonth I have been his adversary, and the misfortune is, that when he does know he will hate me! But hatred is not the opposite of love, it is merely the obverse of the golden coin. I shall tell him everything; I shall make him hate me.

---

### SCENE EIGHTH.

FAUSTINE AND PAQUITA.

PAQUITA

Señora, your orders have been most exactly carried out by Monipodio. Señorita Lothundiaz has just been informed by her duenna, of the peril which threatens Señor Fontanares this evening.

FAUSTINE

Sarpi must be here by this time. Tell him I wish to speak to him. (*Exit Paquita.*)

---

### SCENE NINTH.

FAUSTINE (*alone*)

We must baffle the plans of Monipodio. Quinola fears he has received the order to get rid of Fontanares; it is too bad that there should be ground for such a fear.

*SCENE TENTH.*

FAUSTINE AND DON FREGOSE.

FAUSTINE

Your arrival is timely, señor, I wish to ask a favor of you.

DON FREGOSE

Say, rather, that you wish to confer one on me.

FAUSTINE

Monipodio must disappear from Barcelona—yes, and from Catalonia, within two hours; send him to Africa.

DON FREGOSE

What has he done to you?

FAUSTINE

Nothing.

DON FREGOSE

Well, what is your reason?

FAUSTINE

Simply because—You understand?

DON FREGOSE

Your wish shall be obeyed. (*He writes.*)

---

*SCENE ELEVENTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS AND SARPI.

FAUSTINE

Have you made the necessary preparations, cousin, for your immediate marriage with Marie Lothundiaz?

SARPI.

I have, and her good father has taken care that the contract should be ready.

FAUSTINE

That is well! Send word to the convent of the Dominicans. The rich heiress will freely consent to be wedded to you at midnight; she will accept any condition, when she sees (*whispering to Sarpi*) Fontanares in the hands of justice.

SARPI.

I quite understand, and the only thing now is to have him arrested. My good fortune seems invincible! And—I owe it all to you. (*Aside*) What instrument is there more powerful than the hatred of a woman!—

DON FREGOSE

Sarpi, see that this order is strictly carried out and with no delay. (*Exit Sarpi.*)

---

## SCENE TWELFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS EXCEPTING SARPI.

DON FREGOSE

And what of your own marriage?

FAUSTINE

My lord, I can think of nothing at present except the coming banquet; you shall have my answer this evening. (*Fontanares appears.*) (*Aside*) Oh, there he comes! (*To Fregose*) If you love me, leave me a while.

DON FREGOSE

Alone with him?

FAUSTINE

Yes, so I desire.

DON FREGOSE

After all he loves no one but his Marie Lothundiaz.  
(*Exit.*)

---

## SCENE THIRTEENTH.

FAUSTINE AND FONTANARES.

FONTANARES

The palace of the king of Spain is not more splendid than yours, señora, and you here display all the pomp of royalty.

FAUSTINE

Listen to me, dear Fontanares.

FONTANARES

Dear?—Ah! señora, you have taught me to distrust such words as that!

FAUSTINE

She, whom you have so cruelly insulted, will now reveal herself to you. A terrible disaster threatens you. Sarpi has persistently worked against you and in doing so has carried out the orders of an irresistible power, and this banquet will be for you, unless I intervene, the scene of a Judas' kiss. I have been told, in confidence, that on your departure from this house, perhaps within these very walls, you will be arrested, flung into prison, and your trial will begin—never to end. Is it possible that you can put into proper condition in one night the vessel which otherwise will be forfeited to you? As regards your work, you know how impossible it is to begin it over again. I wish to save you, you and your glory, you and your fortune.

FONTANARES

You save me? And how?

FAUSTINE

Avaloros has placed at my disposal one of his ships, Monipodio has given me his best smugglers for a cruise; let us start for Venice. The republic will make you a patrician and will give you ten times as much gold as Spain has promised. (*Aside*) Why is it they do not arrive?

FONTANARES

And what of Marie? If we are to take her with us, I will believe in you.

FAUSTINE

Your thoughts are of her at the very moment when the choice between life and death is to be made. If you delay, we may be lost.

FONTANARES

We?—Señora!

---

### SCENE FOURTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS. GUARDS RUSH IN AT EVERY DOOR. A  
MAGISTRATE APPEARS. SARPI.

SARPI

Do your duty!

THE MAGISTRATE (*to Fontanares*)

In the name of the king, I arrest you.

FONTANARES

The hour of death has come at last! Yet happily I carry my secret with me to God, and love shall be my winding sheet.



*SCENE FIFTEENTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS, MARIE AND LOTHUNDIAZ.

MARIE

I was not, then, deceived; you have fallen into the hands of your enemies! And what is left to me, dearest Alfonso, but to die for you—and yet, by what a frightful death! O beloved! heaven is jealous of a perfect love, and thus would teach us by those cruel disasters, which we call the chances of life, that there is no true happiness save in the presence of God. What! you here?

SARPI.

Señorita!

LOTHUNDIAZ

My daughter!

MARIE

For one moment you have left me free, for the last time in my life! I shall keep my promise, you must not be unfaithful to yours. O sublime discoverer, you will have to discharge the obligations that belong to greatness, and to fight the battle of your lawful ambition! This struggle will be the great interest of your life; while the Countess Sarpi will die by inches and in obscurity, imprisoned in the four walls of her house.—And now let me remind you, father, and you, count, that it was clearly agreed, as the condition of my obedience, that Señor Fontanares should be granted by the viceroy of Catalonia a further extension of time, for the completion of his experiment.

FONTANARES

Marie, how can I live without you?

MARIE

How could you live in the hands of your executioner?

## FONTANARES

Farewell! I am ready to die.

## MARIE

Did you not make a solemn promise to the King of Spain, yes, to all the world? (*Speaks low to Fontanares*) Oh! seize your triumph; after that we can die!

## FONTANARES

I will accept, if only you refuse to be his.

## MARIE

Father, fulfill your promise.

## FAUSTINE

I have triumphed!

LOTHUNDIAZ (*in a low voice to Fontanares*)

You contemptible seducer! (*Aloud*) Here I give you ten thousand sequins. (*In a low voice*) Atrocious wretch! (*Aloud*) My daughter's income for one year. (*In a low voice*) May the plague choke you! (*Aloud*) Upon the presentation of this check, Señor Avaloros will count out to you ten thousand sequins.

## FONTANARES

But does the viceroy consent to this arrangement?

## SARPI.

You have publicly accused the viceroy of Catalonia of belying the promises of the king; here is his answer: (*he draws forth a document*) By this ordinance, he puts a stay on the lawsuits of all your creditors, and grants you a year to complete your experiment.

FONTANARES

I am ready to do so.

LOTHUNDIAZ

He has made up his mind! Come, my daughter; they are expecting us at the Dominican convent, and the viceroy has promised to honor us with his presence at the ceremony.

MARIE

So soon? (*Exeunt the whole party.*)

FAUSTINE (*to Paquita*)

Run, Paquita, and bring me word when the ceremony is ended, and they are man and wife.

---

### SCENE SIXTEENTH.

FAUSTINE AND FONTANARES.

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

There he stands, like a man pausing on the brink of a precipice to which tigers have pursued him. (*Aloud*) Why are not you as great as your creative thought? Is there but one woman in the world?

FONTANARES

What! do you think that a man can pluck from his heart a love like mine, as easily as he draws the sword from its scabbard?

FAUSTINE

I can well conceive that a woman should love you and do you service. But, according to your idea, love is self-abdication. All that the greatest men have ever wished for: glory,

honor, fortune, and more than that, a triumphant dominion which genius alone can establish—this you have gained, conquering a world as Cæsar, Lucullus and Luther conquered before you! And yet, you have put between yourself and this splendid existence an obstacle, which is none other than a love worthy of some student of Alcalá. By birth you are a giant, and of your own will you are dwindling into a dwarf. But a man of genius can always find, among women, one woman especially created for him. And such a woman, while in the eyes of men she is a queen, for him is but a servant, adapting herself with marvelous suppleness to the chances of life, cheerful in suffering and as far-sighted in misfortune as in prosperity; above all, indulgent to his caprices and knowing well the world and its perilous changes; in a word, capable of occupying a seat in his triumphal car after having helped it up the steepest grades—

FONTANARES

You have drawn her portrait.

FAUSTINE

Whose?

FONTANARES

Marie's!

FAUSTINE

What! Did that child have skill to protect you? Did she divine the person and presence of her rival? And was she, who had suffered you to be overcome, worthy of possessing you for her own—she—the child who has permitted herself to be drawn, step by step, to the altar where at this moment she bestows herself upon another?—If it had been I, ere this I should have lain dead at your feet! And on whom has she bestowed herself? On your deadliest enemy, who had accepted the command to secure the shipwreck of your hopes.

## FONTANARES

How could I be false to that inextinguishable love, which has thrice come to my succor, which has eventually saved me, which, having no sacrifice but itself to offer on the altar of misfortune, accomplishes the immolation with one hand, and, with the other, offers to me in this (*he shows the letter*) the restoration of my honor, the esteem of my king, the admiration of the universe. (*Enter Paquita, who makes a sign to Faustine, then goes out.*)

FAUSTINE (*aside*)

Ah! Sarpi has now his countess. (*To Fontanares*) Your life, your glory, your fortune, your honor, are at last in my hands alone! Marie no longer stands between us!

## FONTANARES

Us! us!

## FAUSTINE

Contradict me not, Alfonso! I have conquered all that is yours; do not refuse me your heart! You will never gain a love more devoted, more submissive, more full of sympathy than mine; for at last you shall become the great man that you deserve to be.

## FONTANARES

Your audacity astounds me. (*He shows the letter.*) With a sum of money guaranteed me here I am once more the sole arbiter of my destiny. When the king sees the character and the results of my work, he will cancel that marriage, which has been obtained by violence. And my love for Marie is such that I can wait till then.

## FAUSTINE

Fontanares, if I love you distractedly, it is perhaps because of that delightful simplicity, which is the badge of genius—



FONTANARES (*aside*)

Her smile freezes me to the heart.

FAUSTINE

That gold you speak of—is it already in your possession?

FONTANARES

It is here.

FAUSTINE

And would I have let them give that to you, if I thought you would ever receive it? To-morrow you will find all your creditors standing between you and the possession of that sum, which you owe to them. What can you accomplish without gold? Your struggle will begin over again! but your work, O great, but simple man, has not been dispersed in fragments; it is all mine; my instrument, Mathieu Magis, has acquired possession of it. I hold it at my feet, in my palace. I am the only one who would not rob you either of your glory, or of your fortune, for what would this be, but to rob myself?

FONTANARES

It is you, then, cursed Venetian woman!

FAUSTINE

Yes—since the moment you insulted me, upon this spot, I have directed everything; it is at my bidding that Magis, and Sarpi, and your creditors, and the landlord of the Golden Sun, and the workmen have acted! But ah! How great a love underlay this simulated hatred. Tell me, have you never been roused from your slumber by a falling tear-drop, the pearl of my repentance, while I was gazing at you with admiration—you—the martyr that I worshiped?

FONTANARES

No! you are not a woman—

FAUSTINE

Ah! There is more than woman, in a woman who loves as I do.

FONTANARES

And, as you are not a woman, I could kill you.

FAUSTINE

What of that, provided it were your hand that did it?  
(*Aside*) He hates me!

FONTANARES

I am seeking for—

FAUSTINE

Is it anything I can find for you?

FONTANARES

—A punishment great enough for your crime.

FAUSTINE

Can there be any punishment which a woman who loves can feel? Come, try me.

FONTANARES

You love me, Faustine. Am I all of life to you? Do you really make my grief your own?

FAUSTINE

One pang of yours becomes a thousand pangs to me!

FONTANARES

If then I die, you will die also. 'Tis plain, therefore, although your life is not worthy to be set against the love that I have lost, my course is taken.

FAUSTINE

Ah!

FONTANARES

With crossed arms I will await the day of my arrest. At the same stroke the soul of Marie and my soul shall rise to heaven.

FAUSTINE (*flinging herself at the feet of Fontanares*)

O Alfonso! Here, at your feet, I will remain till you have promised me—

FONTANARES

Leave me, shameless courtesan! (*He spurns her.*)

FAUSTINE

You have spoken this openly and in public; but remember, men oftentimes insult that which they are destined eventually to adore.

---

### SCENE SEVENTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND DON FREGOSE.

DON FREGOSE.

Silence! wretched journeyman! I refrain from transfixing your heart with my sword, only because I intend you to pay more dearly for this insult.

FAUSTINE

Don Fregose! I love this man; whether he makes of me his slave or his wife, my love shall be the ægis of his life.

FONTANARES

Am I to be the victim of fresh persecutions, my lord? I am overwhelmed with joy. Deal me a thousand blows; they will be multiplied a thousand fold, she says, in her heart. I am ready!

## SCENE EIGHTEENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND QUINOLA.

QUINOLA

Sir!

FONTANARES

And you also have betrayed me; you!

QUINOLA

Off goes Monipodio, wafted towards Africa with recommendations on his hands and feet.

FONTANARES

What of that?

QUINOLA

Under the pretext of robbing you, I have concealed in a cellar a second machine, for I took care that two should be made, while we only paid for one.

FONTANARES

Thus it is that a true friend renders despair impossible. (*He embraces Quinola.*) (*To Fregose*) My lord, write to the king and build, overlooking the harbor, an amphitheatre for two hundred thousand spectators; in ten days I will fulfill my promise, and Spain shall behold a ship propelled by steam in the face of wind and waves. I will wait until there is a storm that I may show how I can prevail against it.

FAUSTINE (*to Quinola*)

You have manufactured a machine—

QUINOLA

No, I have manufactured two, as a provision against ill-luck.

FAUSTINE

What devils have you called in to assist you?

QUINOLA

The three children of Job: Silence, Patience and Perseverance. (*Exeunt Fontanares and Quinola.*)

---

*SCENE NINETEENTH.*

FAUSTINE AND DON FREGOSE.

DON FREGOSE (*aside*)

She is hateful, and yet I do not cease to love her.

FAUSTINE

I must have my revenge. Will you assist me?

DON FREGOSE

Yes, and we will yet succeed in bringing him to ruin.

FAUSTINE

Ah! you love me in spite of all, don't you?

*Curtain to the Fourth Act.*



## ACT V.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(The setting is the terrace of the town-hall of Barcelona, on each side of which are pavilions. The terrace looks on the sea and ends in a balcony in the centre of the stage; the open sea and the masts of vessels form the scenery. At the right of the spectator appear a large arm-chair and seats set before a table. The murmur of an immense crowd is heard. Leaning over the balcony Faustine gazes at the steamship. Lothundiaz stands on the left, in a condition of utter stupefaction; Don Fregose is seated on the right with his secretary, who is drawing up a formal account of the experiment. The Grand Inquisitor is stationed in the middle of the stage.)*

LOTHUNDIAZ, THE GRAND INQUISITOR AND DON FREGOSE.

DON FREGOSE

I am undone, ruined, disgraced! Even if I were to fall at the feet of the king, I should gain no pity from him.

LOTHUNDIAZ

At what a price have I purchased my patent of nobility! My son has been killed in an ambuscade in Flanders, and my daughter is dying; her husband, the governor of Roussillon, refused her permission to be present at the triumph of this devil of a Fontanares. How well she spoke when she said that I should repent of my wilful blindness!

THE GRAND INQUISITOR (*to Don Fregose*)

The Holy Office has reminded the king of your past ser-

vices; you will be sent as viceroy to Peru, where you will be able to repair your fortunes; but first finish your work here; let us crush this discoverer and check the progress of his dangerous innovation.

DON FREGOSE

But how can we do so? The orders of the king must be obeyed, at least ostensibly.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

We have taken such measures that obedience may be rendered both to the Holy Office and to the king. You have only to do as you are bidden. (*To Lothundiaz*) Count Lothundiaz, as the first municipal officer of Barcelona, you must offer to Don Ramon, in the name of the city, a crown of gold in honor of his discovery, whose result will secure to Spain the domination of the sea.

LOTHUNDIAZ (*in astonishment*)

To Don Ramon!

THE GRAND INQUISITOR AND DON FREGOSE

To Don Ramon.

DON FREGOSE

You must address a eulogy to him.

LOTHUNDIAZ

But—

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

It is the wish of the Holy Office that you do so.

LOTHUNDIAZ (*kneeling*)

Pardon!

DON FREGOSE

What is that the people are calling out? (*A cry is heard, "Long live Don Ramon!"*)

## LOTHUNDIAZ

Long live Don Ramon! Yes indeed, and so much the better, for I shall be avenged for the wrong which I have done to myself.

---

## SCENE SECOND.

THE SAME PERSONS, DON RAMON, MATHIEU MAGIS, THE LANDLORD OF THE GOLDEN SUN; COPPOLUS, CARPANO, ESTEBAN, GIRONE, AND ALL THE PEOPLE.

*(All form a semicircle, in the centre of which is Don Ramon.)*

## THE GRAND INQUISITOR

In the name of the king of Spain, Castile and the Indies, I must express to you, Don Ramon, the congratulations of all upon the success of your mighty genius. *(He leads him to the arm-chair.)*

## DON RAMON

After all, he is but the hand, I am the head. The original idea is superior to the work of realizing it. *(To the crowd)* In such a moment as this, modesty would be an insult to the honors which I have attained through midnight vigils, and a man should openly show himself proud of his achievement.

## LOTHUNDIAZ

In the name of the city of Barcelona, Don Ramon, I have the honor to offer you this crown, due to your perseverance, as the author of an invention which will give you immortality.

## SCENE THIRD.

THE SAME PERSONS AND FONTANARES (*his garments soiled with the work of his experiment*).

DON RAMON

I accept these honors, on condition that they be shared by the courageous artisan who has so well assisted me in my enterprise.

FAUSTINE

What modesty!

FONTANARES

Is this meant for a joke?

ALL

Long live Don Ramon!

COPPOLUS

In the name of the merchants of Catalonia, Don Ramon, we have come to beg your acceptance of this silver crown, a token of their gratitude for a discovery which is likely to prove a new source of prosperity to them.

ALL

Long live Don Ramon!

DON RAMON

It is with the keenest pleasure that I see that commerce recognizes the future developments of steam navigation.

FONTANARES

Let my laborers come forth! You, the children of the people, whose hands have completed my work, bear witness for me! It was from me only that you received the models. Say now, whether it was Don Ramon or I who originated the new power which the sea has felt to-day?



ESTEBAN

By my faith, you would have been in a pretty fix without Don Ramon!

MATHIEU MAGIS

It was two years ago, in the course of a conversation with Don Ramon, that he begged me to furnish funds for this experiment.

FONTANARES (*to Fregose*)

My lord, what strange delusion has fallen upon the people and burgesses of Barcelona? I arrive here in the midst of the acclamations with which Don Ramon is being greeted. Yes, I arrive bearing the traces of the vigils and sweat of this great enterprise, and I find you contentedly sanctioning the most shameful act of robbery that can be perpetrated in the face of heaven and earth. (*Murmurs.*) Alone and unprotected I have risked my life on this enterprise. I was the first who pledged its accomplishment to the king, and unaided I have kept my pledge, and yet here in my place I find Don Ramon—an ignoramus. (*Murmurs.*)

DON FREGOSE

An old soldier knows very little about scientific matters and must accept plain facts. All Catalonia concedes to Don Ramon the priority in this invention, and everybody here declares that without him you could have accomplished nothing. It is my duty to inform his majesty, the king, of these circumstances.

FONTANARES

The priority! Where are the proofs of this?

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

They are as follows: In his treatise on the casting of cannons Don Ramon speaks of a certain invention called Thunder, made by Leonardo da Vinci, your master, and says that it might be applied to the navigation of a ship.



DON RAMON

Ah! young man, acknowledge that you had read my treatises!

FONTANARES (*aside*)

I would sacrifice all my glory for one hour of vengeance!

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## SCENE FOURTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND QUINOLA.

QUINOLA (*aside to Fontanares*)

Señor, the fruit was too fair, and a worm has been found in it!

FONTANARES

What do you mean?

QUINOLA

Hell has belched back upon us, I know not how—Monipodio, all on fire for revenge; he is on board the ship with a band of devils, and swears to scuttle it, unless you guarantee him ten thousand sequins.

FONTANARES (*kneels*)

Thanks, thanks, for that. O ocean, whom I once longed to subdue, thou art the sole protector that is left to me; thou shalt keep my secret to eternity! (*To Quinola*) See that Monipodio steers for the open sea and there scuttles the ship.

QUINOLA

What is this? Do I understand you aright? Which of us two has lost his head?

FONTANARES

Do as I bid you.

QUINOLA

But, my dear master—

FONTANARES

My life and yours are equally at stake.

QUINOLA

Obey, without understanding why? For the first time I'll risk it. (*Exit.*)

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*SCENE FIFTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF QUINOLA.

FONTANARES (*to Don Fregose*)

My lord! putting aside the question of priority, which can easily be decided, may I be permitted to withdraw my name from this debate, begging of you to accept the statement which is here drawn up and contains my justification before the king our master?

DON RAMON

You acknowledge then my claim?

FONTANARES

I will acknowledge anything you like, even to the point that  $O$  plus  $O$  is a binomial!

DON FREGOSE (*after consulting with the Grand Inquisitor*)

Your demand is perfectly legitimate; we will forward a copy of your statement, preserving here the original.

FONTANARES

I have, then, escaped with my life. Let me ask all of you here present, if you look upon Don Ramon as the real inven-

tor of the vessel which has been propelled by steam before the eyes of two hundred thousand Spaniards?

ALL.

We do. (*Quinola makes his appearance.*)

FONTANARES

Very good. Don Ramon has accomplished this prodigy. Don Ramon can begin his work again. (*A loud explosion is heard.*) The prodigy is no longer in existence. The employment of such a force is not without danger, and the danger which Don Ramon had not foreseen, has manifested itself, at the very moment while Don Ramon was receiving your congratulations! (*Cries in the distance; everybody rushes to the balcony and gazes seaward.*) I am avenged!

DON FREGOSE

What will the king say?

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

France is all ablaze, the low countries in revolt, Calvin is stirring up all Europe; the king has too much business on his hands to worry himself about the loss of a ship. This new invention and the Reformation would have been too much at one time for the world! Now for some years the rapacity of maritime peoples has been checked. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

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### SCENE SIXTH.

QUINOLA, FONTANARES AND FAUSTINE.

FAUSTINE

Alfonso, I have done you much wrong.

FONTANARES

Marie is dead, señora; I do not know the meaning of the words right and wrong, nowadays.

QUINOLA

There is a man for you.

FAUSTINE

Forgive me, and I will devote myself to your future.

FONTANARES

Forgiveness! That word also has been erased from my heart. There are situations in which the heart either breaks or turns to bronze. I am scarcely twenty-five years old, but to-day you have changed me into a man of fifty. You have lost to me one world, now you owe me another—

QUINOLA

Let us turn our attention to politics.

FAUSTINE

And is not my love, Alfonso, worth a world?

FONTANARES

Yes, for you are a magnificent instrument of ruin and devastation. Yet it will be by means of you that I shall crush all those who have been an obstacle in my pathway; I take you, not for my wife, but for my slave, and you shall serve me.

FAUSTINE

Serve you blindly.

FONTANARES

But without hope that there will be any return—need I say of what? All here (*he strikes his hand upon his heart*) is of bronze. You have taught me what this world is made of.

O world of self-interest, of trickery, of policy and of perfidy,  
I defy you to the combat!

QUINOLA

Señor?

FONTANARES

What is it?

QUINOLA

Am I in it with you?

FONTANARES

You? You are the only one who has still a place in my heart. We three will stand together; we will go—

FAUSTINE

Where?

FONTANARES

We will go to France.

FAUSTINE

Let us start at once; I know these Spaniards, and they are sure to plot your death.

QUINOLA

The resources of Quinola are at the bottom of the sea. Be kind enough to excuse his faults; he will doubtless do better at Paris. Verily, I believe that hell is paved with good inventions.

*Final Curtain.*



PAMELA GIRAUD

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

Presented for the First Time at Paris at the Theatre de la Gaite,  
September 26, 1843.



## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

GENERAL DE VERBY.

DUPRÉ, a lawyer.

ROUSSEAU, a wealthy merchant.

JULES ROUSSEAU, his son.

JOSEPH BINET.

GIRAUD, a porter.

CHIEF OF SPECIAL POLICE.

ANTOINE, servant to the Rousseaus.

PAMELA GIRAUD.

MADAME DU BROCARD, a widow ; aunt of Jules Rousseau.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.

MADAME GIRAUD.

JUSTINE, chambermaid to Mme. Rousseau.

SHERIFF.

MAGISTRATE.

POLICE OFFICERS.

GENDARMES.

SCENE: *Paris.* TIME: *during the Napoleonic plots under Louis XVIII. (1815-1824).*



# PAMELA GIRAUD

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## ACT I.

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### SCENE FIRST.

*(Setting is an attic and workshop of an artificial flower-maker. It is poorly lighted by means of a candle placed on the work-table. The ceiling slopes abruptly at the back allowing space to conceal a man. On the right is a door, on the left a fireplace. Pamela is discovered at work, and Joseph Binet is seated near her.)*

PAMELA, JOSEPH BINET AND LATER JULES ROUSSEAU.

PAMELA

Monsieur Joseph Binet !

JOSEPH

Mademoiselle Pamela Giraud !

PAMELA

I plainly see that you wish me to hate you.

JOSEPH

The idea ! What ? And this is the beginning of our love—  
Hate me !

PAMELA

Oh, come ! Let us talk sensibly.



JOSEPH

You do not wish, then, that I should express how much I love you?

PAMELA

Ah! I may as well tell you plainly, since you compel me to do so, that I do not wish to become the wife of an upholsterer's apprentice.

JOSEPH

Is it necessary to become an emperor, or something like that, in order to marry a flower-maker?

PAMELA

No. But it is necessary to be loved, and I don't love you in any way whatever.

JOSEPH

In any way! I thought there was only one way of loving.

PAMELA

So there is, but there are many ways of not loving. You can be my friend, without my loving you.

JOSEPH

Oh!

PAMELA

I can look upon you with indifference—

JOSEPH

Ah!

PAMELA

You can be odious to me!—And at this moment you weary me, which is worse!

JOSEPH

I weary her! I who would cut myself into fine pieces to do all that she wishes!

PAMELA

If you would do what I wish, you would not remain here.

JOSEPH

And if I go away—Will you love me a little?

PAMELA

Yes, for the only time I like you is when you are away!

JOSEPH

And if I never came back?

PAMELA

I should be delighted.

JOSEPH

Zounds! Why should I, senior apprentice with M. Morel, instead of aiming at setting up business for myself, fall in love with this young lady? It is folly! It certainly hinders me in my career; and yet I dream of her—I am infatuated with her. Suppose my uncle knew it!—But she is not the only woman in Paris, and, after all, Mlle. Pamela Giraud, who are you that you should be so high and mighty?

PAMELA

I am the daughter of a poor ruined tailor, now become a porter. I gain my own living—if working night and day can be called living—and it is with difficulty that I snatch a little holiday to gather lilacs in the Pres-Saint-Gervais; and I certainly recognize that the senior apprentice of M. Morel is altogether too good for me. I do not wish to enter a family which believes that it would thus form a mesalliance. The Binets indeed!

JOSEPH

But what has happened to you in the last eight or ten days, my dear little pet of a Pamela? Up to ten days ago I used

to come and cut out your flowers for you, I used to make the stalks for the roses, and the hearts for the violets; we used to talk together, we sometimes used to go to the play, and have a good cry there—and I was “good Joseph,” “my little Joseph”—a Joseph in fact of the right stuff to make your husband. All of a sudden—Pshaw! I became of no account.

## PAMELA

Now you must really go away. Here you are neither in the street, nor in your own house.

## JOSEPH

Very well, I'll be off, mademoiselle—yes, I'll go away! I'll have a talk in the porter's lodge with your mother; she does not ask anything better than my entrance into the family, not she; she won't change her mind!

## PAMELA

All right! Instead of entering her family, enter her lodge, the porter's lodge, M. Joseph! Go and talk with my mother, go on!—(*Exit Joseph.*) Perhaps he'll keep their attention so that M. Adolph can get up stairs without being seen. Adolph Durand! What a pretty name! There is half a romance in it! And what a handsome young man! For the last fifteen days he has absolutely persecuted me. I knew that I was rather pretty; but I never believed I was all he called me. He must be an artist, or a government official! Whatever he is, I can't help liking him; he is so aristocratic! But what if his appearance were deceitful, and there were anything wrong about him!—For the letter which he has just sent me has an air of mystery about it—(*She draws a letter from her bosom and reads it*) “Expect me this evening. I wish to see you alone, and, if possible, to enter unnoticed by any one; my life is in danger, and oh! if you only knew what a terrible misfortune threatens me! Adolph Durand.” He writes in pencil. His life is in danger—Ah! How anxious I feel!

JOSEPH (*returning*)

Just as I was going down stairs, I said to myself: "Why should Pamela"—(*Jules' head appears at the window.*)

PAMELA

Ah!

JOSEPH

What's the matter? (*Jules disappears.*)

PAMELA

I thought I saw—I mean—I thought I heard a sound overhead. Just go into the garret. Some one perhaps has hidden there. You are not afraid, are you?

JOSEPH

No.

PAMELA

Very well! Go up and search! Otherwise I shall be frightened for the whole night.

JOSEPH

I will go at once. I will climb over the roof if you like. (*He passes through a narrow door that leads to the garret.*)

PAMELA (*follows him*)

Be quick! (*Jules enters.*) Ah! sir, what trouble you are giving me!

JULES

It is to save my life, and perhaps you will never regret it. You know how much I love you! (*He kisses her hand.*)

PAMELA

I know that you have told me so; but you treat me—

JULES

As my deliverer.

PAMELA

You wrote to me—and your letter has filled me with trouble—  
—I know neither who you are—

JOSEPH (*from the outer room*)

Mademoiselle, I am in the garret. I have looked over the whole roof.

JULES

He is coming back—Where can I hide?

PAMELA

But you must not stay here!

JULES

You wish to ruin me, Pamela!

PAMELA

Look, hide yourself there! (*She points to the cranny under the sloping roof.*)

JOSEPH (*returning*)

Are you alone, mademoiselle?

PAMELA

No; for are not you here?

JOSEPH

I heard something like the voice of a man. The voice came from below.

PAMELA

Nonsense, more likely it came from above—Look down the staircase—

JOSEPH

Oh! But I am sure—



PAMELA

Nonsense, sure. Leave me, sir; I wish to be alone.

JOSEPH

Alone, with a man's voice?

PAMELA

I suppose you don't believe me?

JOSEPH

But I heard it plain enough.

PAMELA

You heard nothing.

JOSEPH

Ah! Pamela!

PAMELA

If you prefer to believe the sounds which you say reached your ears, rather than the words which I speak, you would make a very bad husband. That is quite sufficient for me.

JOSEPH

That doesn't prove that I did not hear—

PAMELA

Since I can't convince you, you can believe what you like. Yes! you did hear a voice, the voice of a young man, who is in love with me, and who does whatever I wish—He disappears when he is asked, and comes when he is wanted. And now what are you waiting for? Do you think that while he is here, your presence can be anything but disagreeable to us? Go and ask my father and mother what his name is. He must have told them when he came up-stairs—he, and the voice you heard.

JOSEPH

Mlle. Pamela, forgive a poor youth who is mad with love. It is not only my heart that I have lost, but my head also, when I think of you. I know that you are just as good as you are beautiful, I know that you have in your soul more treasures of sweetness than you ever show, and so I know that you are right, and were I to hear ten voices, were I to see ten men here, I would care nothing about it. But one—

PAMELA

Well, what of it?

JOSEPH

A single one—that is what wounds me. But I must be off; it seems funny that I should have said all that to you. I know quite well that there is no one here but you. Till we meet again, Mlle. Pamela; I am going—I trust you.

PAMELA (*aside*)

He evidently does not feel quite sure.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

There is some one here! I will run down and tell the whole matter to her father and mother. (*Aloud*) Adieu, Mlle. Pamela. (*Exit.*)

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SCENE SECOND.

PAMELA AND JULES.

PAMELA

M. Adolph, you see to what you are exposing me. That poor lad is a workman, a most kind-hearted fellow; he has an uncle rich enough to set him up in business; he wishes to

marry me, and in one moment I have lost my prospects—and for whom? I do not know you, and from the manner in which you imperil the reputation of a young girl who has no capital but her good behavior, I conclude that you think you have the right to do so. You are rich and you make sport of poor people!

JULES

No, my dear Pamela. I know who you are, and I take you at your true value. I love you, I am rich, and we will never leave one another. My traveling carriage is with a friend, at the gate of St. Denis; we will proceed on foot to catch it; I intend embarking for England. You must come with me. I cannot explain my intentions now, for the least delay may prove fatal to me.

PAMELA

What do you mean?

JULES

You shall see—

PAMELA

Are you in your right senses, M. Adolph? After having followed me about for a month, seen me twice at a dance, written me several declarations, such as young men of your sort write to any and every woman, you point-blank propose an elopement!

JULES

Oh I beg of you, don't delay an instant! You'll repent of this for the rest of your life, and you will see too late what mischief you have done.

PAMELA

But, my dear sir, you can perhaps explain yourself in a couple of words.

JULES

No,—for the secret is a matter of life and death to several persons.

PAMELA

If it were only to save your life, whoever you are, I would do a good deal; but what assistance could I be to you in your flight! Why do you want to take me to England?

JULES

What a child you are! No one, of course, would suspect anything of two runaway lovers! And, let me tell you, I love you well enough to disregard everything else, and even to brave the anger of my parents—Once we are married at Gretna Green—

PAMELA

Oh, *mon Dieu!* I am quite non-plussed! Here's a handsome young man urges you—implores you—and talks of marriage—

JULES

They are mounting the staircase—I am lost!—You have betrayed me!—

PAMELA

M. Adolph, you alarm me! What is going to happen? Wait a moment, I will go and see.

JULES

In any case, take and keep this twenty thousand francs. It will be safer with you than in the hands of the police—I have only half an hour longer and all will be over.

PAMELA

There is nothing to fear—It is only my father and mother.

JULES

You have the kindness of an angel. I trust my fate with you. But you must know that both of us must leave this house at once; and I swear on my honor, that nothing but good shall result to you. (*He hides again under the roof.*)

## SCENE THIRD.

PAMELA, M. GIRAUD AND MME. GIRAUD.

PAMELA (*who stands in such way as to prevent her parents from entering fully into the room; aside*)

Evidently here is a man in danger—and a man who loves me—two reasons why I should be interested in him.

MME. GIRAUD

How is this, Pamela—you the solace of all our misfortunes, the prop of our old age, our only hope!

GIRAUD

A girl brought up on the strictest principles.

MME. GIRAUD

Keep quiet, Giraud! You don't know what you are talking about.

GIRAUD

Certainly, Madame Giraud.

MME. GIRAUD

And besides all this, Pamela, your example was cited in all the neighborhood as a girl who'd be useful to your parents in their declining years!

GIRAUD

And worthy to receive the prize of virtue!

PAMELA

Then what is the meaning of all these reproaches?



MME. GIRAUD

Joseph has just told us that you had a man hidden in your room.

GIRAUD

Yes—he heard the voice.

MME. GIRAUD

Silence, Giraud!—Pamela—pay no attention to your father—

PAMELA

And do you, mother, pay no attention to Joseph.

GIRAUD

What did I tell you on the stairs, Madame Giraud? Pamela knows how we count upon her. She wishes to make a good match as much on our account as on her own; her heart bleeds to see us porters, us, the authors of her life! She is too sensible to blunder in this matter. Is it not so, my child, you would not deceive your father?

MME. GIRAUD

There is nobody here, is there, my love? For a young working-girl to have any one in her room, at ten o'clock at night—well—she runs a risk of losing—

PAMELA

But it seems to me that if I had any one you would have seen him on his way up.

GIRAUD

She is right.

MME. GIRAUD

She does not answer straight out. Please open the door of this room.

PAMELA

Mother, stop! Do not come in here,—you shall not come in

here!—Listen to me; as I love you, mother, and you, father, I have nothing to reproach myself with!—and I swear to it before God!—Do not in a moment withdraw from your daughter the confidence which you have had in her for so long a time.

MME. GIRAUD

But why not tell us?

PAMELA (*aside*)

Impossible! If they were to see this young man every one would soon know all about it.

GIRAUD (*interrupting her*)

We are your father and mother, and we must see!

PAMELA

For the first time in my life, I refuse to obey you!—But you force me to it!—These lodgings are rented by me from the earnings of my work!—I am of age and mistress of my own actions.

MME. GIRAUD

Ah, Pamela! Can this be you, on whom we have placed all our hopes!

GIRAUD

You will ruin yourself!—and I shall remain a porter to the end of my days.

PAMELA

You needn't be afraid of that! Well—I admit that there is some one here; but silence! You must go down-stairs again to your lodge. You must tell Joseph that he does not know what he is talking about, that you have searched everywhere, that there is no one in my lodging; you must send him away—then you shall see this young man; you shall

learn what I purpose doing. But you must keep everything the most profound secret.

GIRAUD

Unhappy girl! What do you take us for? (*He sees the banknotes on the table.*) Ah! what is this? Banknotes!

MME. GIRAUD

Banknotes! (*She recoils from Pamela.*) Pamela, where did you get them?

PAMELA

I will tell you when I write.

GIRAUD

When you write! She must be going to elope!

---

*SCENE FOURTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS, AND JOSEPH BINET.

JOSEPH (*entering*)

I was quite sure that there was something wrong about him!—He is a ringleader of thieves! The gendarmes, the magistrate, all the excitement she showed mean something—and now the house is surrounded!

JULES (*appearing*)

I am lost!

PAMELA

I have done all that I could!

GIRAUD

And you, sir, who are you?

JOSEPH

Are you a—?

MME. GIRAUD

Speak!

JULES

But for this idiot, I could have escaped! You will now have the ruin of an innocent man on your consciences.

PAMELA

M. Adolph, are you innocent?

JULES

I am!

PAMELA

What shall we do? (*Pointing to the dormer window.*) You can elude their pursuit that way out. (*She opens the dormer window and finds the police agents on the roof outside.*)

JULES

It is too late. All you can do is to confirm my statement. You must declare that I am your daughter's lover; that I have asked you to give her in marriage to me; that I am of age; that my name is Adolph Durand, son of a rich business man of Marseilles.

GIRAUD

He offers her lawful love and wealth!—Young man, I willingly take you under my protection.

---

### SCENE FIFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, A SHERIFF, A POLICE OFFICER AND  
GENDARMES.

GIRAUD

Sir, what right have you to enter an occupied dwelling—the domicile of a peaceable young girl?

JOSEPH

Yes, what right have you—?

THE SHERIFF

Young man, don't you worry about our right!—A few moments ago you were very friendly and showed us where the unknown might be found, but now you have suddenly changed your tune.

PAMELA

But what are you looking for? What do you want?

THE SHERIFF

You seem to be well aware that we are looking for somebody.

GIRAUD

Sir, my daughter has no one with her but her future husband, M.——

THE SHERIFF

Rousseau.

PAMELA

M. Adolph Durand.

GIRAUD

Rousseau I don't know.—The gentleman I refer to is M. Adolph Durand.

MME. GIRAUD

Son of a respectable merchant of Marseilles.

JOSEPH

Ah! you have been deceiving me! Ah!—That is the secret of your coldness, and he is—

THE SHERIFF (*to the Officer of Police*)

This does not seem to be the man?



## THE OFFICER

Oh, yes, I am quite sure of it! (*To the gendarmes*) Carry out my orders.

## JULES

Monsieur, I am the victim of some mistake; my name is not Jules Rousseau.

## THE OFFICER

Ah! but you know his first name, which none of us has as yet mentioned.

## JULES

But I heard some one say it. Here are my papers, which are perfectly correct.

## THE SHERIFF

Let me see them, please.

## GIRAUD

Gentlemen, I assure you and declare to you—

## THE OFFICER

If you go on in this way, and wish to make us believe that this gentleman is Adolph Durand, son of a merchant of—

## MME. GIRAUD

Of Marseilles—

## THE OFFICER

You may all be arrested as his accomplices, locked up in jail this evening, and implicated in an affair from which you will not easily get off. Have you any regard for the safety of your neck?

## GIRAUD

A great deal!

## THE OFFICER

Very well! Hold your tongue, then.

MME. GIRAUD

Do hold your tongue, Giraud!

PAMELA

Merciful heaven! Why did I not believe him at once!

THE SHERIFF (*to his agents*)

Search the gentleman! (*The agent takes out Jules' pocket handkerchief.*)

THE OFFICER

It is marked with a J and an R. My dear sir, you are not very clever!

JOSEPH

What can he have done? Have you anything to do with it, mademoiselle?

PAMELA

You are the sole cause of the trouble. Never speak to me again!

THE OFFICER

Monsieur, here we have the check for your dinner—you dined at the Palais Royal. While you were there you wrote a letter in pencil. One of your friends brought the letter here. His name was M. Adolph Durand, and he lent you his passport. We are certain of your identity; you are M. Jules Rousseau.

JOSEPH

The son of the rich M. Rousseau, whose house we are furnishing?

THE SHERIFF

Hold your tongue!

THE OFFICER

You must come with us.

JULES

Certainly, monsieur. (*To Giraud and his wife*) Forgive the annoyance I have caused you—and you, Pamela, do not forget me! If you do not see me again, you may keep what I gave into your hands, and may it bring you happiness!

GIRAUD

O Lord!

PAMELA

Poor Adolph!

THE SHERIFF (*to his agents*)

Remain here. We are going to search this attic, and question every one of these people.

JOSEPH (*with a gesture of horror*)

Ah!—she prefers a criminal to me! (*Jules is put in charge of the agents.*)

*Curtain to the First Act.*

## ACT II.

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SCENE FIRST.

*(The setting is a drawing-room in the Rousseau mansion. Antoine is looking through the newspaper.)*

ANTOINE AND JUSTINE.

JUSTINE

Well, Antoine, have you read the papers?

ANTOINE

I am reading them. Isn't it a pity that we servants cannot learn, excepting through the papers, what is going on in the trial of M. Jules?

JUSTINE

And yet the master and mistress and Mme. du Brocard, their sister, know nothing. M. Jules has been for three months—in—what do they call it?—in close confinement.

ANTOINE

The arrest of the young man has evidently attracted great attention—

JUSTINE

It seems absurd to think that a young man who had nothing to do but amuse himself, who would some day inherit his aunt's income of twenty thousand francs, and his father's and mother's fortune, which is quite double that amount, should be mixed up in a conspiracy!

## ANTOINE

I admire him for it, for they were plotting to bring back the emperor! You may cause my throat to be cut if you like. We are alone here—you don't belong to the police; long live the emperor! say I.

## JUSTINE

For mercy's sake, hold your tongue, you old fool!—If any one heard you, you would get us all arrested.

## ANTOINE

I am not afraid of that, thank God! The answers I made to the magistrate were non-committal; I never compromised M. Jules, like the traitors who informed against him.

## JUSTINE

Mme. du Brocard with all her immense savings ought to be able to buy him off.

## ANTOINE

Oh, nonsense! Since the escape of Lavalette such a thing is impossible! They have become extremely particular at the gates of the prison, and they were never particularly accommodating. M. Jules will have to take his dose you see; he will be a martyr. I shall go and see him executed. (*Some one rings. Exit Antoine.*)

## JUSTINE

We will go and see him! When one has known a condemned man I don't see how they can have the heart to—As for me I shall go to the Court of Assizes. I feel, poor boy, I owe him that!



## SCENE SECOND.

DUPRÉ, ANTOINE AND JUSTINE.

ANTOINE (*aside, as he ushers in Dupré*)

Ah! The lawyer. (*Aloud*) Justine, go and tell madame that Monsieur Dupré is waiting. (*Aside*) The lawyer is a hard nut to crack, I'm thinking. (*Aloud*) Sir, is there any hope of saving our poor M. Jules?

DUPRÉ

I perceive that you are very fond of your young master?

ANTOINE

Naturally enough!

DUPRÉ

What would you do to save him?

ANTOINE

Anything, sir!

DUPRÉ

That means nothing.

ANTOINE

Nothing?—I will give whatever evidence you like.

DUPRÉ

If you are caught in contradicting yourself and convicted of perjury, do you know what you run the risk of?

ANTOINE

No, sir.

DUPRÉ

The galleys.

ANTOINE

That is rather severe, sir.

DUPRÉ

You would prefer to serve him without compromising yourself.

ANTOINE

Is there any other way?

DUPRÉ

No.

ANTOINE

Well! I'll run the risk of the galleys.

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

What devotion is here!

ANTOINE

My master would be sure to settle a pension on me.

JUSTINE

Here is madame.

---

SCENE THIRD.

THE SAME PERSONS AND MADAME ROUSSEAU.

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to Dupré*)

Ah! monsieur, we have been impatiently expecting this visit. (*To Antoine*) Antoine! Quick, inform my husband. (*To Dupré*) Sir, I trust in your efforts, alone.

DUPRÉ

You may be sure, madame, that I shall employ every energy—

MME. ROUSSEAU

Oh! Thank you! But of course Jules is not guilty. To think of him as a conspirator! Poor child, how could any one suspect him, who trembles before me at the slightest reproach—me, his mother! Ah, monsieur, promise that you will restore him to me!

ROUSSEAU (*entering the room. To Antoine*)

Yes, carry the letter to General de Verby. I shall wait for him here. (*To Dupré*) I am glad to see you, my dear M. Dupré—

DUPRÉ

The battle will doubtless begin to-morrow; to-day preparations are being made, and the indictment drawn.

ROUSSEAU

Has my poor Jules made any admissions?

DUPRÉ

He has denied everything, and has played to perfection the part of an innocent man; but we are not able to oppose any testimony to that which is being brought against him.

ROUSSEAU

Ah! monsieur, save my son, and the half of my fortune shall be yours!

DUPRÉ

If I had every half of a fortune that has been promised to me, I should be too rich for anything.

ROUSSEAU

Do you question the extent of my gratitude?

DUPRÉ

We will wait till the result of the trial is known, sir.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Take pity on a poor mother!

DUPRÉ

Madame, I swear to you nothing so much excites my curiosity and my sympathy, as a genuine sentiment. And at Paris sincerity is so rare that I cannot be indifferent to the grief of a family threatened with the loss of an only son. You may therefore rely upon me.

ROUSSEAU

Ah! monsieur!

---

SCENE FOURTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, GENERAL DE VERBY AND MADAME DU  
BROCARD.

MME. DU BROCARD (*showing in De Verby*)

Come in, my dear general.

DE VERBY (*bowing to Rousseau*)

Monsieur—I simply came to learn—

ROUSSEAU (*presenting Dupré to De Verby*)

General, M. Dupré. (*Dupré and De Verby exchange bows.*)

DUPRÉ (*aside. While De Verby talks with Rousseau*)

He is general of the antechamber, holding the place merely through the influence of his brother, the lord chamberlain; he doesn't seem to me to have come here without some object.

DE VERBY (*to Dupré*)

I understand, sir, that you are engaged for the defence of M. Jules Rousseau in this deplorable affair—

DUPRÉ

Yes, sir, it is a deplorable affair, for the real culprits are not in prison; thus it is that justice rages fiercely against the rank and file, but the chiefs are always passed by. You are General Vicomte de Verby, I presume?

DE VERBY

Simple General Verby—I do not take the title—my opinions of course.—Doubtless you are acquainted with the evidence in this case?

DUPRÉ

I have been in communication with the accused only for the last three days.

DE VERBY

And what do you think of the affair?

ALL

Yes, tell us.

DUPRÉ

According to my experience of the law courts, I believe it possible to obtain important revelations by offering commutation of sentence to the condemned.

DE VERBY

The accused are all men of honor.

ROUSSEAU

But—

DUPRÉ

Characters sometime change at the prospect of the scaffold, especially when there is much at stake.

DE VERBY (*aside*)

A conspiracy ought not to be entered upon excepting with penniless accomplices.



DUPRÉ

I shall induce my client to tell everything.

ROUSSEAU

Of course.

MME. DU BROCARD

Certainly.

MME. ROUSSEAU

He ought to do so.

DE VERBY (*anxiously*)

I presume there is no other way of escape for him?

DUPRÉ

None whatever; it can be proved that he was of the number of those who had begun to put in execution the plot.

DE VERBY

I would rather loose my head than my honor.

DUPRÉ

I should consider which of the two was worth more.

DE VERBY

You have your views in the matter.

ROUSSEAU

Those are mine.

DUPRÉ

And they are the opinions of the majority. I have seen many things done by men to escape the scaffold. There are people who push others to the front, who risk nothing, and yet reap all the fruits of success. Have such men any honor? Can one feel any obligation towards them?

DE VERBY

No, they are contemptible wretches.

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

He has well said it. This is the fellow who has ruined poor Jules! I must keep my eye on him.

---

## SCENE FIFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, ANTOINE AND JULES (*the latter led in by police agents*).

ANTOINE

Sir, a carriage stopped at the door. Several men got out. M. Jules is with them; they are bringing him in.

M. AND MME. ROUSSEAU

My son!

MME. DU BROCARD

My nephew!

DUPRÉ

Yes, I see what it is—doubtless a search-warrant. They wish to look over his papers.

ANTOINE

Here he is. (*Jules appears in the centre, followed by the police and a magistrate; he rushes up to his mother*)

JULES

O mother! my good mother! (*He embraces his mother.*)  
Ah! I see you once more! (*To Mme. du Brocard*) Dear aunt!

MME. ROUSSEAU

My poor child! Come! come—close to me; they will not

dare— (*To the police, who approach her*) Leave him, leave him here!

ROUSSEAU (*rushing towards the police*)

Be kind enough—

DUPRÉ (*to the magistrate*)

Monsieur!

JULES

My dear mother, calm yourself! I shall soon be free; yes, be quite sure of that, and we will not part again.

ANTOINE (*to Rousseau*)

Sir, they wish to visit M. Jules's room.

ROUSSEAU (*to the magistrate*)

In a moment, monsieur. I will go with you myself. (*To Dupré, pointing to Jules*) Do not leave him! (*He goes out conducting the magistrate, who makes a sign to the police to keep guard on Jules.*)

JULES (*seizing the hand of De Verby*)

Ah, general! (*To Dupré*) And how good and generous of you, M. Dupré, to come here and comfort my mother. (*In a low voice*) Ah! conceal from her my danger. (*Aloud, looking at his mother*) Tell her the truth. Tell her that she has nothing to fear.

DUPRÉ

I will tell her that it is in her power to save you.

MME. ROUSSEAU

In my power?

MME. DU BROCARD

How can that be?

DUPRÉ (*to Mme. Rousseau*)

By imploring him to disclose the names of those who have led him on.

DE VERBY (*to Dupré*)

Monsieur!

MME. ROUSSEAU

Yes, and you ought to do it. I, your mother, demand it of you.

MME. DU BROCARD

Oh, certainly! My nephew shall tell everything. He has been led on by people who now abandon him to his fate, and he in his turn ought—

DE VERBY (*in a low voice to Dupré*)

What, sir! would you advise your client to betray—?

DUPRÉ (*quickly*)

Whom?

DE VERBY (*in a troubled voice*)

But—can't we find some other method? M. Jules knows what a man of high spirit owes to himself.

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

He is the man—I felt sure of it!

JULES (*to his mother and aunt*)

Never, though I should die for it—never will I compromise any one else. (*De Verby shows his pleasure at this declaration.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU

Ah! my God! (*Looking at the police.*) And there is no chance of our helping him to escape here!

MME. DU BROCARD

No! that is out of the question.

ANTOINE (*coming into the room*)

M. Jules, they are asking for you.

JULES

I am coming!

MME. ROUSSEAU

Ah! I cannot let you go! (*She turns to the police with a supplicating look.*)

MME. DU BROCARD (*to Dupré, who scrutinizes De Verby*)

M. Dupré, I have thought that it would be a good thing—

DUPRÉ (*interrupting her*)

Later, madame, later. (*He leads her to Jules, who goes out with his mother, followed by the agents.*)

---

SCENE SIXTH.

DUPRÉ AND DE VERBY.

DE VERBY (*aside*)

These people have hit upon a lawyer who is rich, without ambition—and eccentric.

DUPRÉ (*crossing the stage and gazing at De Verby, aside*)

Now is my time to learn your secret. (*Aloud*) You are very much interested in my client, monsieur?

DE VERBY

Very much indeed.



DUPRÉ

I have yet to understand what motive could have led him, young, rich and devoted to pleasure as he is, to implicate himself in a conspiracy—

DE VERBY

The passion for glory.

DUPRÉ

Don't talk in that way to a lawyer who for twenty years has practiced in the courts; who has studied men and affairs well enough to know that the finest motives are only assumed as a disguise for trumpery passions, and has never yet met a man whose heart was free from the calculations of self-interest.

DE VERBY

Do you ever take up a case without charging anything?

DUPRÉ

I often do so; but I never act contrary to my convictions.

DE VERBY

I understand that you are rich?

DUPRÉ

I have some fortune. Without it, in the world as at present constituted, I should be on the straight road for the poorhouse.

DE VERBY

It is then from conviction, I suppose, that you have undertaken the defence of young Rousseau.

DUPRÉ

Certainly. I believe him to be the dupe of others in a higher station, and I like those who allow themselves to be duped from generous motives and not from self-interest; for

in these times the dupe is often as greedy after gain as the man who exploits him.

DE VERBY

You belong, I perceive, to the sect of misanthropes.

DUPRÉ

I do not care enough for mankind to hate them, for I have never yet met any one I could love. I am contented with studying my fellow-men; for I see that they are all engaged in playing each, with more or less success, his own little comedy. I have no illusion about anything, it is true, but I smile at it all like a spectator who sits in a theatre to be amused. One thing I never do; I hiss nothing; for I have not sufficient feeling about things for that.

DE VERBY (*aside*)

How is it possible to influence such a man? (*Aloud*) Nevertheless, monsieur, you must sometimes need the services of others?

DUPRÉ

Never!

DE VERBY

But you are sometimes sick?

DUPRÉ

Then I like to be alone. Moreover, at Paris, anything can be bought, even attendance on the sick; believe me I live because it is my duty to do so. I have tested everything—charity, friendship, unselfish devotion. Those who have received benefits have disgusted me with the doing of kindnesses. Certain philanthropists have made me feel a loathing for charity. And of all humbugs that of sentiment is the most hateful.

DE VERBY

And what of patriotism, monsieur?

DUPRÉ

That is a very trifling matter, since the cry of humanity has been raised.

DE VERBY (*somewhat discouraged*)

And so you take Jules Rousseau for a young enthusiast?

DUPRÉ

No, sir, nothing of the sort. He presents a problem which I have to solve, and with your assistance I shall reach the solution. (*De Verby changes countenance.*) Come, let us speak candidly. I believe that you know something about all this.

DE VERBY

What do you mean, sir?

DUPRÉ

You can save this young man.

DE VERBY

I? What can I do?

DUPRÉ

You can give testimony which Antoine will corroborate—

DE VERBY

I have reasons for not appearing as a witness.

DUPRÉ

Just so. You are one of the conspirators!

DE VERBY

Monsieur!

DUPRÉ

It is you who have led on this poor boy.

DE VERBY

Monsieur, this language—!

DUPRÉ

Don't attempt to deceive me, but tell me how you managed to gain this bad influence over him? He is rich, he is in need of nothing.

DE VERBY

Listen!—If you say another word—

DUPRÉ

Oh! my life is of no consideration with me!

DE VERBY

Sir, you know very well that Jules will get off; and that if he does not behave properly, he will lose, through your fault, his chance of marriage with my niece, and thus the succession to the title of my brother, the Lord Chamberlain.

DUPRÉ

Ah, that's what he was after, then! He's like all the rest of the schemers. Now consider, sir, what I am going to propose to you. You have powerful friends, and it is your duty—

DE VERBY

My duty! I do not understand you, sir.

DUPRÉ

You have been able to effect his ruin, and can you not bring about his release? (*Aside*) I have him there.

DE VERBY

I shall give my best consideration to the matter.

DUPRÉ

Don't consider for a moment that you can escape me.

DE VERBY

A general who fears no danger can have no fear of a lawyer—

DUPRÉ

As you will! (*Exit De Verby, who jostles against Joseph.*)

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## SCENE SEVENTH.

DUPRÉ AND JOSEPH BINET.

JOSEPH

I heard only yesterday, monsieur, that you were engaged for the defence of M. Jules Rousseau; I have been to your place, and have waited for you until I could wait no later. This morning I found that you had left your home, and as I am working for this house, a happy inspiration sent me here. I thought you would be coming here, and I waited for you—

DUPRÉ

What do you want with me?

JOSEPH

I am Joseph Binet.

DUPRÉ

Well, proceed.

JOSEPH

Let me say without offence, sir, that I have fourteen hundred francs of my own—quite my own!—earned sou by sou. I am a journeyman upholsterer, and my uncle, Du Mouchel, a retired wine merchant, has plenty of the metal.



DUPRÉ

Speak out openly! What is the meaning of this mysterious preamble?

JOSEPH

Fourteen hundred francs is of course a mere trifle, and they say that lawyers have to be well paid, and that it is because they are well paid that there are so many of them. I should have done better if I had been a lawyer—then she would have married me!

DUPRÉ

Are you crazy?

JOSEPH

Not at all. I have here my fourteen hundred francs; take them, sir—no humbug! They are yours.

DUPRÉ

And on what condition?

JOSEPH

You must save M. Jules—I mean, of course, from death—and you must have him transported. I don't want him to be put to death; but he must go abroad. He is rich, and he will enjoy himself. But save his life. Procure a sentence of simple transportation, say for fifteen years, and my fourteen hundred francs are yours. I will give them to you gladly, and I will moreover make you an office chair below the market price. There now!

DUPRÉ

What is your object in speaking to me in this way?

JOSEPH

My object? I want to marry Pamela. I want to have my little Pamela.

DUPRÉ

Pamela?

JOSEPH

Pamela Giraud.

DUPRÉ

What connection has Pamela Giraud with Jules Rousseau?

JOSEPH

Well I never! Why! I thought that advocates were paid for learning and knowing everything. But you don't seem to know anything, sir. I am not surprised that there are those who say advocates are know-nothings. But I should like to have back my fourteen hundred francs. Pamela is accused, that is to say, she accuses me of having betrayed his head to the executioner, and you will understand that if after all he escapes, and is transported, I can marry, can wed Pamela; and as the transported man will not be in France, I need fear no disturbance in my home. Get him fifteen years; that is nothing; fifteen years for traveling and I shall have time to see my children grown up, and my wife old enough—you understand—

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

He is candid, at any rate—Those who make their calculations aloud and in such evident excitement are not the worst of people.

JOSEPH

I say! Do you know the proverb—"A lawyer who talks to himself is like a pastry cook who eats his own wares,"—eh, sir?

DUPRÉ

I understand you to say that Pamela is in love with M. Jules?

JOSEPH

Ah! I see, you understand matters.

DUPRÉ

They used frequently to meet I suppose?

JOSEPH

Far too frequently! Oh! if I had only known it, I would soon have put a stop to it!

DUPRÉ

Is she pretty?

JOSEPH

Who?—Pamela?—My eye! My Pamela! She is as pretty as the Apollo Belvidere!

DUPRÉ

Keep your fourteen hundred francs, my friend, and if you have courage, you and your Pamela, you will be able to help me in effecting his deliverance; for the question is absolutely whether we must let him go to the scaffold, or save him from it.

JOSEPH

I beg you, sir, do not think of saying one word to Pamela; she is in despair.

DUPRÉ

Nevertheless you must bring it about that I see her this morning.

JOSEPH

I will send word to her through her parents.

DUPRÉ

Ah! she has a father and mother living then? (*Aside*) This will cost a lot of money. (*Aloud*) Who are they?

JOSEPH

They are respectable porters.

DUPRÉ

That is good.

JOSEPH

Old Giraud is a ruined tailor.

DUPRÉ

Very well, go and inform them of my intended visit, and above all things preserve the utmost secrecy, or M. Jules will be sacrificed.

JOSEPH

I shall be dumb.

DUPRÉ

And let it be thought that we have never met.

JOSEPH

We have never seen each other.

DUPRÉ

Now go.

JOSEPH

I am going. (*He mistakes the door.*)

DUPRÉ

This is the way.

JOSEPH

This is the way, great advocate—but let me give you a bit of advice—a slight taste of transportation will not do him any harm; in fact, it will teach him to leave the government in peace. (*Exit.*)

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SCENE EIGHTH.

ROUSSEAU, MADAME ROUSSEAU, MADAME DU BROCARD (*attended by Justine*) AND DUPRÉ.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Poor child! What courage he shows!

DUPRÉ

I hope to save him for you, madame; but it cannot be done without making great sacrifices.

ROUSSEAU

Sir, the half of our fortune is at your disposal.

MME. DU BROCARD

And the half of mine.

DUPRÉ

It is always the half of some fortune or other. I am going to try to do my duty—afterwards, you must do yours; we shall have to make great efforts. You, madame, must rouse yourself, for I have great hopes.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Ah! sir, what can you mean?

DUPRÉ

A little time ago, your son was a ruined man; at the present moment, I believe he can be saved.

MME. ROUSSEAU

What must we do?

MME. DU BROCARD

What do you ask?

ROUSSEAU

You may be sure we will do as you require.

DUPRÉ

I feel certain you will. This is my plan which will undoubtedly succeed with the jury. Your son had an intrigue with a certain working-girl, Pamela Giraud, the daughter of a porter.



MME. DU BROCARD

What low people!

DUPRÉ

Yet you will have to humble yourselves to them. Your son was always with this young girl, and in this point lies the sole hope of his deliverance. The very evening on which the public prosecutor avers that he attended a meeting of the conspirators, he was possibly visiting her. If this is a fact, if she declares that he remained with her that night, if her father and her mother, if the rival of Jules confirm the testimony—we shall then have ground for hope. When the choice has to be made between a sentence of guilty and an alibi, the jury prefers the alibi.

MME. ROUSSEAU (*aside*)

Ah! sir, you bring back life to me.

ROUSSEAU

Sir, we owe you a debt of eternal gratitude.

DUPRÉ (*looking at them*)

What sum of money must I offer to the daughter, to the father and to the mother?

MME. DU BROCARD

Are they poor?

DUPRÉ

They are, but the matter concerns their honor.

MME. DU BROCARD

Oh, she is only a working-girl!

DUPRÉ (*ironically*)

It ought to be done very cheaply.

ROUSSEAU

What do you think?

DUPRÉ

I think that you are bargaining for the life of your son.

MME. DU BROCARD

Well, M. Dupré, I suppose you may go as high as—

MME. ROUSSEAU

As high as—

DUPRÉ

As high as—

ROUSSEAU

Upon my word, I don't understand why you hesitate—and you must offer, sir, whatever sum you consider suitable.

DUPRÉ

Just so, you leave it to my discretion. But what compensation do you offer her if she restores your son to you at the sacrifice of her honor? For possibly he has made love to her.

MME. ROUSSEAU

He shall marry her. I come from the people myself and I am no marchioness.

MME. DU BROCARD

What do you mean by that? You are forgetting Mlle. de Verby.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Sister, my son's life must be saved.

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

Here we have the beginning of a comedy and the last which I wish to see; but I must keep them to their word. (*Aloud*)

Perhaps it would be well if you secretly paid a visit to the young girl.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Oh, yes, I should like to go to see her—to implore her—(*she rings.*) Justine! Antoine! quick! order the carriage! at once—

ANTOINE

Yes, madame.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Sister, will you go with me?—Ah, Jules, my poor son!

MME. DU BROCARD

They are bringing him back.

---

SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, JULES (*brought in by the police*), AND  
LATER DE VERBY.

JULES (*kissing his mother*)

O mother!—I will not say good-bye; I shall soon be back, very soon. (*Rousseau and Mme. du Brocard embrace Jules.*)

DE VERBY (*going up to Dupré*)

I will do, monsieur, what you have asked of me. One of my friends, M. Adolph Durand, who facilitated the flight of our dear Jules, will testify that his friend was altogether taken up with a grisette, whom he loved passionately, and with whom he was taking measures to elope.

DUPRÉ

That is enough; success now depends upon the way we set about things.

THE MAGISTRATE (*to Jules*)

We must be going, monsieur.

## JULES

I will follow you. Be of good courage, mother! (*He bids farewell to Rousseau and Dupré; De Verby signs to him to be cautious.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to Jules, as he is being led away*)

Jules! Jules! Do not give up hope—we are going to save you! (*The police lead Jules away.*)

*Curtain to the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(The stage represents the room of Pamela.)*

PAMELA, GIRAUD AND MADAME GIRAUD.

*(Pamela is standing near her mother, who is knitting; Giraud is at work at a table on the left.)*

MME. GIRAUD

The fact of the matter is this, my poor daughter: I do not mean to reproach you, but you are the cause of all our trouble.

GIRAUD

No doubt about it! We came to Paris because in the country tailoring is no sort of a business, and we had some ambition for you, our Pamela, such a sweet, pretty little thing as you were. We said to each other: "We will go into service; I will work at my trade; we will give a good position to our child; and as she will be good, industrious and pretty, we can take care of our own old age by marrying her well."

PAMELA

O father!

MME. GIRAUD

Half of our plans were already carried out.

GIRAUD

Yes, certainly. We had a good position; you made as



fine flowers as any gardener could grow; and Joseph Binet, your neighbor, was to be the husband of our choice.

MME. GIRAUD

Instead of all this, the scandal which has arisen in the house has caused the landlord to dismiss us; the talk of the neighborhood was incessant, for the young man was arrested in your room.

PAMELA

And yet I have been guilty of nothing!

GIRAUD

Come, now, we know that well enough! Do you think if it were otherwise that we would stay near you? And that I would embrace you? After all, Pamela, there is nothing like a father and a mother! And when the whole world is against her, if a girl can look into her parents' face without a blush it is enough.

---

*SCENE SECOND.*

THE SAME PERSONS AND JOSEPH BINET.

MME. GIRAUD

Well, well! Here is Joseph Binet.

PAMELA

M. Binet, what are you doing here? But for your want of common-sense, M. Jules would not have been found here.

JOSEPH

I am come to tell you about him.

PAMELA

What! really? Well, let us hear, Joseph.

JOSEPH

Ah! you won't send me away now, will you? I have seen his lawyer, and I have offered him all that I possess if he would get him off!

PAMELA

Do you mean it?

JOSEPH

Yes. Would you be satisfied if he was merely transported?

PAMELA

Ah! you are a good fellow, Joseph, and I see that you love me! Let us be friends!

JOSEPH (*aside*)

I have good hopes that we shall be. (*A knock at the door is heard.*)

---

SCENE THIRD.

THE PRECEDING, M. DE VERBY AND MADAME DU BROCARD.

MME. GIRAUD (*opening the door*)

There are some people here!

GIRAUD

A lady and a gentleman.

JOSEPH

What did you say? (*Pamela rises from her seat and takes a step toward M. de Verby, who bows to her.*)

MME. DU BROCARD

Is this Mlle. Pamela Giraud?

PAMELA

It is, madame.

DE VERBY

Forgive us, mademoiselle, for presenting ourselves without previous announcement—

PAMELA

There is no harm done. May I know the object of this visit?

MME. DU BROCARD

And you, good people, are her father and mother?

MME. GIRAUD

Yes, madame.

JOSEPH

She calls them good people—she must be one of the swells.

PAMELA

Will you please be seated? (*Mme. Giraud offers them seats.*)

JOSEPH (*to Giraud*)

My eye! The gentleman has on the ribbon of the Legion of Honor! He belongs to high society.

GIRAUD (*looking at De Verby*)

By my faith, that's true!

MME. DU BROCARD

I am the aunt of M. Jules Rousseau.

PAMELA

You, madame? Then this gentleman must be his father?

MME. DU BROCARD

He is merely a friend of the family. We are come, made-

moiselle, to ask a favor of you. (*Looking at Binet with embarrassment.*) Your brother?

GIRAUD

No, madame, just a neighbor of ours.

MME. DU BROCARD (*to Pamela*)

Send him away.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

Send him away, indeed! I'd like to know what right she has—(*Pamela makes a sign to Joseph.*)

GIRAUD (*to Joseph*)

My friend, you had better leave us. It seems that this is a private matter.

JOSEPH

Very well. (*Exit.*)

---

#### SCENE FOURTH.

THE SAME PERSONS EXCEPTING BINET.

MME. DU BROCARD (*to Pamela*)

You are acquainted with my nephew. I do not intend to reproach you. Your parents alone have the right.

MME. GIRAUD

But, thank God, they have no reason.

GIRAUD

It is your nephew who has caused all this talk about her, but she is blameless!

DE VERBY (*interrupting him*)

But suppose that we wish her to be guilty?

PAMELA

What do you mean, sir?

GIRAUD AND MME. GIRAUD

To think of it!

MME. DU BROCARD (*seizing De Verby's meaning*)

Yes, suppose, to save the life of a poor young man—

DE VERBY

It were necessary to declare that M. Jules Rousseau spent nearly the whole night of the twenty-fourth of August here with you?

PAMELA

Ah! sir!

DE VERBY (*to Giraud and his wife*)

Yes, suppose it were necessary to testify against your daughter, by alleging this?

MME. GIRAUD

I would never say such a thing.

GIRAUD

What! Insult my child! Sir, I have had all possible troubles. I was once a tailor, now I am reduced to nothing. I am a porter! But I have remained a father. My daughter is our sole treasure, the glory of our old age, and you ask us to dishonor her!

MME. DU BROCARD

Pray listen to me, sir.



GIRAUD

No, madame, I will listen to nothing. My daughter is the hope of my gray hairs.

PAMELA

Calm yourself, father, I implore you.

MME. GIRAUD

Keep quiet, Giraud! Do let this lady and gentleman speak!

MME. DU BROCARD

A family in deep affliction implores you to save them.

PAMELA (*aside*)

Poor Jules!

DE VERBY (*in a low voice to Pamela*)

His fate is in your hands.

MME. GIRAUD

We are respectable people and know what it is for parents, for a mother, to be in despair. But what you ask is out of the question. (*Pamela puts a handkerchief to her eyes.*)

GIRAUD

We must stop this! You see the girl is in tears.

MME. GIRAUD

She has done nothing but weep for several days.

GIRAUD

I know my daughter; she would be capable of going and making the declaration they ask, in spite of us.

MME. GIRAUD

Yes,—for you must see, she loves him, she loves your nephew! And to save his life—Well! well! I would have done as much in her place.

MME. DU BROCARD

Have compassion on us!

DE VERBY

Grant this request of ours—

MME. DU BROCARD (*to Pamela*)

If it is true that you love Jules—

MME. GIRAUD (*leading Giraud up to Pamela*)

Did you hear that? Well! Listen to me. She is in love with this youth. It is quite certain that he also is in love with her. If she should make a sacrifice like that, as a return, he ought to marry her.

PAMELA (*with vehemence*)

Never! (*Aside*) These people would not wish it, not they.

DE VERBY (*to Mme. du Brocard*)

They are consulting about it.

MME. DU BROCARD (*in a low voice to De Verby*)

It will be absolutely necessary for us to make a sacrifice. We must appeal to their interest. It is the only plan!

DE VERBY

In venturing to ask of you so great a sacrifice, we are quite aware of the claims that you will have on our gratitude. The family of Jules, who might have blamed you on account of

your relations with him, are, on the contrary, anxious to discharge the obligations which bind them to you.

MME. GIRAUD

Ah! Did I not tell you so?

PAMELA

Can it be possible that Jules—

DE VERBY

I am authorized to make a promise to you.

PAMELA (*with emotion*)

Oh!

DE VERBY

Tell me, how much do you ask for the sacrifice required of you?

PAMELA (*in consternation*)

What do you mean? How much—I ask—for saving Jules? What do you take me for?

MME. DU BROCARD

Ah! mademoiselle!

DE VERBY

You misunderstand me.

PAMELA

No, it is you who misunderstand us! You are come here, to the house of poor people, and you are quite unaware of what you ask from them. You, madame, ought to know that whatever be the rank or the education of a woman, her honor is her sole treasure! And that which you in your own families guard with so much care, with so much reverence, you actually believe that people here, living in an attic, would be willing to sell! And you have said to yourselves: "Let us offer them

money! We need just now the sacrifice of a working-girl's honor!"

GIRAUD

That is excellent! I recognize my own blood there.

MME. DU BROCARD

My dear child, do not be offended! Money is money, after all.

DE VERBY (*addressing Giraud*)

Undoubtedly! And six thousand francs for a solid annual income as the price of—a—

PAMELA

As the price of a lie! For I must out with it. But thank God I haven't yet lost my self-respect! Good-bye, sir. (*She makes a low bow to Mme. du Brocard, then goes into her bed-chamber.*)

DE VERBY

What is to be done?

MME. DU BROCARD

I am quite nonplussed.

GIRAUD

I quite admit that an income of six thousand francs is no trifle, but our daughter has a high spirit, you see; she takes after me—

MME. GIRAUD

And she will never yield.

## SCENE FIFTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, JOSEPH BINET, DUPRÉ AND MME ROUSSEAU.

JOSEPH

This way, sir. This way, madame. (*Dupré and Mme. Rousseau enter.*) These are the father and mother of Pamela Giraud!

DUPRÉ (*to De Verby*)

I am very sorry, sir, that you have got here before me!

MME. ROUSSEAU.

My sister has doubtless told you, madame, the sacrifice which we expect your daughter to make for us. Only an angel would make it.

JOSEPH

What sacrifice?

MME. GIRAUD

It is no business of yours.

DE VERBY

We have just had an interview with Mlle. Pamela—

MME. DU BROCARD

She has refused!

MME. ROUSSEAU

Oh, heavens!

DUPRÉ

Refused what?

MME. DU BROCARD

An income of six thousand francs.



DUPRÉ

I could have wagered on it. To think of offering money!

MME. DU BROCARD

But it was the only way—

DUPRÉ

To spoil everything. (*To Mme. Giraud*) Madame, kindly tell your daughter that the counsel of M. Jules Rousseau is here and desires to see her.

MME. GIRAUD

Oh, as for that you will gain nothing.

GIRAUD

Either from her or from us.

JOSEPH

But what is it they want?

GIRAUD

Hold your tongue.

MME. DU BROCARD (*to Mme. Giraud*)

Madame, offer her—

DUPRÉ

Now, Mme. du Brocard, I must beg you—(*To Mme. Giraud*) It is in the name of the mother of Jules that I ask of you permission to see your daughter.

MME. GIRAUD

It will be of no use, of no use at all, sir! And to think that they point-blank offered her money when the young man a little time before had spoken of marrying her!

MME. ROUSSEAU (*with excitement*)

Well, why not?

MME. GIRAUD (*with vehemence*)

How was that, madame?

DUPRÉ (*seizing the hand of Mme. Giraud*)

Come, come! Bring me your daughter. (*Exit Mme. Giraud.*)

DE VERBY AND MME. DU BROCARD.

You have then made up your mind?

DUPRÉ

It is not I, but madame who has made up her mind.

DE VERBY (*questioning Mme. du Brocard*)

What has she promised?

DUPRÉ (*seeing that Joseph is listening*)

Be silent, general; stay for a moment, I beg you, with these ladies. Here she comes. Now leave us alone, if you please. (*Pamela is brought in by her mother. She makes a curtsy to Mme. Rousseau, who gazes at her with emotion; then Dupré leads all but Pamela into the other room; Joseph remains behind.*)

JOSEPH (*aside*)

I wonder what they mean. They all talk of a sacrifice! And old Giraud won't say a word to me! Well, I can bide my time. I promised the advocate that I would give him my fourteen hundred francs, but before I do so, I would like to see how he acts with regard to me.

DUPRÉ (*going up to Joseph*)

Joseph Binet, you must leave the room.

JOSEPH

And not hear what you say about me?

DUPRÉ

You must go away.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

It is evident that they are concealing something from me. (*To Dupré*) I have prepared her mind; she is much taken with the idea of transportation. Stick to that point.

DUPRÉ

All right! But you must leave the room.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

Leave the room! Oh, indeed! not I. (*He makes as if he had withdrawn, but, quietly returning, hides himself in a closet.*)

DUPRÉ (*to Pamela*)

You have consented to see me, and I thank you for it. I know exactly what has recently taken place here, and I am not going to address you in the same way as you have been recently addressed.

PAMELA

Your very presence assures me of that, sir.

DUPRÉ

You are in love with this fine young man, this Joseph?

PAMELA

I am aware, sir, that advocates are like confessors!

DUPRÉ

My child, they have to be just as safe confidants. You may tell me everything without reserve.

## PAMELA

Well, sir, I did love him; that is to say, I thought I loved him, and I would very willingly have become his wife. I thought that with his energy Joseph would have made a good business, and that we could lead together a life of toil. When prosperity came, we would have taken with us my father and my mother; it was all very clear—it would have been a united family!

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

The appearance of this young girl is in her favor! Let us see whether she is sincere or not. (*Aloud*) What are you thinking about?

## PAMELA

I was thinking about those past days, which seemed to me so happy in comparison with the present. A fortnight ago my head was turned by the sight of M. Jules; I fell in love with him, as young girls do fall in love, as I have seen other young girls fall in love with young men—with a love which would endure everything for those they loved! I used to say to myself: shall I ever be like that? Well, at this moment I do not know anything that I would not endure for M. Jules. A few moments ago they offered me money,—they, from whom I expected such nobleness, such greatness; and I was disgusted! Money! I have plenty of it, sir! I have twenty thousand francs! They are here, they are yours! that is to say, they are his! I have kept them to use in my efforts to save him, for I have betrayed him, because I doubted him, while he was so confident, so sure of me—and I was so distrustful of him!

## DUPRÉ

And he gave you twenty thousand francs?

## PAMELA

Ah, sir! he entrusted them with me. Here they are. I

shall return them to his family, if he dies; but he shall not die! Tell me? Is it not so? You ought to know.

DUPRÉ

My dear child, bear in mind that your whole life, perhaps your happiness, depend upon the truthfulness of your answers. Answer me as if you stood in the presence of God.

PAMELA

I will.

DUPRÉ

You have never loved any one before?

PAMELA

Never!

DUPRÉ

You seem to be afraid! Come, I am terrifying you. You are not giving me your confidence.

PAMELA

Oh, yes I am, sir; I swear I am! Since we have been in Paris, I have never left my mother, and I have thought of nothing but my work and my duty. I was alarmed and thrown into confusion a few moments ago, sir, but you inspire me with confidence, and I can tell you everything. Well, I acknowledge it,—I am in love with Jules; he is the only one I love, and I would follow him to the end of the world! You told me to speak as in the presence of God.

DUPRÉ

Well, it is to your heart that I am going to appeal. Do for me what you have refused to do for others. Tell me the truth! You alone have the power to save him before the face of justice! You love him, Pamela; I understand what it would cost you to—



PAMELA

To avow my love for him? Would that be sufficient to save him?

DUPRÉ

I will answer for that!

PAMELA

Well?

DUPRÉ

My child!

PAMELA

Well—he is saved.

DUPRÉ (*earnestly*)

But—you will be compromised—

PAMELA

But after all it is for him.

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

I never expected it, but I shall not die without having seen with my own eyes an example of beautiful and noble candor, destitute alike of self-interest and designing reserve. (*Aloud*) Pamela, you are a good and generous girl.

PAMELA

To act this way consoles me for many little miseries of life.

DUPRÉ

My child, that is not everything! You are true as steel, you are high-spirited. But in order to succeed it is necessary to have assurance—determination—

PAMELA

Oh, sir! You shall see!

DUPRÉ

Do not be over-anxious. Dare to confess everything. Be brave! Imagine that you are before the Court of Assizes, the presiding judge, the public prosecutor, the prisoner at the bar, and me, his advocate; the jury is on one side. The big court-room is filled with people. Do not be alarmed.

PAMELA

You needn't fear for me.

DUPRÉ

A court officer brings you in; you have given your name and surname! Then the presiding judge asks you "How long have you known the prisoner, Rousseau?"—What would you answer?

PAMELA

The truth!—I met him about a month before his arrest at the Ile d'Amour, Belleville.

DUPRÉ

Who were with him?

PAMELA

I noticed no one but him.

DUPRÉ

Did you hear them talk politics?

PAMELA (*in astonishment*)

Oh, sir! The judges must be aware that politics are matters of indifference at the Ile d'Amour.

DUPRÉ

Very good, my child! But you must tell them all you know about Jules Rousseau.

PAMELA

Of course. I shall still speak the truth, and repeat my testimony before the police justice. I knew nothing of the conspiracy, and was infinitely surprised when he was arrested in my room; the proof of which is that I feared M. Jules was a thief and afterwards apologized for my suspicion.

DUPRÉ

You must acknowledge that from the time of your first acquaintance with this young man, he constantly came to see you. You must declare—

PAMELA

I shall stick to the truth—He never left me alone! He came to see me for love, I received him from friendship, and I resisted him from a sense of duty—

DUPRÉ

And at last?

PAMELA (*anxiously*)

At last?

DUPRÉ

You are trembling! Take care!—Just now you promised me to tell the truth!

PAMELA (*aside*)

The truth! Oh my God!

DUPRÉ

I also am interested in this young man; but I recoil from a possible imposture. If he is guilty, my duty bids me defend him, if he is innocent, his cause shall be mine. Yes, without doubt, Pamela, I am about to demand from you a great sacrifice, but he needs it. The visits which Jules made to you were in the evening, and without the knowledge of your parents.

PAMELA

Why no! never!

DUPRÉ

How is this? for in that case there would be no hope for him.

PAMELA (*aside*)

No hope for him! Then either he or I must be ruined. (*Aloud*) Sir, do not be alarmed; I felt a little fear because the real danger was not before my eyes. But when I shall stand before the judges!—when once I shall see him, see Jules—and feel that his safety depends upon me—

DUPRÉ

That is good, very good. But what is most necessary to be made known is that on the evening of the twenty-fourth, he came here. If that is once understood, I shall be successful in saving him; otherwise, I can answer for nothing. He is lost!

PAMELA (*murmuring, greatly agitated*)

Lost!—Jules lost!—No, no, no!—Better that my own good name be lost! (*Aloud*) Yes, he came here on the twenty-fourth. (*Aside*) God forgive me! (*Aloud*) It was my saint's day—my name is Louise Pamela—and he was kind enough to bring me a bouquet, without the knowledge of my father or my mother; he came in the evening, late. Ah! you need have no fear, sir—you see I shall tell all. (*Aside*) And all is a lie!

DUPRÉ

He will be saved! (*Rousseau appears.*) Ah! sir! (*running to the door of the room*) Come all of you and thank your deliverer!

## SCENE SIXTH.

ROUSSEAU, DE VERBY, MADAME DU BROCARD, GIRAUD,  
MADAME GIRAUD, DUPRÉ, AND LATER JOSEPH BINET.

ALL

Does she consent?

ROUSSEAU

You have saved my son. I shall never forget it.

MME. DU BROCARD

You have put us under eternal obligations, my child.

ROUSSEAU

My fortune shall be at your disposal.

DUPRÉ

I will not say anything to you, my child! We shall meet again!—

JOSEPH (*coming out of the closet*)

One moment! one moment! I have heard everything—and do you believe that I am going to put up with that? I was here in concealment all the time. And do you think you are going to let Pamela, whom I have loved and have wished to make my wife, say all that? (*To Dupré*) This is the way you are going to earn my fourteen hundred francs, eh! Well, I shall go to court myself and testify that the whole thing is a lie.

ALL

Great heavens!

DUPRÉ

You miserable wretch!

DE VERBY

If you say a single word—



JOSEPH

Oh, I ain't afraid!

DE VERBY (*to Rousseau and Mme. du Brocard*)

He shall never go to court! If necessary, I will have him shadowed, and I will put men on the watch to prevent him from entering.

JOSEPH

I'd just like to see you try it! (*Enter a sheriff's officer, who goes up to Dupré.*)

DUPRÉ

What do you want?

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER

I am the court officer of the assizes—Mlle. Pamela Giraud! (*Pamela comes forward.*) In virtue of discretionary authority of the presiding judge, you are summoned to appear before him to-morrow at ten o'clock.

JOSEPH (*to De Verby*)

I will go also.

THE OFFICER

The porter has told me that you have here a gentleman named Joseph Binet.

JOSEPH

Here I am!

THE OFFICER

Please take your summons.

JOSEPH

I told you that I would go! (*The officer withdraws; every one is alarmed at the threats of Binet. Dupré tries to speak to him and reason with him, but he steals away.*)

*Curtain to the Third Act.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(The stage represents Madame du Brocard's salon, from which can be seen the Court of Assizes.)*

MADAME DU BROCARD, MADAME ROUSSEAU, ROUSSEAU,  
JOSEPH BINET, DUPRÉ AND JUSTINE.

*(Dupré is seated reading his note-book.)*

MME. ROUSSEAU.

M. Dupré!

DUPRÉ

Yes, madame, the court adjourned after the speech of the prosecuting attorney. And I came over to reassure you personally.

MME. DU BROCARD

I told you, sister, that some one was sure to come and keep us informed about things. In my house here, which is so close to the court house, we are in a favorable position for learning all that goes on at the trial. Ah, M. Dupré! How can we thank you enough! You spoke superbly! *(To Justine)* Justine, bring in something to drink—Quick!

ROUSSEAU

Sir, your speech—*(To his wife)* He was magnificent.

DUPRÉ

Sir,—

JOSEPH (*in tears*)

Yes, you were magnificent, magnificent!

DUPRÉ

I am not the person you ought to thank, but that child, that Pamela, who showed such astonishing courage.

JOSEPH

And didn't I do well?

MME. ROUSSEAU.

And he (*pointing to Binet*) did he carry out the threat he made to us?

DUPRÉ

No, he took your side.

JOSEPH

It was your fault! but for you—Ah!—Well—I reached the court house, having made up my mind to mix up everything; but when I saw all the people, the judge, the jury, the crowd, and the terrible silence, I trembled! Nevertheless I screwed up my courage. When I was questioned, I was just about to answer, when my glance met the eyes of Mlle. Pamela, which were filled with tears—I felt as if my tongue was bound. And on the other side I saw M. Jules—a handsome youth, his fine face conspicuous among them all. His expression was as tranquil as if he had been a mere spectator. That knocked me out! “Don’t be afraid,” said the judge to me. I was absolutely beside myself! I was afraid of making some mistake; and then I had sworn to keep to the truth; and then M. Dupré fixed his eye on me. I can’t tell you what that eye seemed to say to me—My tongue seemed twisted up. I broke out into a sweat—my heart beat hard—and I began to cry, like a fool. You were magnificent. And then in a moment it was all over. He made me do exactly what he wanted. This is the way I lied: I said that on the evening of the twenty-fourth I unexpectedly came to Pamela’s room

and found M. Jules there—Yes, at Pamela's, the girl whom I was going to marry, whom I still love—and our marriage will be the talk of the whole neighborhood. Never mind, he's a great lawyer! Never mind! (*To Justine*) Give me something to drink, will you?

ROUSSEAU, MME. ROUSSEAU, MME. DU BROCARD (*To Joseph*)

Dear friend! You showed yourself a fine fellow!

DUPRÉ

The energy shown by Pamela makes me hopeful. I trembled for a moment while she was giving evidence; the prosecuting attorney pressed her very hard and seemed to doubt her veracity; she grew pale and I thought she was going to faint.

JOSEPH

And what must my feelings have been?

DUPRÉ

Her self-sacrifice was wonderful. You don't realize all that she has undergone for you; I, myself even, was deceived in her; she was her own accuser, yet all the time was innocent. Only one moment did she falter; but darting a rapid glance at Jules, she suddenly rallied, a blush took the place of pallor on her countenance, and we felt that she had saved her lover; in spite of the risk she was running, she repeated once more before all those people the story of her own disgrace, and then fell weeping into the arms of her mother.

JOSEPH

Yes, she is a fine girl.

DUPRÉ

But I must leave you; the summing up of the judge will come this afternoon.

ROUSSEAU

We must be going then.

DUPRÉ

One moment! Do not forget Pamela! That young girl has compromised her own honor for you and for him.

JOSEPH

As for me, I don't ask anything, but I have been led to expect—

MME. DU BROCARD, MME. ROUSSEAU.

We can never pay our debt of gratitude to you.

DUPRÉ

Very good; come, gentlemen, we must be starting. (*Exeunt Dupré and Rousseau.*)

---

SCENE SECOND.

THE SAME PERSONS EXCEPTING DUPRÉ AND ROSSEAU.

MME. DU BROCARD (*stopping Joseph on his way out*)  
Listen to me!

JOSEPH

What can I do for you?

MME. DU BROCARD

You see in what a state of anxiety we are; don't fail to let us know the least turn in our favor which the trial takes.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Yes, keep us well informed on the whole business.



JOSEPH

You may rest assured of that—But look here, I needn't leave the court house to do that, I intend to see everything, and to hear everything. But do you see that window there? My seat is just under it; you watch that window, and if he is declared innocent you will see me wave my handkerchief.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Do not forget to do so.

JOSEPH

No danger of that; I am a poor chap, but I know what a mother's heart is! I am interested in this case, and for you, and for Pamela, I have said a lot of things! But when you are fond of people you'll do anything, and then I have been promised something—you may count upon me. (*Exit.*)

---

*SCENE THIRD.*

THE SAME PERSONS EXCEPTING DUPRÉ AND ROUSSEAU.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Justine, open this window, and wait for the signal which the young man has promised to give—Ah! but suppose my boy were condemned!

MME. DU BROCARD

M. Dupré has spoken very hopefully about matters.

MME. ROUSSEAU

But with regard to this good girl, this admirable Pamela—what must we do for her?

MME. DU BROCARD

We ought to do something to make her happy! I acknowl-

edge that this young person is a succor sent from heaven! Only a noble heart could make the sacrifice that she has made! She deserves a fortune for it! Thirty thousand francs! that is what she ought to have. Jules owes his life to her. (*Aside*) Poor boy, will his life be saved? (*She looks toward the window.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU

Well, Justine, do you see anything?

JUSTINE

Nothing, madame.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Nothing yet! Yes you are right, sister, it is only the heart that can prompt such noble actions. I do not know what you and my husband would think about it, but if we considered what was right, and had full regard to the happiness of Jules, apart from the brilliant prospect of an alliance with the family of De Verby, if my son loved her and she loved my son—it seems to me reasonable—

MME. DU BROCARD AND JUSTINE

No! No!

MME. ROUSSEAU

Oh, sister! say yes! Has she not well deserved it? But there is some one coming. (*The two women remain in their seats with clasped hands.*)

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#### SCENE FOURTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND DE VERBY.

JUSTINE

M. le General de Verby!

MME. ROUSSEAU AND MME. DU BROCARD.

Ah!

DE VERBY

Everything is going on well! My presence was no longer necessary, so I return to you. There are great hopes of your son's acquittal. The charge of the presiding judge is decidedly in his favor.

MME. ROUSSEAU *(joyfully)*

Thank God!

DE VERBY

Jules had behaved admirably! My brother the Comte de Verby is very much interested in his favor. My niece looks upon him as a hero, and I know courage and honorable conduct when I see them. When once this affair has been settled, we will hasten the marriage.

MME. ROUSSEAU

We ought to tell you, sir, that we have made certain promises to this young girl.

MME. DU BROCARD

Never mind that, sister.

DE VERBY

Doubtless the young girl deserves some recompense, and I suppose you will give her fifteen or twenty thousand francs,—that is due her.

MME. DU BROCARD

You see, sister, that M. de Verby is a noble and generous man, and since he has fixed upon this sum, I think it will be sufficient.

JUSTINE

M. Rousseau!

MME. DU BROCARD

O brother!

MME. ROUSSEAU

Dear husband!

---

*SCENE FIFTH.*

THE SAME PERSONS AND ROUSSEAU.

DE VERBY (*to Rousseau*)

Have you good news?

MME. ROUSSEAU

Is he acquitted?

ROUSSEAU

No, but it is rumored that he is going to be; the jury are in consultation; I couldn't stay there any longer; I couldn't stand the suspense; I told Antoine to hurry here as soon as the verdict is given.

MME. ROUSSEAU

We shall learn what the verdict is from this window; we have agreed upon a signal to be given by that youth, Joseph Binet.

ROUSSEAU

Ah! keep a good look out, Justine.

MME. ROUSSEAU

And how is Jules? What a trying time it must be for him!

ROUSSEAU

Not at all! The unfortunate boy astonishes me by his coolness. Such courage as he has is worthy of a better cause than that of conspiracy. To think of his having put us in such a position! But for this I might have been appointed President of the Chamber of Commerce.

## DE VERBY

You forget that, after all, his marriage with a member of my family will make some amends for his trouble.

ROUSSEAU (*struck by a sudden thought*)

Ah, general! When I left the court room, Jules stood surrounded by his friends, among whom were M. Dupré and the young girl Pamela. Your niece and Madame de Verby must have noticed it, and I hope that you will try to explain matters to them. (*While Rousseau speaks with the general the ladies are watching for the signal.*)

## DE VERBY

Rest assured of that! I will take care that Jules appears as white as snow! It is of very great importance to explain this affair of the working-girl, otherwise the Comtesse de Verby might oppose the marriage. We must explain away this apparent *amour*, and she must be made to understand that the girl's evidence was a piece of self-sacrifice for which she had been paid.

## ROUSSEAU

I certainly intend to do my duty towards that young girl. I shall give her eight or ten thousand francs. It seems to me that that will be liberal, very liberal!

MME. ROUSSEAU (*while Mme. du Brocard tries to restrain her*)

Ah! sir, but what of her honor?

## ROUSSEAU

Well, I suppose that some one will marry her.



## SCENE SIXTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND JOSEPH.

JOSEPH (*dashing in*)

Monsieur! Madame! Give me some cologne or something I beg you!

ALL

Whatever can be the matter?

JOSEPH

M. Antoine, your footman, is bringing Pamela here.

ROUSSEAU

Has anything happened?

JOSEPH

When she saw the jury come in to give their verdict she was taken ill! Her father and mother, who were in the crowd at the other end of the court, couldn't stir. I cried out, and the presiding judge made them put me out of court!

MME. ROUSSEAU

But Jules! my son! What did the jury say!

JOSEPH

I know nothing!—I had no eyes except for Pamela—As for your son, I suppose he is all right, but first with me comes Pamela—

DE VERBY

But you must have seen how the jury looked!

JOSEPH

Oh, yes! The foreman of the jury looked so gloomy—so severe—that I am quite persuaded—(*He shudders.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU

My poor Jules!

JOSEPH

Here comes Antoine and Mlle. Pamela.

---

SCENE SEVENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS, ANTOINE AND PAMELA.

*(They lead Pamela to a seat and give her smelling salts.)*

MME. DU BROCARD

My dear child!

MME. ROUSSEAU

My daughter!

ROUSSEAU

Mademoiselle!

PAMELA

I couldn't stand it any longer, the excitement was too great—and the suspense was so cruel. I tried to brace up my courage by the calmness of M. Jules while the jury was deliberating; the smile which he wore made me share his presentiment of coming release! But I was chilled to the heart when I looked at the pale, impassive countenance of M. Dupré!—And then, the sound of the bell that announced the return of the jury, and the murmur of anxiety that ran through the court—I was quite overcome!—A cold sweat suffused my cheek and I fainted.

JOSEPH

As for me, I shouted out, and they threw me into the street.

DE VERBY (*to Rousseau*)

If by mischance—

ROUSSEAU

Sir!

DE VERBY (*to Rousseau and the women*)

If it should be found necessary to appeal the case (*pointing to Pamela*), could we count upon her?

MME. ROUSSEAU

On her?—To the end; I am sure of that.

MME. DU BROCARD

Pamela!

ROUSSEAU

Tell me, you who have shown yourself so good, so generous,—if we should still have need of your unselfish aid, would you be ready?

PAMELA

Quite ready, sir! I have but one object, one single thought!—and that is, to save M. Jules!

JOSEPH (*aside*)

She loves him, she loves him!

ROUSSEAU

Ah! all that I have is at your disposal. (*A murmur and cries are heard; general alarm.*)

ALL

What a noise they are making! (*Pamela totters to her feet; Joseph runs to the window, where Justine is watching.*) Listen to their shouts!

JOSEPH

There's a crowd of people rushing down the steps of the court,—they are coming here!

## JUSTINE AND JOSEPH

It is M. Jules!

ROUSSEAU AND MME. ROUSSEAU

My son!

MME. DU BROCARD AND PAMELA

Jules! (*They rush forward to Jules.*)

DE VERBY

He is acquitted!

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SCENE EIGHTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND JULES (*brought in by his mother and his aunt and followed by his friends*).

JULES (*He flings himself into the arms of his mother; he does not at first see Pamela, who is seated in a corner near Joseph*)

O mother! Dear aunt! And my father! Here I am restored to liberty again! (*To General de Verby and the friends who have come with him*) Let me thank you, general, and you, my friends, for your kind sympathy. (*After general handshaking the friends depart.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU

And so my son has at last come back to me! It seems too good to be true.

JOSEPH (*to Pamela*)

Well, and what of you? He hasn't said a word to you, and you are the only one he hasn't seen.

PAMELA

Silence, Joseph, silence! (*She retires to the end of the stage.*)

DE VERBY

Not only have you been acquitted, but you have also gained a high place in the esteem of those who are interested in the affair! You have exhibited both courage and discretion, such as have gratified us all.

ROUSSEAU

Everybody has behaved well. Antoine, you have done nobly; you will end your life in this house.

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to Jules*)

Let me express my gratitude to M. Adolph Durand? (*Jules presents his friend.*)

JULES

Yes, but my real deliverer, my guardian angel is poor Pamela! How well she understood my situation and her own also! What self-sacrifice she showed! Can I ever forget her emotion, her terror!—and then she fainted! (*Mme. Rousseau, who has been thinking of nothing else but her son, now looks around for Pamela, sees her, and brings her up to Jules.*) Ah, Pamela! Pamela! My gratitude to you shall be eternal!

PAMELA

Ah, M. Jules!—How happy I feel!

JULES

We will never part again? Will we, mother? She shall be your daughter!

DE VERBY (*to Rousseau with vehemence*)

My sister and my niece are expecting an answer; you will have to exercise your authority, sir. This young man seems to have a lively and romantic imagination. He is in danger of missing his career through a too scrupulous sense of honor, and a generosity which is tinged with folly!



ROUSSEAU (*in embarrassment*)

The fact is—

DE VERBY

But I have your word.

MME. DU BROCARD

Speak out, brother!

JULES

Mother, do you answer them, and show yourself on my side?

ROUSSEAU (*taking Jules by the hand*)

Jules!—I shall never forget the service which this young girl has done us. I understand the promptings of your gratitude; but as you are aware the Comte de Verby has our promise; it is not right that you should lightly sacrifice your future! You are not wanting in energy, you have given sufficient proof of that! A young conspirator should be quite able to extricate himself from such an affair as this.

DE VERBY (*to Jules*)

Undoubtedly! and our future diplomat will have a splendid chance.

ROUSSEAU

Moreover my wishes in the matter—

JULES

O father!

DUPRÉ (*appearing*)

Jules, I still have to take up your defence.

PAMELA AND JOSEPH.

M. Dupré!

JULES

My friend!

MME. DU BROCARD

It is the lawyer.

DUPRÉ

I see! I am no longer "my dear Monsieur Dupré"!

MME. DU BROCARD

Oh, you are always that! But before paying our debt of gratitude to you, we have to think about this young girl.

DUPRÉ (*coldly*).

I beg your pardon, madame.

DE VERBY

This man is going to spoil everything.

DUPRÉ (*to Rousseau*)

I heard all you said. It transcends all I have ever experienced. I could not have believed that ingratitude could follow so soon on the acceptance of a benefit. Rich as you are, rich as your son will be, what fairer task have you to perform than that of satisfying your conscience? In saving Jules, this girl has brought disgrace upon herself! Can it be possible that the fortune which you have so honorably gained should have killed in your heart every generous sentiment, and that self-interest alone—(*He sees Mme. du Brocard making signs to her brother.*) Ah! that is right, madame! It is you that give the tone in this household! And I forgot while I was pleading with this gentleman, that you would be at his elbow when I was no longer here.

MME. DU BROCARD

We have pledged our word to the Count and Countess of Verby!—Mlle. Pamela, whose friend I shall be all my life, did not effect the deliverance of my nephew on the understanding that she should blight his prospects.

## ROUSSEAU

There ought to be some basis of equality in a union by marriage. My son will some day have an income of eighty thousand francs.

JOSEPH (*aside*)

That suits me to a T. I shall marry her now. But this fellow here, he talks more like a Jewish money-changer than a father.

DE VERBY (*to Dupré*)

I think, sir, that your talent and character are such as to claim our highest admiration and esteem. The Rousseau family will always preserve your name in grateful memory; but these private discussions must be carried on without witnesses from the outside. M. Rousseau has given me his word and I keep him to his promise! (*To Jules*) Come, my young friend, come to my brother's house; my niece is expecting you. To-morrow we will sign the marriage contract. (*Pamela falls senseless on her chair.*)

JOSEPH

Ah, what have you done! Mlle. Pamela!

DUPRÉ AND JULES (*darting towards her*)

Good heavens!

DE VERBY (*taking Jules by the hand*)

Come—come—

DUPRÉ

Stop a moment! I should have been glad to think that I was not the only protector that was left her! But listen, the matter is not yet ended! Pamela will certainly be arrested as a false witness! (*Seizes the hand of De Verby.*) And you will all be ruined. (*He leads off Pamela.*)

JOSEPH (*hiding behind a sofa*)

Don't tell anybody that I am here!

*Curtain to the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V.

## SCENE FIRST.

*(The stage setting represents the private study in Dupré's house. On one side is a bookcase, on the other a desk. On the left is a window hung with heavy, sweeping silk curtains.)*

DUPRÉ, PAMELA, GIRAUD AND MADAME GIRAUD.

*(Pamela is seated on a chair reading; her mother is standing in front of her; Giraud is examining the pictures on the wall; Dupré is striding up and down the room.)*

DUPRÉ *(stopping, addresses Giraud)*

Did you take your usual precautions in coming here this morning?

GIRAUD

You may rest assured of that, sir; when I come here I walk with my head turned backwards! I know well enough that the least want of caution quickly results in misfortune. Your heart, my daughter, has led you astray this time; perjury is a terrible thing and I am afraid you are in a serious mess.

MME. GIRAUD

I agree with you. You must be very careful, Giraud, for if any one were to follow you and discover that our poor daughter was here in concealment, through the generosity of M. Dupré—

DUPRÉ

Come now, enough of that! *(He continues to stride hastily about the room.)* What ingratitude! The Rousseau

family are ignorant of what steps I have taken. They believe that Pamela has been arrested, and none of them trouble their heads about it! They have sent Jules off to Brussels; De Verby is in the country; and Rousseau carries on his business at the Bourse as if nothing else was worth living for. Money, ambition, are their sole objects. The higher feelings count for nothing! They all worship the golden calf. Money makes them dance round their idol; the sight of it blinds them.

PAMELA (*who has been watching him, rises and approaches him*)

M. Dupré, you are agitated, you seem unwell. I fear it is on my account.

DUPRÉ

Have you not shared my disgust at the hateful want of feeling manifested by this family, who, as soon as their son is acquitted, throw you aside as a mere tool that has served their purpose?

PAMELA

But what can we do about it, sir?

DUPRÉ

Dear child, does your heart feel no bitterness against them?

PAMELA

No, sir! I am happier than any of them; for I feel that I have done a good deed.

MME. GIRAUD (*embracing Pamela*)

My poor dear daughter!

GIRAUD

This is the happiest moment of my life.



DUPRÉ (*addressing Pamela*)

Mademoiselle, you are a noble girl!—No one has better ground for saying it than I, for it was I who came to you imploring you to speak the truth; and pure and honorable as you are, you have compromised your character for the sake of another. And now they repulse you and treat you with contempt; but I look upon you with hearty admiration—you shall yet be happy, for I will make full reparation to you! Pamela, I am forty-eight years old. I have some reputation, and a fortune. I have spent my life as an honest man, and will finish it as such; will you be my wife?

PAMELA (*much moved*)

I, sir?

GIRAUD

His wife! Our daughter his wife! What do you say to that, Mme. Giraud?

MME. GIRAUD

Can it be possible?

DUPRÉ

Why should you wonder at this? Let us have no idle phrases. Put the question to your own heart—and answer yes or no—Will you be my wife?

PAMELA

You are a great man, sir, and I owe everything to you. Do you really wish to add to the debt? Ah! my gratitude—!

DUPRÉ

Don't let me hear you use that word,—it spoils everything! The world is something that I despise! And I render to it no account of my conduct, my hatred or my love. From the moment I saw your courage and your resignation—I loved you. Try to love me in return!—

PAMELA

Ah, sir, indeed I will!

MME. GIRAUD

Could any one help loving you?

GIRAUD

Sir, I am only a poor porter. I repeat it, I am nothing but a porter. You love our daughter, you have told her so. Forgive me—my eyes are full of tears—and that checks my utterance. (*He wipes his eyes.*) Well, well, you do right to love her!—It proves that you have brains!—for Pamela—there are a great many landowners' children who are her inferiors. But it is humiliating for her to have parents such as us.

PAMELA

O father!

GIRAUD

You are a leader among men!—Well, I and my wife, we will go and hide ourselves somewhere far into the country!—And on Sunday, at the hour of mass, you will say, “They are praying to God for us!” (*Pamela kisses her parents.*)

DUPRÉ

You are good people, and to think that such as you have neither title nor fortune! And if you are pining for your country home, you shall return there and live there in happiness and tranquillity, and I will make provision for you.

GIRAUD AND MME. GIRAUD

Oh! our gratitude—

DUPRÉ

That word again—I should like to cut it out of the dictionary!—Meanwhile I intend to take you both with me into the country, so set about packing up.

GIRAUD

Sir!—

DUPRÉ

Well, what is it?

GIRAUD

Poor Joseph Binet is also in danger. He does not know that we are all here. But three days ago, he came to see your servant and seemed scared almost to death, and he is hidden here, as in a sanctuary, up in the attic.

DUPRÉ

Call him down-stairs.

GIRAUD

He will not come, sir; he is too much afraid of being arrested—they pass him up food through a hole in the ceiling!

DUPRÉ

He will soon be at liberty, I hope. I am expecting a letter which will relieve all your minds.

GIRAUD

At once?

DUPRÉ

I expect the letter this evening.

GIRAUD (*to his wife*)

I am going to make my way cautiously to the house.  
(*Madame Giraud accompanies him, and gives him advice. Pamela rises to follow her.*)

DUPRÉ (*restraining Pamela*)

You are not in love with this Binet, are you?

PAMELA

Oh, never!

DUPRÉ

And the other?

PAMELA (*struggling with her feelings*)

I shall love none but you! (*She starts to leave the room. A noise is heard in the antechamber. Jules appears.*)

---

## SCENE SECOND.

PAMELA, DUPRÉ AND JULES.

JULES (*to the servants*)

Let me pass in! I tell you—I must speak to him at once!  
(*Noticing Dupré*) Ah, sir! What has become of Pamela?  
Is she at liberty? Is she safe?

PAMELA (*stopping at the door*)

Jules!

JULES

Good heavens! you here?—

DUPRÉ

And you, sir, I thought you were at Brussels?

JULES

Yes, they sent me away against my will, and I yielded to them! Reared as I have been in obedience, I still tremble before my family! But I carried away with me the memory of what I had left behind! It has taken me six months to realize the situation, and I now acknowledge that I risked my life in order to obtain the hand of Mlle. de Verby, that I might gratify the ambition of my family, or, if you like, might humor my own vanity. I hoped some day to be a man of title, I, the son of a rich stock-broker!—Then I met Pamela, and I

fell in love with her!—The rest you know!—What was a mere sentiment has now become a duty, and every hour that has kept me from her I have felt that obedience to my family was rank cowardice; and while they believe I am far away, I have returned! You told me she had been arrested—and to think that I should run away (*to both of them*) without coming to see you, who had been my deliverer, and will be hers also.

DUPRÉ (*looking at them*)

Good! very good! He is an honorable fellow after all.

PAMELA (*aside, drying her tears*)

Thank God for that!

DUPRÉ

What do you expect to do? What are your plans?

JULES

What are my plans? To unite my fortune with hers. If necessary, to forfeit everything for her, and under God's protection to say to her, "Pamela, will you be mine?"

DUPRÉ

The deuce you say! But there is a slight difficulty in the way—for I am going to marry her myself!

JULES (*in great astonishment*)

You?

DUPRÉ

Yes, I! (*Pamela casts down her eyes.*) I have no family to oppose my wishes.

JULES

I will win over mine.

DUPRÉ

They will send you off to Brussels again.



JULES

I must run and find my mother ; my courage has returned ! Were I to forfeit the favor of my father, were my aunt to cut me off with a sou, I would stand my ground. If I did otherwise, I should be destitute of self-respect, I should prove myself a soulless coward.—After that, is there any hope for me?

DUPRÉ

Do you ask such a question of me?

JULES

Pamela, answer, I implore you !

PAMELA (*to Dupré*)

I have given you my word, sir.

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## SCENE THIRD.

THE SAME PERSONS AND A SERVANT. (*The latter hands a card to Dupré.*)

DUPRÉ (*looking at the card with great surprise*)

How is this? (*To Jules*) Do you know where M. de Verby is?

JULES

He is in Normandy, staying with his brother, Comte de Verby.

DUPRÉ (*looking at the card*)

Very good. Now you had better go and find your mother.

JULES

But you promise me?

DUPRÉ

I promise nothing.

JULES

Good-bye, Pamela! (*Aside, as he goes out*) I will come back soon.

DUPRÉ (*turning towards Pamela, after the departure of Jules*)

Must he come back again?

PAMELA (*with deep emotion, throwing herself into his arms*)

Ah! sir! (*Exit.*)

DUPRÉ (*looking after her and wiping away a tear*)

Gratitude, forsooth! (*Opening a narrow secret door.*) Come in, general; come in!

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#### SCENE FOURTH.

DUPRÉ AND DE VERBY.

DUPRÉ

Strange, sir, to find you here, when every one believes that you are fifty leagues away from Paris.

DE VERBY

I arrived this morning.

DUPRÉ

Without doubt some powerful motive brought you here?

DE VERBY

No selfish motive; but I couldn't remain wholly indifferent to the affairs of others! You may prove useful to me.

DUPRÉ

I shall be only too happy to have an opportunity of serving you.

DE VERBY

M. Dupré, the circumstances under which we have become acquainted have put me in a position fully to appreciate your value. You occupy the first place among the men whose talents and character claim my admiration.

DUPRÉ

Ah! sir, you compel me to say that you, a veteran of the Empire, have always seemed to me by your loyalty and your independence to be a fitting representative of that glorious epoch. (*Aside*) I hope I have paid him back in full.

DE VERBY

I suppose I may rely upon you for assistance?

DUPRÉ

Certainly.

DE VERBY

I would like to ask for some information with regard to young Pamela Giraud.

DUPRÉ

I felt sure that was your object.

DE VERBY

The Rousseau family have behaved abominably.

DUPRÉ

Would you have behaved any better?

DE VERBY

I intend to espouse her cause! Since her arrest as a perjurer, how do things go on?

DUPRÉ

That can have very little interest for you.

DE VERBY

That may be true, but—

DUPRÉ (*aside*)

He is trying to make me talk in order to find out whether he is likely to be compromised in the case. (*Aloud*) General de Verby, there are some men who cannot be seen through, either in their plans or in their thoughts; the actions and events which they give rise to alone reveal and explain such men. These are the strong men. I humbly beg that you will pardon my frankness when I say that I don't look upon you as being one of them.

DE VERBY

Sir! what language to use to me! You are a singular man!

DUPRÉ

More than that!—I believe that I am an original man! Listen to me. You throw out hints to me, and you think that as a future ambassador you can try on me your diplomatic methods; but you have chosen the wrong man and I am going to tell you something, which you will take no pleasure in learning. You are ambitious, but you are also prudent, and you have taken the lead in a certain conspiracy. The plot failed, and without worrying yourself about those whom you had pushed to the front, and who eagerly strove for success, you have yourself sneaked out of the way. As a political renegade you have proved your independence by burning incense to the new dynasty! And you expect as a reward to be made ambassador to Turin! In a month's time you will receive your credentials; meanwhile Pamela is arrested, you have been seen at her house, you may possibly be compromised by her trial for perjury! Then you rush to me, trembling with the fear of being unmasked, of losing the promotion

which has caused you so many efforts to attain! You come to me with an air of obsequiousness, and with the word of flattery, expecting to make me your dupe, and thus to show your sincerity! Well, you have sufficient reason for alarm—Pamela is in the hands of justice, and she has told all.

DE VERBY

What then is to be done?

DUPRÉ

I have one suggestion to make: Write to Jules that you release him from his engagement, and that Mlle. de Verby withdraws her promise to be his wife.

DE VERBY

Is that your advice?

DUPRÉ

You find that the Rousseau family have behaved abominably, and you ought to despise them!

DE VERBY

But you know—engagements of this sort—

DUPRÉ

I'll tell you what I know; I know that your private fortune is not equal to the position which you aspire to. Mme. du Brocard, whose wealth is equal to her pride, ought to come to your assistance, if this alliance—

DE VERBY

Sir! How dare you to affront my dignity in this way?

DUPRÉ

Whether what I say be true or false, do what I tell you! If you agree, I will endeavor to save you from being com-



promised. But write—or get out of the difficulty the best way you can. But stay, I hear some clients coming.

DE VERBY

I don't want to see anybody! Everybody, even the Rousseau family, believes that I have left the city.

A SERVANT (*announcing a visitor*)

Madame du Brocard!

DE VERBY

Oh, heavens! (*Rushes into an office on the right.*)

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SCENE FIFTH.

DUPRÉ AND MADAME DU BROCARD. (*She enters, her face hidden by a heavy black veil which she cautiously raises.*)

MME. DU BROCARD

I have been here several times without being lucky enough to find you in. We are quite alone here?

DUPRÉ (*smiling*)

Quite alone!

MME. DU BROCARD

And so this harrowing affair has broken out afresh?

DUPRÉ

It has, unhappily!

MME. DU BROCARD

That wretched young man! If I had not superintended his education, I would disinherit him! My life at present is

not worth living. Is it possible that I, whose conduct and principles have won the esteem of all, should be involved in all this trouble? And yet on this occasion the only thing that gives me any anxiety is my conduct towards the Girauds!

DUPRÉ

I can well believe it, for it was you who led astray and who induced Pamela to act as she did!

MME. DU BROCARD

I feel, sir, that it is always a mistake to associate with people of a certain class—say, with a Bonapartist—a man who has neither conscience nor heart. (*Verby, who has been listening, shrinks back with a gesture of rage.*)

DUPRÉ

You always seemed to have such a high opinion of him!

MME. DU BROCARD

His family was highly thought of! And the prospect of this brilliant marriage!—I always dreamt of a distinguished future for my nephew.

DUPRÉ

But you are forgetting the general's affection for you, his unselfishness.

MME. DU BROCARD

His affection! His unselfishness! The general does not possess a sou, and I had promised him a hundred thousand francs, when once the marriage contract was signed.

DUPRÉ (*coughs loudly, as he turns in the direction of De Verby*)

Oh! indeed!

MME. DU BROCARD

I am come to you secretly, and in confidence, in spite of all

that has been said by this M. de Verby, who avers that you are a half-rate lawyer! He has said the most frightful things about you, and I come now to beg that you will extricate me from this difficulty. I will give you whatever money you demand.

DUPRÉ

What I wish above all is that you promise to let your nephew marry whom he chooses, and give him the fortune you had designed for him, in case he married Mlle. de Verby.

MME. DU BROCARD

One moment; you said, whom he pleased?

DUPRÉ

Give me your answer!

MME. DU BROCARD

But I ought to know.

DUPRÉ

Very well then, you must extricate yourself without my assistance.

MME. DU BROCARD

You are taking advantage of my situation! Ah! some one is coming!

DUPRÉ (*looking towards the newcomers*)

It is some of your own family!

MME. DU BROCARD (*peering cautiously*)

It is my brother-in-law Rousseau—What is he up to now? He swore to me that he would keep quiet!

DUPRÉ

You also took an oath. In fact, there has been a great deal of swearing in your family lately.

MME. DU BROCARD

I hope I shall be able to hear what he has to say! (*Rousseau appears with his wife. Mme. du Brocard conceals herself behind the curtain.*)

DUPRÉ (*looking at her*)

Very good! But if these two want to hide themselves, I don't know where I shall put them!

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## SCENE SIXTH.

DUPRÉ, ROUSSEAU AND MADAME ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU

Sir, we are at our wits' end—Madame du Brocard, my sister-in-law, came this morning and told us all sorts of stories.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Sir, I am in the most serious alarm.

DUPRÉ (*offering her a seat*)

Pray be seated, madame.

ROUSSEAU

If all she says be true, my son is still in difficulties.

DUPRÉ

I pity you; I do indeed!

ROUSSEAU

It seems as if I should never get free! This unfortunate affair has lasted for six months, and it seems to have cut ten years off my life. I have been forced to neglect the most

magnificent speculations, financial combinations of absolute certitude, and to let them pass into the hands of others. And then came the trial! But when I thought the affair was all over, I have been compelled once more to leave my business, and to spend my precious time in these interviews and solicitations.

DUPRÉ

I pity you; I do indeed!

MME. ROUSSEAU

Meanwhile it is impossible for me—

ROUSSEAU

It is all your fault, and that of your family. Mme. du Brocard, who at first used always to call me “my dear Rousseau”—because I had a few hundred thousand crowns—

DUPRÉ

Such a sum is a fine varnish for a man.

ROUSSEAU

From pride and ambition, she threw herself at the head of M. de Verby. (*De Verby and Mme. du Brocard listen.*) Pretty couple they are! Two charming characters, one a military lobbyist, and the other an old hypocritical devotee! (*The two withdraw their heads quickly.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU

Sir, she is my sister!

DUPRÉ

Really, you are going too far!

ROUSSEAU

You do not know them! Sir, I address you once again, there is sure to be a new trial. What has become of that girl?



DUPRÉ

That girl is to be my wife, sir.

ROUSSEAU AND MME. ROUSSEAU

Your wife!

DE VERBY AND MME. DU BROCARD

His wife!

DUPRÉ

Yes, I shall marry her as soon as she regains her liberty—that is, provided she doesn't become the wife of your son!

ROUSSEAU

The wife of my son!—

MME. ROUSSEAU

What did he say?

DUPRÉ

What is the matter? Does that astonish you? You're bound to entertain this proposal—and I demand that you do so.

ROUSSEAU (*ironically*)

Ah! M. Dupré, I don't care a brass button about my son's union with Mlle. de Verby—the niece of a disreputable man! It was that fool of a Madame du Brocard who tried to bring about this grand match. But to come down to a daughter of a porter—

DUPRÉ

Her father is no longer that, sir!

ROUSSEAU

What do you mean?

DUPRÉ

He lost his place through your son, and he intends returning to the country, to live on the money (*Rousseau listens*

*attentively*)—on the money which you have promised to give him.

ROUSSEAU

Ah! you are joking!

DUPRÉ

On the contrary, I am quite serious. Your son will marry their daughter—and you will provide a pension for the old people.

ROUSSEAU

Sir—

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SCENE SEVENTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND JOSEPH (*coming in pale and faint*).

JOSEPH

M. Dupré, M. Dupré, save me!

ALL THREE

What has happened? What is the matter?

JOSEPH

Soldiers! Mounted soldiers are coming to arrest me!

DUPRÉ

Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue! (*Everybody seems alarmed. Dupré looks with anxiety towards the room in which is Pamela. To Joseph*) To arrest you?

JOSEPH

I saw one of them. Don't you hear him? He is coming up-stairs. Hide me! (*He tries to hide himself in the small room, from which De Verby comes out with a cry.*) Ah! (*He*

*gets behind the curtain and Mme. du Brocard rushes forth with a shriek.*) Oh, heavens!—

MME. ROUSSEAU

My sister!

ROUSSEAU

M. de Verby! (*The door opens.*)

JOSEPH (*falling exhausted over a chair*)

We are all nabbed!

THE SERVANT (*entering, to Dupré*)

A message from the Keeper of the Seals.

JOSEPH

The Keeper of the Seals! That must be about me!

DUPRÉ (*advancing with a serious face and addressing the four others*)

I shall now leave you all four face to face—you whose mutual love and esteem is so great. Ponder well all I have said to you; she who sacrificed all for you, has been despised and humiliated, both for you and by you.—It is yours to make full reparation to her—to make it to-day—this very instant—in this very room. And then, we can take measures by which all can obtain deliverance, if indeed you are worth the trouble it will cost me. (*Exit Dupré.*)

## SCENE EIGHTH.

THE SAME PERSONS (*with the exception of Dupré. They stand looking awkwardly at each other for a moment*).

JOSEPH (*going up to them*)

We are a nice lot of people! (*To De Verby*) I should like to know when we are put in prison, whether you are going to look out for me, for my pocket is as light as my heart is heavy. (*De Verby turns his back on him. To Rousseau*) You know well enough that I was promised something for my services. (*Rousseau withdraws from him without answering. To Mme. du Brocard*) Tell me now, wasn't something promised to me?

MME. DU BROCARD

We will see about that later.

MME. ROUSSEAU

But what do you fear? What are you doing in this place? Were you pursued by any one?

JOSEPH

Not at all. I have been four days in this house, hidden like so much vermin in the garret. I came here because the old Giraud people were not to be found in their quarters. They have been carried off somewhere. Pamela has also disappeared—she is doubtless in hiding. I had no particular desire to run any risk; I admit that I lied to the judge. If I am condemned I will obtain my freedom by making a few startling revelations; I will tell on everybody!—

DE VERBY (*with energy*)

It must be done! (*Sits at the table and writes.*)

MME. DU BROCARD

O Jules, Jules! wretched child, you are the cause of all this!

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to her husband*)

You see, this lawyer has got you all in his power! You will have to agree to his terms. (*De Verby rises from the table. Mme. du Brocard takes his place and begins to write.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to her husband*)

My dear, I implore you!

ROUSSEAU (*with decision*)

By heavens! I shall promise to this devil of a lawyer all that he asks of me; but Jules is at Brussels.

(*The door opens, Joseph cries out in alarm, but it is Dupré who enters.*)

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## SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND DUPRÉ.

DUPRÉ

How is this? (*Mme. du Brocard hands him the letter she has been writing; De Verby hands him his; and it is passed over to Rousseau who reads it with astonishment; De Verby casts a furious glance at Dupré and the Rousseau family, and dashes out of the room. To Rousseau*) And what decision have you made, sir?

ROUSSEAU

I shall let my son do exactly what he wants in the matter.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Dear husband!



DUPRÉ (*aside*)

He thinks that Jules is out of town.

ROUSSEAU

At present Jules is at Brussels, and he must return at once.

DUPRÉ

That is perfectly fair! It is quite clear that I can't demand anything at this moment of you, so long as he is away; to do so would be absurd.

ROUSSEAU

Certainly! We can settle matters later.

DUPRÉ

Yes, as soon as he returns.

ROUSSEAU

Oh! as soon as he returns. (*Aside*) I will take pretty good care that he remains where he is.

DUPRÉ (*going towards the door on the left*)

Come in, young man, and thank your family, who have given their full consent to your marriage.

MME. ROUSSEAU

It is Jules!

MME. DU BROCARD

It is my nephew!

JULES

Can it be possible?

DUPRÉ (*darting towards another room*)

And you, Pamela, my child, my daughter!—embrace your husband! (*Jules rushes towards her.*)

MME. DU BROCARD (*to Rousseau*)

How has all this come about?

DUPRÉ

Pamela never was arrested. There is no likelihood of her ever being. I haven't a title of nobility. I am not the brother of a peer of France, but still I have some influence. The self-sacrifice of this poor girl has aroused the sympathy of the government—the indictment has been quashed. The Keeper of the Seals has sent me word of this by an orderly on horseback, whom this simpleton took for a regiment of soldiers in pursuit of him.

JOSEPH

It is very hard to see plainly through a garret window.

MME. DU BROCARD

Sir, you have caught us by surprise; I take back my promise.

DUPRÉ

But I still have possession of your letter. Do you wish to have a lawsuit about it? Very well, I will appear against you on the other side.

GIRAUD AND MME. GIRAUD (*entering and approaching Dupré*)

M. Dupré!

DUPRÉ

Are you satisfied with me? (*In the meantime Jules and Mme. Rousseau have been imploring Rousseau to yield his consent; he hesitates, but at last kisses Pamela on the forehead. Dupré approaches Rousseau and, seeing him kiss Pamela, wrings his hand.*) You have done well, sir. (*Then turning to Jules*) Will you make her happy?

JULES

Ah, my friend, you need not ask! (*Pamela kisses the hand of Dupré.*)

JOSEPH (*to Dupré*)

What a fool I have been! Well, he is going to marry her, and I am actually glad for them! But am I not to get something out of all this?

DUPRÉ

Certainly, you shall have all the fees that come to me from the lawsuit.

JOSEPH

You may count on my gratitude.

DUPRÉ

That will be receipt in full!

*Final Curtain.*













